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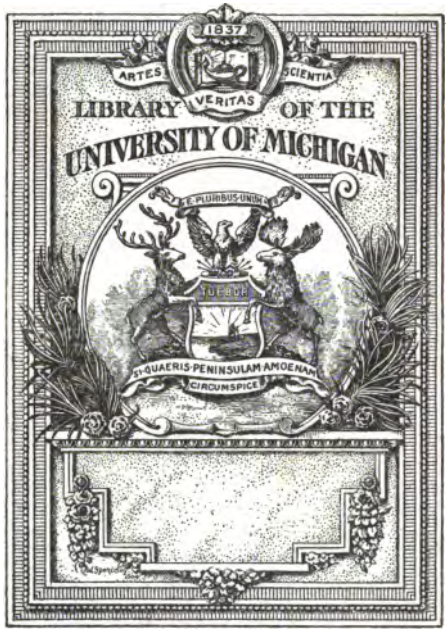
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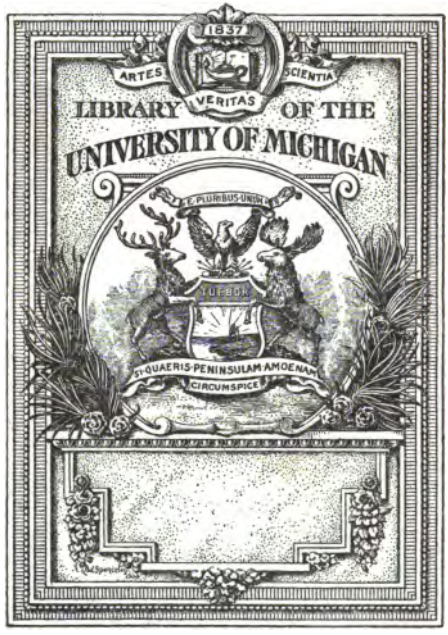
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MEMOIRS OF KAROLINE BAUER.

VOL. III.

SOME PRESS OPINIONS ON THE FIRST AND SECOND VOLUMES OF THIS WORK.

The Times.

"The two volumes of Karoline Bauer's Memoirs now before us are being, and will continue to be, largely read and eagerly discussed. The reason is that her name became in a mysterious and almost tragic manner connected with those of two men highly esteemed and well remembered in England—Prince Leopold of Coburg, the husband and widower of Princess Charlotte, afterwards first King of the Belgians, and his nephew, Prince Albert's trusty friend and adviser, Baron Stockmar."

Saturday Review.

"She gives a pleasant account of the old King's behaviour to his actors and actresses. He treated the ladies of the theatre with a mixture of old-fashioned gallantry and paternal care, sometimes paying a compliment, patting a pretty cheek, or saying an encouraging word, while he always strictly insisted on discreet conduct, and was anxious to protect their reputations. . . . A well-drawn picture is given of Goethe's friend, old Zelter. At the house of this famous music-master Karoline often met his pupil, Felix Mendelssohn, then sixteen, and a charming dancer, who, she says, might have served as a model for a picture of Benjamin, while Zelter, whose love for him was great, would have made a capital Jacob. The visit of Paganini to Berlin in 1829 was a time of great excitement; and we are told how, 'when his G string wailed,' men wept for mingled sadness and delight. More interesting now than a repetition of the oft-repeated description of the playing, described by Goethe as 'a pillar of fire and cloud,' is the little scene in which the actress touched the heart of the haggard violinist by kissing his sleeping child."

Vanity Fair.

"Karoline Bauer was rather hardly used in her lifetime, but she certainly contrived to take a very exemplary revenge. People who offended her are gibbeted in one of the most fascinating books that have appeared for a long time. Fraulein Bauer was an artist in her way. Nothing essential escaped her eye, and she could describe as well as she could observe. After a brilliant career as an actress, she was persuaded by her cousin, the moral and virtuous Stockmar, to contract a morganatic marriage with Leopold, who afterwards became King of the Belgians. She lived in England when George IV. and his remarkable Court were conducting themselves after their manner, and she collected about as pretty a set of scandals as ever was seen."

Athenæum.

"Nothing, for instance, could be better in its way than her account of Frederick William III. of Prussia, who, although in conduct the most correct of German sovereigns, liked to amuse himself by chatting with pretty actresses and dancers. She tells some interesting anecdotes, too, about the artists and the men of letters whom she knew in Berlin more than half a century ago."

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"One of the rarest treats ever offered to lovers of biography. Karoline Bauer had a professional life which was worth recording. She was also endowed with the faculty of telling it in a most entertaining way. . . . The most serious romance of her life arose out of her morganatic connection with King Leopold, alleged to have been formed with Baron Stockmar's connivance. The story is told with so much gusto that it is difficult to believe it had been the cause of so much pain to the chief actress in it as she professes."

Scotsman.

"These memoirs will no doubt be widely read. They will appeal to two classes of readers—to those who delight in reminiscences of the stage, and to that still larger class who seize eagerly every opportunity to catch a glimpse of the private life of individuals whose public performances bulk largely in the world's sight."

Daily News.

"Without a word of preface or introduction the author and heroine of the memoirs plunges into the story of her agitated experiences, or at least into the most striking episode of that life, and leads off, if we may be pardoned a musical comparison in such a case, with a tremolo that seizes the reader's nerves, and announces a tremendous overture to the lyrical drama of her life. The virtuous and moral British public, for whose edification these volumes are specially designed, will probably feel less interest in the engagements and successes of Karoline Bauer, the actress, than in her quasi-conjugal relations to the inconsolable widower, Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, and in the part in this high comedy assigned to 'Cousin Christian,' in whom the readers of the Life of Prince Consort will perhaps have some difficulty in recognising that austere and incorruptible mentor of Royalty, Baron Stockmar."

Era.

"Her story will be a strange revelation to many, for, in order that her memory may be cleared from the imputations of malice and jealousy, Karoline Bauer has spoken out with little reserve as to the conduct of kings and queens, princes and princesses, who have been prominent figures in the world's history. For readers who delight in tracing the inner life of those who live in Courts and those who rule there the book will be full of interest, and those who enjoy an interesting story of the perils that environ a popular actress will read it with equal pleasure, and to those whose lives are devoted to the stage we may also warmly commend it. . . . Only in her old age did she vindicate herself in the eyes of her friends and the world at large. With a scornful and evidently a truthful pen she pierces some of the shams of royalty and power, and shows the selfish and sensual lives led by many. We may say most of these petty German Princes have indulged their vicious tastes out of the pocket of the English taxpayer. But not so much for these revelations as for the facts of her own brave and consistent career do we commend to all lovers of the stage this interesting story of 'A German Actress.'"

(For continuation of Press Notices see Fourth Vol.)

MEMOIRS

OF

KAROLINE BAUER

From the German.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

THIRD EDITION.

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CHAPTER I.

IN HOLY RUSSIA.

RETURN TO GERMANY FROM ENGLAND—MANNHEIM—SOPHIE MÜLLER—RESOLVED TO RETURN TO THE STAGE—BUT WHERE?—RUSSIA DECIDED UPON—A WARM WELCOME PROMISED—THE DEPARTURE—THE JOURNEY—RIGA—WAR AGAINST POLAND—STOPPED BY THE PASSAGE OF TROOPS—APPEARS IN RIGA—PERFORMANCE IN MITAU—JOURNEY TO ST. PETERSBURG CONTINUED—JOHANNES MURALT—HIS HISTORY—THE COUNTESS FERSEN—HIS LOVES—RE-APPEARANCE ON THE ST. PETERSBURG STAGE—THE COMPANY—PRINCE GAGARIN—PRINCE WOLKONSKI—FATE OF PRINCE GAGARIN—JULIE GERSTEL—CONSTANTIN HOLLAND—THE CHOLERA—PANIC—WASSILI-OSTROW—DEATH OF THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE—HIS CHARACTER—PRINCESS JULIANE OF SAXE-KOBURG—JOHANNA GRUDEZINSKA—LEVAILLANT AND THE GRAND DUKE—A PRACTICAL JOKE—THE CHOLERA ABATES AND THE THEATRES RE-OPEN—CRITICISM ON KAROLINE BAUER'S ACTING—ROMAN ANDREITSCH—THE EMPRESS ALEXANDRA—THE CZAR—BROTHER LOUIS—THE GRAND DUKE ALEXANDER—WICHMANN THE SCULPTOR—CHRISTMAS AT COURT.

EARLY in July, 1830—the revolutions in France and Belgium were already smouldering and seething under the ashes—my mother and I once more

arrived in our old home in Baden, by way of Calais and Brussels. . . .

With broken wings and a heart wounded to death!

In Mannheim we saluted my brother Karl's bride, Leopoldine von Hinkeldey. How dearly had I paid for their marriage license, and how have I been repaid for it!

In Mannheim I also learned the sad news that my sweet and highly-gifted sister-artiste, Sophie Müller, a native of Mannheim, had died at Hietzing, near Vienna, on the 20th June, 1830, but seven-and-twenty years of age. . . .

"She has killed herself by acting!" I cried, much affected.

Even when a child I had admired Sophie Müller, when she, who was only four years older than I, made her *debût* on the Karlsruhe stage—a sweet, delicately-made girl. Then we met again as colleagues in Berlin. I have never again seen on the stage an artiste who played with so much fervour and infused her whole pure soul into all her characters. Yes, she had killed herself by acting.

Would that such could be written of me, too, some day! How often have I envied Sophie Müller her early, pure grave, decked with roses and laurels. . . .

What will be said at my grave one day?

How I was stared at by everybody in Mannheim! In every eye I read the killing question: Well, has the English grandeur so soon come to an end? Have you feathered your nest nicely? Where, then, are the dear, princely children? Unnatural mother! And what now—madame or mademoiselle?

Yes—what now? This question occupied me very much. That I should return to the stage was settled within me. But where was I to appear again? In Berlin? Impossible! The boys in the street would call after me: Are you back again? —accompanied by some Berlin pun or jest. And how would my foes triumph, especially Prince August and Madame Stich! And the piteous, embarrassed smiles of my friends. . . . No, sooner into the Rhine than back to Berlin. . . . An uncomfortable feeling crept over me when I plainly saw that German stages were too hot for me. . . . So the days passed in despondency and shame, and my mother and I were glad when we saw no strange, inquisitive, mocking faces at all. We only began to breathe more freely when we had quitted Mannheim and Germany, and sat quietly and unknown in Baden, in Switzerland, where my mother was using the baths for her rheumatic affection.

But what then?

My brother Louis came to us, and we held a long and sad family council. . . . At last I resolved,

with a heavy heart, to write to St. Petersburg to Prince Wolkonski, the all-powerful imperial minister of the house, and to "director" von Helmersen, to ask humbly if my engagement—which by contract I was to enter upon on the 1st April, 1830, and which, owing to another engagement, I had so foolishly abandoned—continued in force on the old terms at the present time?

I speedily received the pleasantest answer: that I was anxiously expected, and that I should time my arrival in St. Petersburg so that I might begin my engagement immediately after Lent in 1831. . . . Mdlle. Karoline Bauer was still held in very good remembrance in St. Petersburg, and the characters as played by Mad. Feddersen, a first lover who had been a great favourite, but had died prematurely, were not adequately filled yet, and were waiting for me. . . .

Mdlle. Karoline Bauer! With this my old theatrical name was again newly founded—in spite of England's mysteries. My mother and I had long been doubtful if on the theatre bill I should have to style myself now "Madame Bauer!"—Countess Montgomery, of course, was for ever buried. . . .

Well, then, Mdlle. Karoline Bauer, along with her faithful mother, her brother Louis, the little dog Lisinka, and "Coco," the whilom parrot of Princess Charlotte, given me by Prince Leopold,

set out for "Holy Russia" early in February, 1831.

My brother Louis, to please us, was going to look out for a tutorship in St. Petersburg, in order to be able to remain near us for our protection. Professor Droz, in Neuchatel, whose boarding establishment Louis had successfully passed through, had given him a letter of the warmest recommendation to the German pastor Muralt, a pupil of Pestalozzi; also two old school-fellows from Neuchatel, who held influential positions there, looked forward to Louis' arrival.

In a gay and hopeful mood we rolled across the ice of the Dwina in our high-packed travelling coach, at the same spot where we had to pass in sleighs in great fear and anxiety during a heavy thaw three years ago, but which was at present so thick that cannons could cross over it. Our first goal was the hospitable Riga. We had hardly arrived once more under the snug roof of the hotel "Stadt London," belonging to the amiable Mad. Seemann, when we were surrounded by colleagues and acquaintances, and greeted as heartily as if we had said good-bye to them but three days ago. And nobody, either with words or looks, asked about Countess Montgomery and her sons, so cruelly forsaken by their unnatural mother, and about the whole of that nasty past period in London, with its

errors and humiliations! I was especially agreeably affected by this, and it made my sojourn a very pleasant one in Riga, which, in spite of Russian rule, has nevertheless remained truly a homely German town.

But I did not find the old gaiety in Riga. Russia was carrying on a cruel war of extermination against poor Poland, which refused to die, and which was just then engaged once more in a fight to the death with the Czar. . . .

Russian regiments were continually marching through Riga against Poland. And Riga had not forgotten yet that it, too, had once sought and found protection with Poland against the bloodiest hereditary foe and tyrant, the Muscovite, in unheard of murder, burning, plundering, robbing, devastating, destroying and wasting, when the German empire was unable to grant protection to its distant children on the Baltic. Riga suffered and mourned with Poland.

We were advised not to continue our journey till the Russian troops had all passed through to Poland. The roads were moreover bad, we were told, owing to the many cannons, and the travellers who had turned back from the first stations, half-dead with different vexations.

We were quite pleased to take a rest for a few weeks in the hospitable Riga, and when the new

"directrice," Frau von Tschernjäwski (my old honest Dölle had given up the management and gone to St. Petersburg), requested me urgently to sign an engagement for a considerable number of performances, I accepted it with great pleasure, and informed the manager-general in St. Petersburg of the cause of my retarded arrival; adding that, nevertheless, my *debût* might be fixed for an early day after Lent. I was supported by a very good company. I studied the "Leonore" by Holtei, and played for the first time in Riga the "Königin von Sechszehn Jahren" and the "Junge Pathe." The most pleasing reception was accorded to me notwithstanding the general depression of the people.

What feelings came over me when I re-appeared on the beloved boards for the first time, after such a long and anxious pause, and such bitter experiences! I could have shouted for joy, and was compelled to weep!

Riga had suffered heavily by the disorders of the war and by the ceaseless quartering of soldiers during their passage through the town. In familiar circles the question was sometimes started, Why are these enormous masses of troops sent to Poland if the insurrection is so easy to suppress as the St. Petersburg journals assert?

I shall never forget the march through of a

famous St. Petersburg regiment of the guards. This regiment rode only black horses, and each officer had two or three of them, which would cost him about 2,000 silver roubles each. No wonder that at the end of a few years' service most of the officers, Livonians and Courlanders, had exhausted their means.

Whilst we were watching the passage of this regiment, a Crown officer came up to us, breathlessly calling out to us: "Four thousand Polish soldiers have perished by the breaking of the ice at Warsaw. The glad news was just received by the Governor, and I hastened to give it to you. The flower of the Polish nobility and academical youth are said to have perished with them. . . ."

Then I thought of the young Polish nobles and students whose acquaintance I had made in Berlin. And all had been distinguished for their gentlemanly and amiable manners. They were very elegant dancers, and were invited to every ball; who but they could have led the Mazourka ? Almost the whole of these young Poles had left for Warsaw at the outbreak of the insurrection. What burning patriots there were amongst them! How enthusiastically did the young poet Garcinsky, a great friend of Maltitz, report to us immediately after the first representation of the "Alte Student," by Baron von Maltitz, that the performance of this

play had made the whole Polish youth in Berlin frantically happy. . . . and that they had felt it their duty to give expression to this enthusiasm during the performance, notwithstanding the repeated disapproving looks of the King from his private box on the proscenium in the Königstadt Theatre. . . . Did not their youth and hot Polish blood excuse them?

"How inconsiderate!" remarked my mother; "and why vex the good old King? Could they not rejoice in a less demonstrative fashion? What now if the piece should be forbidden?"

And it was forbidden. The "Alte Student" was no longer allowed on the stage, and Baron Maltitz, its author, had to leave Berlin.

"Perhaps the amiable poet Garcinsky, too, has been buried in the waters of the Vistula," I said, softly and sadly, to my mother.

"And also our foolish *moi! moi!* Count Ladislaus Plater!" my mother chimed in sadly. "And his last word is sure to have been: '*Moi! moi!*'"

"Do not look so thoughtful and sad; that is dangerous here!" a countryman of mine said to me in a whisper. It was the comic actor Walter, the famous player of the "Staberl," who was likewise fulfilling an engagement at Riga; "we are being watched already." . . . And "Hurrah! hurrah!"

he cried, "long live the Emperor! Now more and more news of victory will arrive. . . . "

* * * * * *

Alarming rumours were also arriving from Mitau: Lithuania was said to be threatened! And, nevertheless, I resolved, at the request of the Mitauers, to give six performances in their town, together with the Riga troop. But we only gave one performance, and hastened back to Riga by common advice. The people in Mitau feared an attack by the insurgents, who were said to have shown themselves not far from the town. Mitau was quite without protection and defence, and the nobles, notwithstanding their well-known bravery, were not numerous enough to undertake the defence of the town. Our return to Riga resembled a flight.

But it turned out afterwards that we might quite well have continued our performances. It had just been a false alarm.

At the conclusion of the Russian Lent we continued our journey to St. Petersburg. Thanks to our disagreeable experiences of three years ago, when we first entered the proud city on the Neva, and thanks to our amiable St. Petersburg friends, snug private apartments were now in readiness for us in little Stallhofstrasse, No. 21, in the house of General Werigin. . . . Nor was there to be any hasty per-

formance before the Court in the imperial Winter Palace.

We called on Johannes Muralt, the pastor of the German congregation, and handed him our letters of recommendation—and from that time we had one faithful and influential friend more in St. Petersburg. My brother Louis owed to the pastor's influence his situation as tutor to the youngest son of Prince Wasiltschikoff; and many a stranger owed his existence and success in St. Petersburg to the same man.

Muralt was so strange, so marked and peculiar a man, that I may well devote to him here a few words of grateful remembrance. Around him not merely gathered the whole of the German element in St. Petersburg, but he also exercised a very great and beneficial influence in many Russian circles—the name of this faithful, now departed friend, will be often mentioned in my memoirs of St. Petersburg.

In poetical language—and better than my pen is able to do it—the pastor often told us of his family, whose history he traced for nigh a thousand years—nay, it reached back into the time of hoary traditions—and whose members were always famous for their gallantries towards the fair sex, on which occasions Muralt never omitted to cast an affectionate glance at Countess Fersen, his fair friend of many years standing.

Because Vivian, Count of Clermont, in the year

938 had abducted a Royal Princess of France, his old father, with his sons Landolf and Aurelius, had to flee from his home in Lorraine (Lothringen). Count Landolf built himself in Locarno a castle with high walls: *muro alto.* From it his descendants took the name of "Muralt." Owing to their openly embracing the cause of Protestantism they were driven from their sunny home, and wended their way to the reformed Zürich. Not far from Zürich, at his father's castle, Heidelberg, in the Canton of Thurgau, Johannes Muralt was born in 1780. From his father he had inherited the hot, impulsive Italian blood—from his Swiss mother the blue eyes and fair locks, the poetical, cheerful disposition, and the love for Gellert's pious hymns.

When Muralt was living at Halle, studying divinity, he would often go with friends to the theatre at Lauchstädt, where Schiller's and Goethe's plays were being represented by court actors from Weimar, and where he saw the two poets in person.

This love for the theatre ever remained with the *Pastor*—and I rarely missed him in St. Petersburg from his customary place in the theatre beside Countess Fersen.

From Halle the ex-student went to Paris, all the way on foot, there to perfect himself in the French language, which he would chiefly study in the

"Théâtre Français." With what animation did the man of fifty still speak of the talented Talma, the magnificent St. Priest, and the brilliant Rancourt, for whom the youth of twenty had burned.

It was in Paris that Muralt read first a book by Pestalozzi, "How Gertrude brings up her Children!" This produced so mighty an impression on him that he called on Pestalozzi, who had come to Paris as delegate from Switzerland to Napoleon. From that hour he became the most zealous disciple of Pestalozzi.

Frederick Schlegel was then living in Paris with his highly intellectual wife Dorothea, a daughter of Moses Mendelssohn and the divorced wife of David Veit, and he had his attention attracted to the young divine and educator, and recommended him to Madame de Staël as tutor to her son.

But he only managed to stay four weeks at Coppet, in the brilliant house of the high-spirited, voluptuous woman; then he went south to Switzerland, to be for seven years Pestalozzi's faithful assistant in the teaching and training of children, and to learn from his master—in hard labour and poverty.

When in 1810 the vacant pastorate of the German Reformed Church in St. Petersburg was offered to him, Muralt only accepted it because it afforded him an opportunity there to teach and train children in the

manner of Pestalozzi, beside his ministry. Pestalozzi gave the beloved disciple his blessing on his long road, and wrote these lines in his album: "Follow the path of my heart, with the strength that served me so long, and which I lose with sad regret, but with thanks!"—and the master wrote to him, when he was in St. Petersburg: "I miss you so much; I was not aware, when you were still with me, how deeply I should feel the want of you. But where is now my Muralt, when idleness surrounds me like the waters? Where is my Muralt, then, who makes the boys run? I do not see the man in whose soul their lives joy as in yours, and who can and will impart it to my children as you imparted it to them, that no hour was to them void and desolate."

With the same love Muralt was received by his German congregation in St. Petersburg. They prepared for him a comfortable manse in the Great Stallhofstrasse, and so overwhelmed him with invitations that he often dined and supped out for months. But this affection was less due to the intellectual preacher, who from the pulpit gave enlightened instruction rather than regular sermons, and whose church was somewhat empty at all times, which, however, did not much concern the jovial man . . . this love and veneration was paid to the highly-gifted man of honour, with the honest, faithful heart, and the never-tiring helpful hand—it was ex-

tended to the amiable friend and companion, and his genuine heartiness, his often harsh, but always true frankness; it was meant for the cheerful, brilliant story-teller, his social talent and his roguish Thurgau humour. But this love was throughout St. Petersburg extended likewise to the educator and faithful pupil of Pestalozzi.

As early as 1811 Muralt was able to open in St. Petersburg his educational institute that was to be conducted after the system of Pestalozzi, and destined to be famous soon, although the Emperor's ministers were against it; because such a private school of a foreigner might endanger the Russian element! But Muralt succeeded in everything that he earnestly strove after. That was owing to the power of his prepossessing personal appearance.

Muralt's educational institute, despite the high terms of 1,100 roubles, soon grew to such an extent that he had to quit his little parsonage and rent a large private house. At the head of this house there stood Frau "Staatsrath" Silberharnish, and her daughter the Dowager Countess Fersen. . . . In this manner an intimacy sprang up between Muralt and Countess Fersen, which death alone was to end, although they were not regularly married. And the congregation saw nothing objectionable in these domestic arrangements of their shepherd. His great virtues lovingly covered his little weaknesses.

Klinger, the poet and general, an early friend of Goethe, and the same whose drama, "Sturm und Drang," furnished the name to a period in German literature, who, as husband of a bastard daughter of the Empress Elisabeth, stood on a familiar footing with the Court, drew the Emperor Alexander's attention, and that of the Empress-mother Maria, to Muralt—and both lent their lasting protection to the candid man. The Empress-mother, the foundress of the grandest and richest foundling and training house in the world, engaged Muralt to reform this institute in the spirit of Pestalozzi—and told him at the same time, "*Je sais que vous êtes franc, vous me direz oui ou non, sans que ma proposition vous gêne!*"

Muralt, in whose vocabulary there was no such word as *gêne*, made the freest use of this permission, for when the Empress-mother, but a fortnight afterwards, wanted to see how the disciple of Pestalozzi was getting on in his reform of the foundling-house, the free Swiss answered, in his Appenzell accent, in French bluntly: "No, madam—please have patience for another four months!" And the Empress-mother really had patience for so long, but not Muralt. Even before the expiry of the four months he resigned his office of reformer; being tired of the vexations and obstructions of the managers and teachers, he candidly made known his reasons to the Empress. Nevertheless she remained his faith-

ful friend to her end, and through her powerful influence on her sons, Alexander and Nicolas, the simple Swiss pastor often obtained wonderful successes in St. Petersburg.

When, in the years 1816 and 1817, there was great distress in Switzerland, Muralt collected in St. Petersburg for his countrymen 20,000 roubles within a few weeks; and when he laid the subscription-list before the Emperor, the latter at once added 100,000 roubles to the subscriptions.

Count Cancrin, the Minister of Finances, was Muralt's intimate friend, and almost daily they might be seen walking arm-in-arm in the Newsky-prospect.

Cancrin came from an old Hessian family of clergymen who were called "Krebs" in Germany. When his father was called to Russia by Catherine II., he latinized his plain German name into Cancrinus.

Many people found fault with the German pastor for having had so much intercourse with fashionable and rich people. But when they needed his help and recommendations also, these fault-finders managed to find the influential pastor. Even Russians courted the foreigner's patronage.

But it was more particularly the Swiss who gathered around their powerful countryman, seeking a friendly support. They met at his house every

month, and made a merry time of it; the cups were emptied gallantly, they talked real "Schweizer Deutsch," and sang deep into the night; the pastor was a *virtuoso* in the "Jodling" of the Swiss "Kuhreigen" (ranz des vaches), and in the singing of the German students' merriest songs.

Muralt's greatest merit undoubtedly lay in his extensive care for the poor. When I came to St. Petersburg he had had his parsonage fitted up for the schooling and educating of poor orphan children for the last ten years, and, together with Countess Fersen and her two sons, inhabited a house of his own opposite the church, which stood in the midst of a macadamised square which formed the playground for his pupils.

Our dwellings were so close to each other that I had only to clear this square to be with Muralt and Countess Fersen in order to be with good friends.

Why did Muralt not marry the Countess Fersen, to do which his very office and his position ought to have prompted him?

He was too fond of his personal liberty. He had been twice in love and betrothed. The first time with the clever Rosette Rasthofer, the faithful helpmate of Pestalozzi in the girls' institute at Iferten. But when he was swimming about in the gayest manner possible on the very jolly social life of St. Petersburg, he found that this simple, earnest Swiss

girl was not suited for these circles, and they parted in peace and remained friends to their death.

Another time he loved a beautiful, amiable girl, the daughter of a St. Petersburg merchant; this love he renounced at the desire of his mother, who still hoped that he would some day return to Switzerland and marry a genuine Swiss girl.

And even after he had lived for years with Countess Fersen, he was still in a mood to write in 1827: "I cannot make up my mind to marry, because I want to remain free and keep myself in a position that I can pack up at any time. The enjoyment of domestic life I possess in full measure in the manner of living which I arranged for myself twelve years ago. I feel merrier and happier than any *pater-familias*. . . ."

He never packed up, never left Russia, and never married. And the unvarnished plain Swiss who ruled in St. Petersburg like a little prince, durst venture also—not to marry Countess Fersen.

When immediately after the severe Russian fast, which lasts seven weeks, and during which no theatres are open, and dancing is prohibited, but in lieu of which there are concerts night after night, when after an absence of three years I appeared once more before the dear St. Petersburgers in the German theatre for the first time—as Suschen, in Klauren's "Bräutigam aus Mexico," sitting at the

bobbing-table—I was greeted in the friendliest way, like a dear relative. Pastor Muralt, with his powerful hands and his mighty bass voice, led the applause better than a hired *claqueur* and *chatouilleur*.

My second *début* was as Holtei's "Leonore," and my third as Polixena, in "Kunst und Natur," and thus Mdlle. Karoline became a regularly appointed Imperial Russian Court actress, with a salary of 8,000 roubles, and a benefit for which 3,000 roubles were guaranteed.

The *personnel* of the German stage had meanwhile been considerably augmented and improved, and especially by members of the Riga theatre. Herr Weiland was very good as a youthful lover. Stout Barlow was now playing the *rôles* of fathers, Wiebe played the heroes. The performances went—compared with those of three years ago—splendidly, and a very pretty *brunette*, Fräulein Gerstel, a sister of the same Gerstel who afterwards became such a favourite with the people of Stuttgart when he was stage-manager and first comic actor at the Court Theatre there, played the second lovers and *soubrettes* very prettily.

A Fräulein Albert had been engaged as successor to the famous and very popular deceased Madame Feddersen, but she gave little satisfaction, and pleased still less, so that I was greeted everywhere heartily: "Welcome in St. Petersburg! You will

make up for our lamented Feddersen!" And when I went away, three years after, the people said: "What a pity! You had filled Mad. Feddersen's place so nicely. Now we are orphaned once more!"

Prince Gagarin was now the manager-general of all the theatres; the managers of the Russian, German, and French stages conducted all business concerns. Gagarin understood how to preserve his dignity in the face of the ambitious Prince Wolkonski, and did not treat the German actors as step-children. He was strict and terribly proud, but just and reasonable. There were some obstreperous members, who did not like to see the free and easy ways they had been accustomed to for years banished, but the Prince knew how to reconcile them by a plausible and winning way. He decided that in the benefits that came off each week between the period of early autumn and Lent, each performance should be repeated once the same week, before the next benefit was put on. In this way he compelled the idle and malicious, if they did not wish to forego the advantage of their own benefit, to take a very active part in it. Also the public derived advantage from this innovation, and were grateful for it. They thus saw each week a new piece or an older favourite well rehearsed, and the repetition of the same. Really all went, as the French say, "*Comme sur les roulettes!*"

Also the Russian choristers and dancers who took part in some plays, and the machinists and other kinds of Russian theatre officials showed themselves more pliable and amiable, as far as I was concerned, than before. I had had to fight many a little battle with them three years before—and had conquered them in my own way.

I have called Prince Gagarin "terribly proud" a little while ago. These words should properly stand here in the superlative, and then it would read: Prince Gagarin was proud even to ridicule. He was the proudest aristocrat whom I ever met. Strictly speaking, we actors were not men at all in his eyes, for men, in his eyes, as in those of Prince Windischgrätz, only began with the *baron!* He therefore never addressed the actors directly, but employed *Baron* Helmersen as his mouth-piece.

This foolish haughtiness frequently brought about the most comical situations which would be worth figuring in a comedy, when His Excellency the most high-born, illustrious Prince Gagarin looked past the poor, humble-born comedian with whom he had to speak on business as if he were air, and addressed the orders, censures, or questions intended for him to Baron Helmersen, who stood beside him—and made the latter repeat the artiste's answer verbally, as if he did not understand his language!

This ridiculous pride called forth much derision and scorn, and not seldom a good snubbing for the Prince from the wanton and witty little artiste-band. Thus the talented and clever baritone and manager of the opera, Constantin Holland, who had preserved a good deal of the boldness of the former student, once thus snubbed the Prince, who wanted to treat him likewise as air. Ignoring his Excellency likewise completely, and turning his back upon the Prince, *sans façon*, he said to Helmersen: "Please communicate my answer to the following effect to the Prince, who apparently is very absent. . . ."

Only young and pretty actresses did the Prince vouchsafe to address in tender words. . . . I, too, had this honour, but did not appreciate it properly—thus it came about that I, as Imperial Russian Court actress, did not make the golden harvest which I might have made.

Prince Gagarin was to pay more dearly for his inborn aristocratic pride than he might fairly have deserved, taking into consideration his many other excellent qualities and his truly princely *noblesse* and honourableness.

Long after I had left St. Petersburg, Prince Gagarin was shot dead in the open street by an Imperial forester, whom the haughty and ever venal Russian bureaucracy, who never do a stroke

of the pen without being bribed, had deprived of his bread, and thus driven to despair.

Prince Gagarin was perfectly innocent of the matter, indeed had never been in contact with the unhappy forester; who, however, in his despair, had chosen Prince Gagarin for the object of his revenge, just because the Prince was known in all St. Petersburg as the haughtiest and proudest of the whole hated aristocracy.

I have mentioned above the names of Julie Gerstel and Constantin Holland. Unluckily for both, they are very intimately connected.

He was one of the handsomest men and the most talented baritones I ever met on the stage. He possessed a high mental and scientific, and at the same time a rare musical culture. When a student in Breslau, he had sung at an amateur concert and played the flute. The universal applause made him join the stage.

The first time I met the celebrated artiste, he was singing "Don Juan" and "Figaro" during a short engagement in Riga; then his wife, a distinguished colorature singer, whose maiden name was Kainz, lived with him. Even at that period there existed unfavourable reports of their matrimonial union.

After that he came in the quality of singer and stage-manager in the German opera to St. Petersburg, in the autumn of 1833—but without his wife.

Their unhappy marriage was dissolved, both parties consenting, but it could not be legally cancelled, because both were Roman Catholics. That was very unfortunate for both. For Frau Holland henceforth lived with a theatrical "director," Kesteloot, and the unhappy Holland fell passionately in love with my colleague Julie Gerstel, who loved the fine-looking man no less ardently. Julie Gerstel was a daughter of Wilhelm Gerstel, a once popular Court actor and stage-manager at the German theatre in St. Petersburg, and of a sister of Ludwig and Ferdinand Löwe—and herself an agreeable, cheerful *soubrette*, and a charming girl.

How poor Julie suffered for years in this everlasting fight between love and duty! She fled the stage and St. Petersburg, in order to escape the handsome, seductive man and his sweet wooing and decoying. . . . But her own heart, and its luckless, forbidden love, she could not flee from. She returned to St. Petersburg, but not to the stage. She became Holland's mate for life. But she never forgot that this union wanted the blessings of the Church. She died young, of the incurable discord of her poor faithful heart. . . .

In the spring of 1868, Constantin Holland also died as stage-manager of the opera in Breslau.

* * * * * *

The general depression that prevailed in Riga I

also found in St. Petersburg—only in a higher degree. All the regiments of the guards had taken the field against the unhappy Poles. Many families were distressed about their beloved Czar and nation; Germans and all other nationalities, so numerously represented in St. Petersburg, longed for the end of this luckless war.

The news of victories arrived very sparsely, and the salutes from the fortress that were to announce the capture of Warsaw were long in coming. It is a Russian custom to announce every success of the army by the cannons of the fortress. Expectations of victories that had so often been disappointed during the Polish campaign, paralysed every gay social movement; the proud city of the Czars seemed as if steeped in apathetic mourning; all life appeared to have fled from it.

To make things worse, suddenly a gloomy rumour spread in the city: cholera was approaching. It had long been known that it was raging in Riga. And then, first softly and then louder and louder, were heard the cries: "God be merciful to us! The cholera is here!" With shuddering we saw large green-painted vehicles driven slowly through the street by drivers that looked scared and frightened. Whining and moaning were heard by those that came closer to the waggons. The authorities sought to pacify the population about the daily increase of this strange

sight, by alleging that the present season of the year always furnished the largest number of sick for the hospitals. . . . But nobody accepted this explanation of the heavy transport of sick.

The theatres were little frequented, but more owing to the prevailing depression of spirits than from fear of cholera.

One day, our dear neighbour, the German pastor Muralt, called about this time. He saluted us unusually gravely, nay almost solemnly. Then he said —

"I consider it my duty to inform you that the cholera has broken out here long ago. The Government can no longer conceal it. Not only are the lower classes of the populace being carried off—the epidemic visits all stations. I have just come from the death-bed of a dear friend. Have you any arrangements to make? I should advise you to remove to Wassili-Ostrow. The air is purer there, and you find many Germans. . . ."

Suddenly an acquaintance rushed into our room pale as death, and dropping down upon the sofa, as if in a fit, he stammered with a shudder —

"Poor Doctor Seemann—thus to end. . . ."

"What has happened? Compose yourself, speak distinctly. . . ."

"Oh, something awful! The peasants, the intoxicated Muschiks with wild cries and tumult

have struck the unhappy man to the ground, then dragged him across the pavement and thrown him into the canal—roaring all the time "The Germans poison the wells." . . . And what was the immediate cause of it? Doctor Seemann came out of the cholera hospital and was smelling at a camphor-bottle. . . ."

We were struck dumb by a deadly terror. . . . And yet before we could recover speech, we heard the excited voice of "director" Helmersen at the door, saying —

"But the Emperor does not wish it. . . ."

Then he entered the room, together with Barlow, and said, trembling —

"I am sorry to have to intimate to you that the Czar has commanded to continue the performances in the theatres as usual, lest the fear in the city be increased by the closing of the theatres!"

Barlow had tears in his eyes, and said, greatly moved: "Our excellent bandmaster, Schreinzer, is laid up with a deadly attack of cholera, he who but yesterday conducted 'Preciosa!' Our two theatre servants had to be taken to the hospital just now, two officials fell down in the office—and we are to continue to play! Moreover, as is usual in summer, there are at present 40,000 muschiks in St. Petersburg, who, in great fury, march through the streets, threatening death to the foreigner. And no troops

in the residence to keep them in check! . . . The Emperor and his family are staying in Zarskoje-Selo, but I am sure he does not know accurately how matters stand here. . . . How are we to get over to the theatre without danger to our lives?"

Muralt had listened attentively; then he hastily shook hands with us, saying as he left —

"I shall hurry to see my friend the minister, Cancrin; he shall at once acquaint the Emperor with the true state of things, and I am sure the order to close the theatres will not be long in arriving. . . ."

But the order never came.

However, man accustoms himself even to the *most* dreadful, if he sees it daily, and knows that only calmness and energy can save him!

Before one drove to the theatre one took a tender, but resigned farewell of one's friends. With prayer and trusting faith in God one entered the theatre-coach, and quietly drove through crowds of excited peasants and approaching troops. The actors did not even play distractedly; they met one another very sympathetically, and all envy, all petty cabal, seemed to have made way to better feelings.

The "good-night" and "auf Wiedersehn"* at the conclusion of the performance sounded hearty.

* May we meet again!

The return home was a feast. How blissful was the certainty still to possess each other! . . .

And the cholera continued its ravages. After the very first week there died 500 people daily, especially from the lower classes, who did not give up their enjoyment of cucumbers and fruit, and at the same time, from despair and fear of death, brutally indulged in the use of alcohol. . . .

Of what avail were all official precautionary measures to cope with the evil—such as the perforation and fumigation of letters and clothes, and other sanitary police trifling?

And the threatening attitude among the muschiks and the ignorant rabble in the city grew worse. The cry, "We are being poisoned! death to the foreigners! death to the doctors and the police!" grew louder and more savage in the streets. The hospitals were stormed and plundered, the physicians and sick attendants were ill-treated or killed, the cholera-patients dragged out—to die in the street.

In vain the Emperor Nicolas, in order to pacify the excited multitude, came several times over to St. Petersburg from Zarskoje-Selo, where the Court, surrounded by a strict sanitary cordon, lived in the greatest retirement. He himself nearly fell a victim to his courage on one occasion.

In the haymarket the furious half-mad populace were storming a cholera-hospital, and threw the

physician down into the street from a window of the third storey. . . .

At that moment the Czar arrived in an open calash, with Count Orloff by his side, without any military escort, exhorting the people to quietness and reason. . . . In vain! Ever closer—ever more threatening the mad crowd surrounded the Imperial calash and already stretched forth their fists against the sacred person of the Czar. . . . In vain the Czar rises to the full length of his majestic heroic form and sends the thunder of his voice over the surging crowd. . . . Who knows if Nicolas would have left the place alive, if at that moment all the bells of the neighbouring church had not chimed, drowning with their sound the threatening human roar? . . .

Like a Divine seer Czar Nicolas stands there in the fulness of his imposing manly beauty, and, lifting up his arms to heaven he cries with overpowering tones—

"My voice you have not wished to hear—hear then and obey God's voice! Wretches! Miserable sinners! Down on your knees! Pray! Repent, that God's wrath may not annihilate you! Down on your knees, you wretches!"

And, rueful and contrite, ten thousand mad rebels sink on their knees—and repent in humility!

Was Czar Nicolas really a demi-god, as his ad-

mirers asserted? or was Christian Stockmar right, who once said to me, "The autocrat of all the Russias is the greatest comedian the world ever saw!"?

Only after two French actors had likewise fallen victims to cholera there came the much-longed-for order to close all the theatres, and we took up our residence in the country.

In Wassili-Ostrow it was very pleasant to live. Most of the houses were surrounded by small shady gardens. But during the whole of the nights —for it was no longer allowed to bury during the day—endless trains of funeral cars passed under our windows on their way to the large cholera-cemetery. For weeks there died in St. Petersburg every day between six and eight hundred persons. Of the 300,000 inhabitants of the then town, there succumbed altogether 10,000 to the dreadful epidemic.

Only once we witnessed the spectral funeral procession. Illuminated by the moon, proud carriages drove past, carrying a coffin that was placed right across, between the carriage windows. . . . Elegant droskies were laden with coffins; mingled with them were rude carts and furniture vans with perfect cargoes of coffins. . . . For whence were all the funeral cars to come, to lead out this dreadfully rich harvest of death upon the desolate, dismal, large St. Petersburg God's-acre? Priests accompanied the

deceased—nobody else; no sorrowing relative or friend! . . . No kerchief-dried tears—no sobbing interrupted the dull, monotonous rumbling of the dead-cars. . . . Quickly and mysteriously the dismal, endless procession glided past. . . . In the cemetery, high and low, rich and poor, were quickly lowered into wide trenches, without distinction, and covered with quicklime. . . .

At the first dawn, as in Hamlet, when his father utters his agonising "Adieu, adieu, remember me!" the dismally dull noise ceased, cars and forms vanished. . . . One might fancy that one had dreamt it all. . . . One breathed more freely till midnight following, when this gruesome, spectral scene was re-acted. . . .

And still no news that Warsaw had fallen, and the Russian hopes of victory and peace were frustrated.

A still more mournful veil settled over St. Petersburg when, on the 27th June, 1831, Grand Duke Constantine himself succumbed to the plague, and was solemnly buried. Whoever saw his funeral has, I am sure, never forgotten it. It was raining; thousands of priests, in long coats and clumsy boots trudged heavily after the funeral car. The Emperor, surrounded by his suite, appeared on horseback. His face was as pale and cold as marble. A crowd of people looked on with indifference at

the brother of their Czar being taken to his resting-place. . . .

Constantine had not been beloved in St. Petersburg, therefore he was not mourned either. He had renounced the throne to be able to marry the chosen of his heart—the highly-refined, marvellously beautiful, gentle Polish Countess, Johanna Grudezinska, whom Emperor Nicolas had raised to the dignity of Princess Lowicz. Certainly this love and resignation were proofs of passion and energy, but also in this energy and passionateness Constantine was a despot—even to cruelty. His adored spouse, she who sacrificed herself for him in order to become the guardian angel of Poland, was bitterly disappointed. Now by her countrymen, now by the Russians regarded with suspicion, she could but rarely incline the heart of her husband to leniency towards the poor unhappy Poland whose viceroy he was. Constantine had been obliged to flee for his life on the outbreak of the insurrection in Warsaw —only with difficulty had he escaped being made a prisoner. . . . And yet Constantine was proud of the bravery of Johanna's countrymen. To a haughty remark by a Russian, that this wretched Polish Army would soon be routed and Warsaw conquered, he replied in these words, with an ironical laugh: "Do you think so? Just wait a little, and you will find out how my gallant Poles will fight. . . ."

The Poles, these "rebels" whom Nicolas hated and feared so much, the Czar's brother proudly called "my gallant Poles!" . . . What a problem for a psychologist—to decipher Constantine's contradictory character!

Constantine was dead and buried, but the old ugly stories regarding him survived him, and went from mouth to mouth in St. Petersburg.

Grand Duke Constantine had inherited from his father his strong vein of despotic humour—indeed, even in a higher degree. At first he bit, and struck, and illtreated his unhappy teachers. When a boy of fourteen he cudgelled and tormented the poor soldiers whom his grandmother, Catherine, had presented to him for his amusement, kicked them, and knocked out their eyes and teeth. Even officers were not safe from his stick.

A year later he could even exercise his wit at the expense of poor young Princess Juliane, of Saxe-Koburg—because she had the misfortune to become his wife.

He was soon tired of the gentle German. He treated her so brutally in the presence of his drinking companions—he dragged her by the hair through the rooms—that the unhappy woman left him but a few years afterwards, and retired to Elfenau, in Switzerland, resolutely declining every reconciliation and reunion with her despotic husband—

although her brother, our Prince Leopold, acted as the most zealous advocate of his friend, Constantine, and for this purpose came specially with him to Elfenau.

I have already hinted that also the lofty heart of Johanna Grudezinska slowly bled to death from the scorpion-like wit of her wild husband, who tried a new rifle by shooting down from his window a poor woman who was busy at gardening—who in Berlin caused a virtuous dancer, and honest tradesmen, to be whipped by his Cossacks till they were half dead—who shot down a postillion in Thuringia because he drove too slowly for him—who tore out the beards of Polish officers and Jews—who had the heads of three Polish ladies of high rank shaven because they had, without his permission, attended a parade—and who drove the poor Poles to despair, to revolution. . . .

Constantine demanded of Poles and Russians the obedience of a cur. Once he ordered a regiment of soldiers to advance towards the Vistula. Already the Colonel, heading the regiment, stands in the river with his horse, and still the officer in command, the Grand Duke, does not cry "*Halt!*" With an inquiring, imploring glance the Colonel looks round for the Commander-in-Chief. Constantine grins and curses from his horse: "In the name of three devils, forward, forward!" . . .

And the whole of the regiment marches into the rapid Vistula till the horse of the Colonel is out of his depth, and the foremost ranks of the soldiers stand in the water up to their chins. Only then the Grand Duke thundered out his "Halt! and turn!"

A poor young Polish soldier, who whilst presenting arms had failed to put his thumb in the exact position at the butt-end of the gun, had by his order that thumb amputated by a surgeon. A half-drunk soldier Constantine sentenced to defend himself with his bayonet against the lances of three Uhlans. When the Uhlans and horses were dripping with blood the Grand Duke made the bold bayonet-fighter a lieutenant. All duellists Constantine had immediately shot dead. Only one officer he pardoned, because he had succeeded in cutting through the neck of a horse with the blow of a sword, as the Viceroy had ordered him.

But the French actor, Levaillant, knew how to awe the Grand Duke in Warsaw. The latter had been informed by his spies that Levaillant had said: "Constantine will end like the Duc de Berry!" In great wrath the autocrat of Poland had the actor dragged before him. At the door there stood a *Kibitka* ready to take the offender off to Siberia at once. But Levaillant has the courage to say to the very face of the Grand Duke: "Yes, it is my firm

conviction that you will not die a natural death if you continue to drive poor Poland and all of us to despair by your cruelty!" This unheard-of boldness so much surprised the tyrant that he gave the actor 100 ducats, and ordered him to quit Poland within 48 hours.

But this jolliest tyrant's wit recoiled on the autocrat of Poland himself. At the conclusion of a brilliant dinner which Constantine gave in Warsaw to the most distinguished Poles, he had served for every guest a genuine Russian tallow-candle, and, crying across the table, said: "Gentlemen! In honour of Russia we shall consume together the beloved national dish of my country. Look, this is the way to do it!" And the Grand Duke, who had given the order to place upon his plate an imitation candle made of marchpane, seized the candle by the wick, bent back his head, and, smiling, allowed the dainty dish to disappear behind the hedge of his teeth. . . . But how his smiles are suddenly changed into fury; what painful efforts to swallow the favourite national dish of the Russians, as if he were going to choke! How furiously his eyes look around the table, rolling wildly! . . . The imitation candle of marchpane on the plate of the host had been exchanged for a genuine one!

Fortunately it never came out which divining guest practised this bold little trick. The fortu-

nate man possessed the self-command to swallow his sweet candle amidst the most awful grimaces. But the poor servants felt the princely knou that night.

At the congress in Vienna, the despot who dared to raise his hand against a free and courageous man of honour, found his master, and in his own person got a taste of a German stick! . . . And now he had died of cholera, and been buried without tears. . . . For is it likely that Princess Lowicz wept for him?

Five months later also Johanna Grudezinska died in Zarskoje-Selo. Far away from her beloved fatherland, far from relations and friends, lonely, forsaken, forgotten, she followed her husband, who, in spite of all his tyranny, had ardently loved her! It was a blessing for her that she was an orthodox Christian, a strict Catholic, otherwise madness would needs have taken possession of her by reason of all the dreadful things she had suffered!

Poets often look about them for a subject for tragedies. . . . Should not the fate of this martyr be a thankful task for the pen—the fancy—the heart of a dramatic author?

Also the funeral of the Grand Duke was forgotten, the cholera abated in fury, and the theatres were reopened. . . . By the middle of September, moreover, the firing of the guns from the fortress announced the capitulation of Warsaw! At last!

Social life resumed its wonted gay and noisy aspect, the theatres were frequented more than ever—and surprise, nay, astonishment was created by the German performances, which ordinarily received so little attention! A rich *repertoire* was displayed: "Emilia Galotti," "King Enzio," "Elise von Valberg," "Pauline," "Schein und Sein," "Der Müller und Sein Kind," "Marie Louise d'Orleans," "Friedrich August in Madrid," "Pfefferrösel" . . . and all comedies then new and very popular were acted with zeal and much good-will. At the end of a year Prince Gagarin could produce a surplus—the first of any of the Imperial stages in St. Petersburg or that of the German theatre.

My friends congratulated me on this success as if I alone had obtained it.

Before me there lies an old St. Petersburg correspondence from the spring of 1832, about the German theatre on the Neva, published in Theodor Hell's Dresden "Literarisches Notizenblatt," which I shall quote here as a characteristic mark of the exuberance of those days. I quote literally:—

"Dramatic art has many altars and temples in this magnificent imperial city, which, besides the large number of foreigners of every nation, of Germans alone has 40,000; the serious and merry play of the muses does not at least lack an altar or

hearth. And indeed here, too, the three cardinal languages that characterize the whole life in Petersburg, the Russian, German, and French, are equally provided for. The Italian opera, which formerly was likewise heard here, has been given up for very good reasons some years ago, and people do not miss it. But if we were to be questioned about the artistic enjoyment which we had in these temples of Melpomene and Thalia, we could only give the following answer to it: The Russian theatre, the first in St. Petersburg, as far as size and splendour are concerned (wherefore it also bears the name of the 'great stone theatre'), and is to be compared only, perhaps, to the Berlin Opera House, could, as we are not much acquainted with the Russian language, of course not have much interest for us. Only the dexterity with which the Russians execute the greatest and most difficult ballets, and the tasteful display of pomp which appears in it, excited our admiration; for example, in the representation of the French ballet 'La Lunatique.' However, on special occasions, particularly when great operas are being performed, the German company, too, play in this 'great stone theatre,' which is one of the beautiful proofs of justice shown to foreigners in the Russian residence. Now, as regards the little French theatre in the Newsky-Prospect, near the Anitzky Palace, the artistic enjoyment which

one finds in this pretty house is that same unalterable one which the well-known peculiar manner of the French stage-artistes can give to those who have a taste for it. That agile hastiness and inimitable elegance with which the French represent to us their drawing-room pieces and witty vaudevilles, may also be discerned in *our* French artistes; as a talent worthy of special notice, we can without hesitation mention Madame Bourbier on this stage. But the French histrionic art remains stationary with its small comedies, vaudevilles, melodramas, and farces. It never rises to the more serious kind.

"The best and most enjoyable for true lovers of art is here found on the German stage which bears the name of the 'New German Theatre,' and is situated near the Simjenoffky bridge, opposite the old Moscow Palace; the building was formerly used as a circus. Not as if the German theatre here occupied a specially high position; on the contrary, the productions and efforts of the German theatre company of this place are, on the whole, much behind what might be done by them, taking into consideration the material and means at their disposal. However, the German stage possesses all that is truly classical in dramatic art, really artistic, and genuine, which may be found in St. Petersburg, and which we should be extremely sorry

to lose—we refer to Fräulein Karoline Bauer. This famous actress, who has for more than a lustrum (or half a decade) ranked with the first dramatic artistes of Germany and France, such as Mad. Stich in Berlin and Mdlle. Mars in Paris, who for a long time was the delight of Berlin, whence her high reputation followed her here, also now shows us abundance of what is beautiful, deeply thought, and truly classical. Every evening which showed us this incomparably beautiful and graceful artiste, whose genius is so great that with her, art and nature have become one power, was to us one of the most heartfelt enjoyment. And this experience we share with all our theatrical friends whom Art, which

'Is free from the false constraint of rules,'

involuntarily draws to those muses' feasts which Fräulein Karoline Bauer prepares for us. For at her very appearance this great artiste is received by the audience in Thalia's halls with most lively manifestations of applause; indeed, hardly any other dramatic artiste on her *first* appearance gained such triumphs as our Bauer scored, according to the reports of all the journals who give an account of her from Berlin. The German theatre, which may congratulate itself on her acquisition, has, since her sojourn in our walls, without doubt become the most frequented in all St. Petersburg;

and what is especially worthy of notice, the charming artiste has understood through her truly great performances how to swell the audience, even by a large number of Russians from the highest families and ranks. It may be said that every appearance of hers on the stage is a triumph for her. For each time that Fräulein Bauer makes her appearance she is called before the curtain anew, which, for example, has gone so far in one of her naïve, favourite *rôles*, the 'Pfefferrösel' (which, however, is too poor a piece for her ability), that after a seven-times consecutively repeated representation, within a few weeks, she was again and again called the seventh time. To be sure, it might be asked if her unusually pleasing appearance and her incomparably charming figure might not have a share in *this* degree of ovation; but the coldest spectator, after considering the great worth of her artistic performance, which undoubtedly stands in the first rank of the beautiful, will have to grant that not beauty but art here receives just applause. Besides, the rare application with which our artiste, who is celebrated in verse and prose, by men and women, in German, French, and even in the Russian language, devotes herself to her calling is truly worthy of admiration, and explicable only by her undoubted superiority in art.

"Her chief *rôles* are: 'Donna Diana,' 'Preciosa,'

and the 'Blinde Gabriele.' All three are, properly speaking, tests of dramatic art, and so called *rôles de force.* We must own that especially the Donna Diana of our Bauer eclipses in address and charm, the play of all German actresses whom we have seen in that part, including that of Mad. Neumann, and that we can solely compare our Donna Diana with the masterly representation of Mad. Stich, who is, perhaps, unsurpassable in this character. If, indeed, Mad. Stich might, perhaps, stand above Fräulein Bauer as far as classical attitude and southern passion are concerned, we must, on the other hand, ascribe to the latter an indescribably enchanting blending of the southern passion with German Gemüthlichkeit (geniality) in the subtlest parts of the spiritual and delicately-wrought drama, and also a higher, more heartfelt conception of some of the luminous points of the play. The latter is true, especially where the deceiver, who finds herself deceived, exhibits a despair that borders on the naïve; of the scene in the garden that compelled universal applause; finally, of the concluding scene, where the artiste, with an indescribable mixture of chaste self-control and ardent love, pronounced the words: 'Du Fragst? Du selbst bist es, Tyrann!' ('You ask? It is yourself, tyrant!')

"In 'Preciosa,' partly the universal charm of the representation, partly the perfectly equal suc-

cess of the acting, singing, and dancing, was truly remarkable. Finally, in the 'Blinde Gabriele,' Fräulein Bauer caused the most universal and most justified admiration by the very faithful and yet at the same time, very pleasing imitation of the natural defect of blindness, in that she did by no means shut her eyes, nor, as it is commonly done, make use of a machine, and also by the transition, exquisitely given, of the blind into the seeing state.

"We regret to hear, however, that the sweet artiste intends to quit St. Petersburg in a year, when her contract expires. All the happier we deem, therefore, our beloved Germany, whose attention we hereby draw to the high artistic enjoyment which is in store for it. It should be known that Karoline Bauer has resolved, after the expiration of her contract in St. Petersburg, to undertake a great professional tour through Germany. Whether a good genius will lead her back into our northern paradise after that, we must leave to the genius of art to decide. Votive tablets will, at least, not be wanting!"

* * * * * *

Who was Roman Andreïtsch? His name and pleasant face have been utterly effaced from my memory in the battle of time.

There lie before me, besides, also several old St. Petersburg theatre bills, printed on white and pink

satin, intended to be handed to the Court as special invitations for my benefit-night. For the sake of curiosity I shall here give a specimen of such an invitation. It runs thus:—

"17 October, 1831, for the benefit of Mdlle. Karoline Bauer: In the New Theatre at the Simionow Bridge, His Imperial Majesty will have represented by German actors:

"Pfeffer-Rösel, oder die Frankfurter Messe 1297.

"Tickets for private boxes, arm chairs, and chairs may be had at the residence of Mdlle. Bauer, in Little Stallhofstrasse, No. 21, the house of General Werigin, second gate from the Newsky Prospect, first flat."

The arrangements for such benefit-nights, where a thousand regards had to be had for all-powerful gentlemen-in-waiting and servants-in-waiting, were in the hands of the able theatrical secretary, Peter Jemuseus, who was privileged to celebrate his forty years jubilee at the German Court Theatre of St. Petersburg in 1856.

Had the Court but a few times honoured the performances with its presence, the fashionable Russian families would have followed. It seems that the impression made by the previous performances of the German actors had had such a lasting deterrent effect on the Imperial family, that they willingly renounced the renewal of such an enjoyment. No-

body thought that more natural than I did, when I recalled the luckless "Mann im Feuer" of the year 1828. I was therefore no little surprised when, at my second benefit, the Emperor and Empress appeared in the Court-box, and Prince Wolkonski, in the name of their Imperial Majesties, handed me a costly golden diadem set with a sparkling gem, at the end of the first act of "Friedrich August in Madrid." Indeed, the very building would suffice to deter the Court from coming; for the dark, dirty circus-theatre was not by any means inviting. The German actors felt as if released from exile when they, too, were allowed to play in the large magnificent Alexander Theatre, and afterwards, like the excellent French troop, in the very pretty, elegant Michael Theatre.

The Empress Alexandra had sent for me immediately after my first *début*, and welcomed me in an exceedingly gracious manner. It is impossible to look more imposing, and at the same time graceful, to walk and salute more elegantly, than did this Princess at that time. When she danced she outshone, as I had several opportunities of observing, the youngest and most blooming beauties. Although tall and stately, she glided along like a fairy-queen. Empress Alexandra had not merely inherited from her mother, Queen Luise, the majestic bearing, but also her enchanting sweetness, as the Berliners proudly said of their royal daughter. I ventured

to ask Her Majesty during the audience if the poor German theatre might not hope for the high honour of an early visit? Then she replied sweetly, graciously, and in a right genial German way: "Ah, I should be only too glad to see you as 'Käthchen von Heilbronn,' but," she added, smiling, "the other ladies, I am sure, will be too comical in the play; I cannot forget how they hold their pocket-handkerchiefs." . . . At the same time she stretched out her arm stiffly, gingerly held her cambric, cast down her eyes, and made such a country-maiden-like face, and seemed so merry at her imitative art, that I had great difficulty in remaining grave.

The people in St. Petersburg fondly and proudly repeated that Nicolas was sincerely and faithfully devoted to his spouse; that he knew how to appreciate her character and intellectual qualities and her gracefulness; Alexandra was his first love, and still his adored ideal. At the same time people would laugh heartily and mock at those women who endeavoured to draw the Emperor into their nets. In this manner once the most beautiful woman of St. Petersburg, the young wife of an old general, was pointed out to me, and I was told that this lady had once during a dance tenderly whispered to the Emperor: "Oh, how happy I am, your Majesty, to be allowed to dance with the handsomest man in

the Empire!" . . . and that Nicolas had coldly replied: "Madame, I am handsome only for my wife." . . . Even though the Czar did not refuse his homage to beauty and youth, even though the town knew many tales about his divers *liaisons* with princesses and countesses, French and German actresses, Nicolas' heart remained to his spouse, and the latter—who after an illness, like Louise of Weimar, had to renounce the most intimate connection with her husband—is said never to have shown jealousy. Nay, Countess Fersen even asserted that Nicolas and Alexandra were often greatly diverted at the poor creatures who were so proud when the Czar would, in an amorous humour, descend to them for a short hour as lustful Jupiter of old did to the dust-born daughters of the earth.

Countess Fersen—despite her widely known relationship to Pastor Muralt—had connections as well with the Court. Her father-in-law had been the famous gallant general of Katherine II., and her husband a high Court official—and her son was in my time a popular officer and the handsomest and most coveted dancer at the Court balls.

Pastor Muralt always had much to tell about the Court that was new and interesting. Through his friendship with Minister Cancrin, and through his busy social intercourse in the most fashionable

houses, whose sons were or had been his pupils, he learned all Court news from the first sources. He was also on terms of friendship with old Fräulein Wildermeth, a Swiss lady, and late governess to the Empress Alexandra; she was his most influential mediatrix at Court. Also the tutors of the Grand Dukes were mostly former pupils of Muralt or at least recommended by him. Thus Monsieur Gile, a schoolfellow of my brother Louis from Neuchatel, and my most zealous partner at a dance in the *pension* Guyot, on Muralt's recommendation gave lessons to Grand Duke Alexander, the heir-apparent to the throne; it was M. Gile of whose tight boots and consequent tortures I have spoken on a former occasion.

When my brother Louis became tutor to the third son of Prince Ilarion Wasiljewitsch Wasiltschikow, the young Sergius, he recognized in the tutor of the second son likewise an old schoolfellow, M. Versin, from the *pension* Droz.

As Prince Wasiltschikow was an intimate friend of the Emperor Nicolas, so were his sons intimately associated with the young Grand Dukes; they were present at all the juvenile parties at the Winter Palace, always accompanied by their tutors. In this way my brother became acquainted with the inner Court and family life of the Czar—of course only as a modest spectator—and after such parties

he would hasten to see us to give us a merry account of all he had seen and heard.

Alexander, the Grand Duke and successor to the throne, the Naslednick, was a handsome, talented boy of thirteen in 1831; he was educated together with a young Count Wilhorski, and the son of General Patkul. On each holiday the heir-apparent was permitted to invite ten to twenty boys, among whom were always the young Wasiltschikows and several pupils from Muralt's institute. On these occasions they indulged in merry games and dances.

My brother Louis always returned from such *fêtes intimes* in the Winter Palace—in Zarskoje-Selo or Peterhof—perfectly intoxicated with the amiability and genuine burgess-like geniality of the Imperial family, and was never tired of repeating:

"You cannot imagine how genial and gay are the Emperor Nicolas, the rigid, severe autocrat, and Empress Alexandra, the proudest princess, in the circle of happy youth! There they are only pater and materfamilias, and the highest family happiness beams forth from their eyes. Yesterday when a *Française* was being danced, the Emperor and his eldest daughter, the beautiful, fair Grand Duchess Marie, were the *vis-à-vis* of the Empress Alexandra and the young heir-apparent. During the whole dance Nicolas had his little son Michael on his arm,

and when he danced the '*solo des messieurs*' with gay *entrechats* and *pirouettes* he presented, on both hands, each time he bowed to the Empress, little Michael to her to kiss—a charming *genre*-scene of the purest family bliss, which deserved to be painted by a master! . . . And how affectionate the Imperial couple are to one another—just like two amorous lovers. I have often seen how Nicolas with a passing smile whispered some tender word to her, and she, blushing, gave him a little blow with her fan—whereupon he quickly seized her hand and kissed her on her wonderfully beautiful bare shoulder. Once I heard such an amorous, jocular remark: "Madame, vous êtes divinement belle—et votre épaule. . . ."

The Berlin sculptor Wichmann, a brother of Countess Waldenburg, whom I mentioned in a previous chapter, and who stayed in St. Petersburg for a time for the purpose of making a life-size marble statue of Alexandra, by command of the Emperor—once remarked in my presence at a party: "The Emperor often visited me when I was at my work, and with a lively interest followed its growth. When the statue was finished he exclaimed enraptured: 'Yes, these are the noble, beautiful features of my beloved *matuschka*.* That is quite the classical profile of my Alexandra—her splendid neck! . . .'—

* A very common Russian pet word for mother or wife.

and affectionately, like a lover, he drew my lofty model to his bosom and kissed it in a very plain, hearty way. . . ."

If I am not mistaken, this is the same sitting-statue of the Empress Alexandra which was sent as a present to her father, Friedrich Wilhelm III., and was placed in a semi-circular room in the castle of Charlottenburg.

People related and heard with emotion how tenderly and lovingly Nicolas had prepared the Empress for the approaching death of her eldest and most confidential woman-in-waiting—and how Alexandra wept her full on his breast.

Christmas was celebrated at the Court quite in the German fashion. As pater and materfamilias the Imperial couple themselves arranged the Christmas presents for their children, the nearest courtiers and the most faithful servants, and led everyone to the festively decked place under the blazing fir trees. . . . And what an amount of affectionate kissing was indulged in at the time! The Emperor Nicolas was desperately fond of kissing. Even when he entered the Imperial box in the theatre he took no notice of the play or audience till he had kissed all his children one after the other, to the delight of the whole audience.

When the Empress Alexandra, for the first time, visited a rural lodge, "Selski-Domik," built for her

at her summer seat, Zarizin-Ostrow (Empress' Island), a pensioner came to meet her as the guardian of the house. He was decked with the medal of the Turkish war of 1828-29; upon his left sleeve he wore the white stripes for twenty years' service. Kissing the edge of her garment, after the Russian fashion he said: "Here I would devote my life to thy service."

But Alexandra had recognised the voice and the invalid; she sank into his arms much moved, and exclaimed with tears: "No, the fatherland cannot yet pension you, for you are not yet an invalid, thank God!"

The coat of the invalid was preserved by the Empress at Selski-Domik.

Under a bust of the Empress the Emperor Nicolas had the words written: "Happiness of my life." And when in 1837 the proud Winter Palace was consumed by fire he cried in distress: "Let everything burn, only fetch from my study the pocket-book with the letters which my wife wrote to me when she was my bride!"

The autocrat of all the Russias often found great pleasure in engaging in a scuffle with half-a-dozen smart boys, and would utter loud cries of delight when he shook off one after the other as the wild boar does the barking hounds.

Once a poor woman complained to the Emperor

that her only son had been pressed into service against the provisions of the law.

"Is that true?" the Czar inquired of a general.

"No. She has two sons. I have only taken the eldest," was his reply, stammered because untrue.

"Then let the eldest be discharged and take the second!" the Emperor commanded, with a threatening mien.

CHAPTER II.

IN HOLY RUSSIA (Continued).

KRÜGER—16,000 BOTTLES OF RUM FOR THE TOOTHACHE—SPRING—THE BREAKING OF THE ICE—THE CZAR'S HUMOUR — BREDE — DISTRESSING SCENE — A FRIEND IN NEED—THE GRAND DUCHESS MARIE—SHE MARRIES THE DUKE OF LEUCHTENBERG—THE GRAND DUCHESS ALEXANDRA—SHE MARRIES PRINCE FRIEDRICH OF HESSE-DARMSTADT—HER DEATH—THE GRAND DUCHESS OLGA—HER LOVE—SHE IS COMPELLED TO MARRY PRINCE KARL OF WURTEMBERG—PICTURE OF THE EMPRESS CATHERINE II.—THE SKELETONS IN THE DUNGEON—THE ILL-FATED PRINCESS OF WURTEMBERG — THE GRAND DUCHESS HELENE—THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL—STARRING ENGAGEMENTS — WILHELM KRÜGER — HIS MELANCHOLY—HE ATTEMPTS SUICIDE SEVERAL TIMES—IS PENSIONED—CHARLOTTE VON HAGN—RIVALRY—A DRAWN BATTLE—DIE PAPAGEIEN—PARROT WIELAND—MDLLE. BOURBIER—A CZAR'S KISS—CRITICISM ON CHARLOTTE VON HAGN—RUSSIAN PERFORMANCES—THE RUSSIAN ARTIST KARATYGIN—MAILLOT—HER HOPELESS LOVE FOR NICOLINI.

IN the spring of 1832 my Berlin friend, Krüger, the famous painter of portraits, reviews, and horses, came to St. Petersburg by order of the Emperor

to paint several reviews and portraits. Regarding his terms the Emperor said to him, smiling—

"Be sure to charge very high, dear Krüger, for"—pointing to Prince Wolkonski, the minister of the Imperial house, who was standing by—"this old miser here, who is always afraid that we shall have to beg some day, is sure to beat you down low enough."

The Emperor had commanded that Krüger should receive as a special mark of his satisfaction a costly gold watch set with diamonds. But this watch had previously to pass through the hands of several genuine Russian officials. To the one pair the diamonds stuck fast, to the other the gold, so that Krüger received a very ordinary silver watch. When he thanked the Emperor for the present, he, on the first similar occasion, purposely pulled out the watch so that the donor must see it.

"There you see now, dear Krüger, how I am robbed," the Emperor said in agitation, "but if I would and could punish all the thieves in my realm as they deserved, Siberia even were not large enough to receive them, and Russia would be a waste as Siberia is now!"

Krüger received another watch from the Emperor's own hand, and no more was heard of the thieves.

As a proof of the veracity of the Emperor's assertions regarding the boldness and determina-

tion of the Russian thieving propensity, there was narrated another little swindle, which would be incredible, if such a word were at all in existence in Holy Russia.

Once when, after having experienced something like the affair of Krüger's watch, the Emperor and Empress examined the journal of the household expenses, they there found, day after day, entered a bottle of rum for the use of the Naslednick. But Grand Duke Alexander was but twelve years at that time; why did he need a bottle of rum daily? Had he perhaps a secret inclination for punch and grog—despite his youth? Dreadful! And however far the alarmed parents looked back in the journal—to the earlier, nay, to the baby-days of the heir-apparent, a bottle of rum for the Naslednick was charged every day. Yes; this bottle was even marked on the day of his birth, and indeed for many, many more days and years before. . . . At last the strange riddle was solved. On the 10th December, 1787, the body physician had ordered for the then Naslednick Alexander Pawlowitsch a teaspoonful of rum for toothache, and a bottle of rum had been furnished for the purpose by the chief butler. . . . And owing to this teaspoonful of rum, the Court had had to pay for 16,000 bottles of rum in the course of forty-three years! What had become of them? Perhaps

a Court butler found time in Siberia to consider that question. But after this disclosure the Emperor made a contract with a purveyor to furnish the board for his family and his whole Court, even down to the stable-boy. Although the Emperor paid for himself and the Empress the sum of 100 roubles board money, and 25 for each of the Grand Dukes and Duchesses, also 20 roubles for the ladies and gentlemen at Court, and so downwards to three roubles for each stable-boy, the expenses for the maintenance of the Court were greatly diminished thereby. The very practical and saving Crown Princess Victoria of Prussia has adopted the same plan.

Once I saw the Emperor in his heroic stateliness, surrounded by his Court, on the occasion of the water-consecration of the Neva, which, in favourable weather, every year becomes a veritable popular spring-feast for the whole of St. Petersburg.

On a sunny morning in early April, the thunder of the cannons in the fortress announced the glad news: The ice of the Neva breaks, spring has arrived! All the world hastened to the banks of the Neva.

From the gate of the fortress issues the commandant of St. Petersburg, with a brilliant staff; he enters an ornamented skiff and crosses over to the Winter Palace. The Emperor and his whole family

and Court appear upon a rampart on the bank—the ladies dressed in the becoming costumes of the national old Russian style, made of velvet and precious furs; proud priests in shining robes dip a crucifix into the water, and pronounce the benediction on it, that it may be a blessing to navigation, and cause no inundations. The commandant fills a crystal cup with the clear water of the Neva, and hands it to the Czar. He waves it around his head and empties it to the well-being of St. Petersburg, to the weal of Holy Russia . . . and returns the cup, filled with gold, to the happy commandant of the fortress.

Formerly it had been the custom that the Emperor filled the glass with ducats to the brim. But when the glass grew in size from year to year, and the Emperor had to swallow ever greater quantities of water, then Nicolas limited the sum to 200 ducats, because, he said, he feared he would eventually have to empty quite a pailful of water, and to fill it with gold.

Also the Czar Nicolas had inherited a vein of the biting tyrannical humour of his brother Constantine, who once marched a whole battalion to their chins into the Vistula. Thus Nicolas once walked through a wood with his adjutant. Suddenly a marshy water intercepts the path. No bridge across! Then a peasant arrives and offers to carry

across the unknown gentlemen. The Emperor is already safely on the opposite bank, and the General on the back of the peasant in mid-stream. Then Nicolas cries out lustily —

"Muschick, I'll give you 50 roubles if you drop your man in the water."

"Muschick, and I give you 100 if you carry me over."

"Muschick, 500 roubles if you let him drop."

"Muschick, 1,000 roubles, but across quickly."

The Muschick having advanced a few steps at each increased offer of the adjutant, the latter at last stands safely before his laughing master.

It is said that the Imperial family archives in St. Petersburg preserve the following account as a curiosity :—

Paid to a muschick, who carried His Majesty across a stream	roubles	10
Ditto, to carrying across my person . .	„	1,200
Sum total roubles . . .		1,210

which sum I have received back in full.

SOLTIKOW, Adjutant-General.

And the Russian autocrat, before whom everyone had humbly to lie down in the snow when the Czar whisked past in his little sleigh; who, with a single stroke of the pen, condemned hundreds to the knout, or to transportation to Siberia, with unmoved eyes and firm hand—this singular man could suddenly be soft like a child.

In the month of January, 1834, there prevailed a low temperature in St. Petersburg, such as had not been experienced for years. The residence, usually so lively, seemed as if sunk in slumber. All theatres were closed by order of the Emperor; concerts and balls were postponed, for the fashionable and rich, generally not over indulgent to coachmen and horses, had, nevertheless, now a touch of human feeling, and would not have their carriages waiting for hours in the open air during the grim cold.

Unavoidable drives of military men, officials, business men, etc., were performed rapidly in covered and well-closed sleighs. But the pedestrians, in their enormous *cache-nez*, really looked almost too comical. When any friends did call, in spite of the dreadful cold, it took some minutes before they could divest themselves of their protecting wraps; when the point of the nose appeared suspiciously white on such occasions the frozen part was, amidst laughter, carefully rubbed with snow in order to restore it to life.

Brother Louis called on us one Sunday afternoon, notwithstanding the cold. We settled down to a comfortable cup of coffee, all feeling very cosy in a warm, snug room, removed from any of those cares that lay so heavy on many others in this trying time. We spoke of the distress of the poorer classes. "Fortunately wood is cheap in St. Peters-

burg, and the people are ready to help their fellow-men," my mother said; "nobody will be starved or die of cold here." Hardly had the last word been uttered when the door-bell was rung violently. The girl announced, with much agitation: "A man, with a greatly perturbed countenance, will not quit the ante-chamber! He looks at the proffered money in bewilderment, uttering at the same time: 'My wife has died—miss—help!'"

Louis rose to look after the intruder. We heard speaking, sobbing, a piercing cry, and hastened after my brother. There we saw him, as if stunned by what he had heard, standing in front of an old man who, faint and almost unconscious, had sunk upon a chair.

How great was my astonishment when I recognised in the unhappy man the actor Brede! Towards the end of October he had come to St. Petersburg on chance, together with his family, hoping to find an engagement. He did not succeed in his *début*, and twice his German fellow-actors clubbed together to enable him to return to Germany. Nobody had seen him since, and all thought that he had arrived in Germany before the outbreak of winter.

My brother repeated to us what the unhappy man had told him. Brede was at the time living in one of the suburbs among Russians of the lowest class; his wife had been confined, and it had been neces-

sary to postpone his departure. Little by little Brede had sold everything, till he was entirely left without any means of subsistence. To ask his brother actors a third time for their help he had not ventured. Now his wife had died on the previous day, the babe was without a nurse, his boys cried with despair and hunger, his elder daughter had broken down to-day exhausted—no fuel, no bread, no money. . . . So he had rushed away to look up his German brethren, and to tell them his story. . . . "What is to be done? The poor fellow will lose his reason, I fear."

We conducted Brede into the sitting-room, refreshed him with coffee, and tried to console and pacify him. Quickly we made up a little basket of wine, tea, bread, and sugar. Louis had meanwhile got a sleigh, and drove away with the unfortunate man to the abode of misery, promising speedy return.

I held a council with my mother as to what was to be done, for mere superficial help could do Brede no good. The man must receive the means to enable him to return to Germany. Then the idea struck me that I would communicate everything to our dear Pastor Muralt, the guardian angel of the aliens, to whom every needy or distressed person could apply with confidence.

In a few words I described the condition of the

family. I wrote as my heart dictated, and, despite the cold, our maid took the letter across to our neighbour the pastor. She returned, almost frozen, and reported that the pastor had just been on the point of driving to the Winter Palace, but had read the letter, and said: "To-morrow morning I shall myself bring the answer!" We began to breathe more freely, but were, nevertheless, anxiously awaiting my brother's return. Night had set in meanwhile, and the cold still increased. The Wasiltschikows sent to inquire whether their tutor had met with an accident, since he had not returned for supper. In a feverish excitement we listened to every sleigh-bell. After dreadful hours of suspense my brother at last returned; he looked pale and exhausted.

"I should not care to see such a heart-rending sight again," he cried. "Brede led me across a large gloomy courtyard to a kind of shed or coach-house; in a small damp room there lay the corpse of the poor mother upon rotten straw! The babe, clinging to the cold, still breast, sought in vain for food. Two boys of six and seven, perfect pictures of misery, wept aloud; the elder daughter was kneeling at the bed of her dead mother, but was herself too weak to be able to nurse the babe. A clammy cold prevailed in the dismal room. I cried in the front-house for the Dwornik (porter), who

came forward slowly, and in a surly mood; I gave him money to warm him up a little; what little I know of Russ did me good service. He became more obliging after he had received the money, brought wood and tea, and took the babe to give him meanwhile into his wife's charge. Then I helped to carry the corpse out of the room, distributed the victuals, bought new straw, and had the old removed. I left the unfortunate family in a warm room, and full of gratitude. But now good-night!"

Next morning at 11 o'clock, Pastor Muralt came and cried, beaming with joy: "Everything has succeeded beyond expectation! Just look!" and, so saying, he put a handful of gold pieces upon the table. "Yes, your letter has done it. How beautifully and touchingly have you, in a few lines, depicted their misery! I would say in my Zürich German: '*Das ischt prachti g'si!*' (That was splendid!). . . . But now, quickly, what is most necessary?—I am in a hurry! The poor woman must be buried, the sons be boarded out with honest people, the babe must have a nurse. I am just returning from the den—for that is the only proper term for the dwelling. For the father it is better that he should return with his daughter to his German home; the boys can be well brought up here."

"Oh, you glorious friend to mankind! But whence have you got all the money?"

"Whence? From the Emperor, the Empress, and the three darling Grand Duchesses. When I received your letter I was just starting for the Winter Palace to give the Princesses news of a beloved teacher who has received leave of absence for a journey to her native country, Geneva. When I had delivered my messages, and the dear darlings were chatting with me very pleasantly, I said: 'Will your Imperial Highnesses read how strangers fare in your beautiful residence? Will you assist the poor?' 'Certainly!' three gay, clear voices cried. So I read out your letter. The eldest Grand Duchess took it from my hand, saying: 'Mamma must read that too!' and hastened away. The others went to their little drawers and brought out pretty little purses, put in their tiny little hands, and with a childish delight they brought to me shining gold pieces. It was not long before the door to the adjoining room opened, and who do you think stepped in?—the Emperor, the Empress, and the Grand Duchess Marie on her father's arm! 'Well done!' Nicolas cried, graciously. 'Well done, pastor! You have given my daughters an opportunity to do good, and I am heartily glad that my children have felt delight in doing it!'"

"Oh," cried Muralt, exaltedly, "if you had been

able to admire the group as I did! The majestic father, the beautiful happy mother, and the charming daughters! Grand Duchess Marie held the Emperor in embrace, Alexandra leaned on his breast, and the youngest, Olga, held his hand and kissed it tenderly. It was a ravishing sight!"

"And now hasten to our German Crœsus," Muralt continued, gaily. "If Baron Steiglitz subscribes a sum because of your letter, the first and richest families will follow his example."

This step, too, was richly rewarded.

Eight days after this Brede bade good-bye to his sons; a watchmaker and a saddler had taken the children, and treated them like their own. The smallest had been entrusted to a respectable nurse, and was to be watched by some German mothers. The father and daughter, well equipped and amply provided with money for travelling, returned to their German home. After deducting all expenses there remained a sum of 3,000 roubles. This money was well invested, to be handed to the grown-up children with interest one day.

Whenever I afterwards saw the three really charmingly sweet Grand Duchesses—perfect angels' heads on a gold background—I gave them a thankful nod. They were so sweet, and dear, and good—why could not they, the mighty Czar's daughters, have a happy future too?

The eldest, the wonderfully beautiful fair Marie, had a hot, ungovernable heart, which neither the sweet temper of a mother nor the severity of her father could tame. She is said to have told her father more than once: "How can I help having inherited the hot blood and the ungovernable heart of my great grandmother, Catherine II.? I can't help it. I must follow my luckless heart. It is my evil fate."

And so the proud Czar *was obliged* to give his eldest daughter in 1839 in marriage to the little Bavarian colonel, Duke of Leuchtenberg, whose grandfather had finished his days under the Paris guillotine, and whose father was an adopted son of the hated Napoleon, and who himself did not call much more his own than his green plume, and who besides, to the horror of all orthodox bearded Russians and the clergy, was a Roman Catholic. . . . And when the Duke of Leuchtenberg died but a few years afterwards, the Czar *was obliged* to give his daughter Marie to her equerry, Stroganoff, in morganatic wedlock. . . . He *was obliged* to do so, I say, to avoid greater disaster. . . . Well, how could the Grand Duchess Marie help the hot, wild blood of Catherine in her veins?

Grand Duchess Alexandra was an angelic being, and not only outwardly. She was her father's special favourite, and he was wont to stay in her

saloon when Alexandra sang sweet duets with Countess Rossi, the Piedmontese Ambassadress, who was once Henriette Sontag. Nay, the rigid autocrat never could resist Alexandra's sweet, caressing pleas when she placed a trio on the music-stand, and he smiling joined in the song.

Alexandra was wedded to Prince Friedrich of Hesse-Darmstadt, although she would rather have chosen the Arch-Duke Stephan, Palatine of Hungary. She faded away like a broken flower.

When the Emperor Nicolas came to England in the spring of 1844, in order to demonstrate to Queen Victoria and her Ministers that the "sick man" in the South of Europe was on his last legs, and that England and Russia would do well to quickly divide his heritage, lest Austria and France might eventually put in claims for a share in the inheritance, the awful news overtook him that his Alexandra wished to take her last farewell from her dear papa before she departed for ever.

And the Czar left the "sick man" alone and hastened to the dying bed of his favourite daughter. He gave the "private baptism" to her new-born child and saw it die in his arms. When Alexandra was writhing in the agony of death he held her feverish hand, and kissed the crucifix, and pressed it to her moaning lips. Her last words were: "Is it not so? I speak nonsense. Papa—mamma."

When Alexandra was laid in the Imperial tomb of the Romanows in the church of the Peter and Paul fortress, the Emperor sat in the quiet night and turned over the leaves of his child's early diary, and his tears fell down upon the leaves. . . . He read: "'Ye fade, sweet roses.' Sang this song to my dear papa for the first time on the 9th May, 1840." Then the mighty Czar could read no further; sobs prevented him.

Alexandra had been fond of a place near a pond in the park of Zarskoje-Selo, and there fed six white swans. In this spot the Emperor Nicolas caused her life-size statue in marble to be erected, but the six white swans were exchanged for six black ones. The following morning the white swans were back again, and often the Czar might be seen here feeding the favourites of his departed darling.

Under a picture of Alexandra the Emperor wrote the words which he had been so fond of hearing from the sweet mouth, now grown dumb: "Yes, I know, papa, that you know no greater pleasure than to cause mamma pleasure."

No, Christian Stockmar is wrong. In his family Nicolas was no comedian. He was the most loving husband and father.

Why shook the beautiful Grand Duchess Olga, blushing, her fair, angelic head at all the offers of marriage made to her by "high politics"?

She had a secret love, of which "no one knows nought,"* and the proud Czar was to know nought, he least of all. . . . But he knew of it nevertheless. . . .

The lover, a fine-looking officer, was sent to the Caucasus, and the report soon spread that he had died there.

Grand Duchess Olga went with her mother to Palermo, where they remained a long time. She was obliged to marry the Crown Prince Karl of Würtemberg . . . but she never was happy with him. . . .

No, it is not always a fortunate thing to be an Emperor's daughter.

With great interest we inspected the splendours of the Winter Palace and the Hermitage, under the guidance of young Count Fersen. I heard the famous colossal musical-box execute the overture to "Don Juan."

With very peculiar thoughts I beheld the life-size picture of the Empress Catherine II. A beautiful form, draped in white satin, adorned with a sky-blue ribbon (of an order), in imposing majestic attitude, one arm stretched out as if in command. The whole inner life presents itself to our imagination at the aspect of this picture. The dark-blond wavy hair, bound back and entwined with pearls, reminds

* Quotation from an old Volkslied.

me of Marie Antoinette; the large blue eyes, the lofty brow, the finely-shaped nose, the lovely mouth are irresistible. Besides, a nobly curved neck, beautifully-formed arms and hands—Enough; one understood that this rare personage, who was, moreover, distinguished by sagacity, high mental powers, and enchanting amiability, might venture anything.

Beside the picture, upon a brass pole, sat a large, very old cockatoo. Under his eyes, that had an uncomfortably intelligent look, hung great wrinkles. I was told that the cockatoo had been a favourite of the Empress Catherine, and that he had always been about her person. From filial regard for the Empress, he was carefully nursed, and as he was quiet only in this bright hall that was rarely without visitors, and in front of the picture of his former mistress, the place was ungrudgingly allowed to the cockatoo, who was certainly eighty years old.

The picture also reminded us of my great-grandfather, the famous surgeon, Ramdor, in Brunswick. Catherine had, in her last illness, invited him to see her. Unfortunately he arrived too late; it was impossible to risk the operation by that time; but the German physician was nevertheless not dismissed without receiving rich presents, and he never tired of speaking of that journey, and of the graciousness and favour of the Empress.

Upon the portrait of my great-grandmother may

be seen a brilliant *riviere*, the original of which the Empress had presented to the surgeon for his wife . . . and her great-granddaughter, also honoured with a beautiful ornament by the descendants of the Empress, was permitted to admire the magnificent apartments which her great-grandmother had once walked in, and may tell the story to-day to posterity.

St. Petersburg was during my stay shockingly reminded of Catherine's much-agitated love-life and her often so cruel heart.

In the dungeon of a small Russian fortress on the Baltic had been found the skeletons of a woman and child. This recalled to everybody's memory the gloomy story of the unhappy Princess of Würtemberg, a born Princess of Braunschweig-Wolfenbüttel. It was discussed in familiar circles. As the wife of Prince Friedrich of Würtemberg, who had no prospect for the Würtemberg succession at that time, and had entered the Russian army, the beautiful, gay Princess had come to the gallant Court of Catherine II. She became mother of Prince Wilhelm, afterwards King of Würtemberg; of Prince Paul, who made a name for himself in the German war of independence and in many love stories; and of Princess Catherine, who, as the spouse of Jérome, was Queen of Westphalia for some time.

Empress Catherine II. at first loved the light-hearted and warm-blooded Princess of Würtemberg,

and took her part in the unfortunate dissensions of her married life against her brutal husband, till the Empress became jealous of the younger Princess. Then she simply sent the inconvenient rival to the said little fortress on the Baltic, the name of which I have forgotten. Prince Friedrich returned to Germany with his three motherless children, to be first Duke and, through Napoleon, King of Würtemberg. The Princess remained—nobody knew where—till the two skeletons were found in that walled-up dungeon. Then fame told the following story: the commandant of the fortress had understood how to console his beautiful prisoner, and Catherine, informed of this by her spies, had sent the loving commandant to Siberia. No more was ever seen of the unhappy Princess . . . but for some days and nights after, awful whining and moaning was heard from a subterranean dungeon . . . till it likewise ceased.

Many years after, in the Imperial archives, probably a note was found about the mysterious disappearance of the unhappy Princess of Würtemberg, for, by order of the Emperor Nicolas, the walled-up dungeon was opened, and there were found the skeletons of a woman and a new-born babe. . . .

In a former chapter of these memoirs, I have related something of my disagreeable visit to Duke

Alexander of Würtemberg, whose equerry my father had once been.

The Duke's daughter, who became afterwards Duchess of Koburg, was the only Princess at the Russian Court who often assisted at the performances of the German theatre. She always looked remarkably serious. Never did a smile brighten her sulky face—never did she give a sign of applause. But at least she came, and thus the Court-box did not remain altogether empty.

The beautiful, highly-intellectual Grand Duchess Helene, a daughter of Duke Paul of Würtemberg, and spouse of the Grand Duke Michael, the youngest brother of Nicolas, and whose name afterwards was so much quoted as that of a patroness of art and science, of artistes and *savants*, was forced to keep almost entirely aloof from the German theatre at my time, for Michael, her husband and tyrant, was alive still.

Also, Grand Duke Michael was a born despot, like his father Paul, and his brothers Constantine and Nicolas. What distressed him most was that his despotism was of so little consequence. He constantly wearied himself and others, and knew no other means to fill this void as much as possible but a pedantic playing at soldiers. The poor soldiers have often bitterly felt his despotic caprice.

For everything that did not pertain to soldiering

Grand Duke Michael had acquired a cynical contempt. He never tired of exercising his sharp, biting wit and sarcasm against art and science. Every idealism he met with the most contemptuous scorn.

What must the Grand Duchess Helene, the amiable idealist, have suffered by the side of this barbarian!

She was wise enough to pass her life quite quietly, without the least attempt to attract public attention. Monsieur de Kustine, who has so graphically described Russia, said about the Grand Duchess Helene: "Elle est distinguée, mais elle a l'air de s'ennuyer!"

Because the Grand Duke Michael hated the German theatre, Grand Duchess Helene was not allowed to visit it either, or to show her good work to us artistes.

Moreover, Emperor Nicolas, by way of homage to his beautiful sister-in-law, built the charming Michael theatre, for the French troop, right opposite her Palace Michael—so quickly and mysteriously that the Grand Duchess Helene was literally surprised by the inauguration of the stage on her birthday. Thus the German Princess frequented the French theatre, if only from politic regard for the Czar, or, with her old Russian husband, the Russian performances in the "great stone theatre,"

although she was scarcely mistress of the Russian language.

The Grand Duchess Helene spiritually revived and became an influential patroness of art and science—also of the German theatre—only when her consort, the Grand Duke Michael, had died in 1849, hardly 51 years old.

Her son-in-law, the husband of her only daughter Catherine, the good-natured Duke Georg of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, was always among my special patrons, and, many years later, when my stage-reminiscences snatched Karoline Bauer from oblivion, he repeatedly sent me his greetings through my early friend, Dr. von Königk-Tollert, the director of the German theatre in St. Petersburg.

* * * * * *

On the occasion of important starring performances only, the Court also honoured the German theatre with its presence.

The year 1833 brought us two such starring engagements, which became especially interesting to me likewise.

The first to come was my dear Berlin colleague and gossip, Wilhelm Krüger, in June, 1833. He made his *début* as Hamlet—I was Ophelia. . . . We were rewarded by the audience with the most enthusiastic applause (that seemed to be endless). Krüger had succeeded, and his further perform-

ances came off with remarkable freshness, and brilliancy beyond expectation. Even the heat that had suddenly sprung up did not prevent the people of St. Petersburg from attending Krüger's performances; many German families postponed their flitting to their charming summer residences.

The Empress and the Court delighted actors and audience by their presence several times. But the exertions required to study many new first parts for this starring engagement almost went beyond my strength; every forenoon a rehearsal, and to appear four times per week in a new great part . . . this all the while accompanied by relaxing heat, such as is unknown in Germany even in the hottest summer months. But the universal enthusiasm, the proofs of the gratitude of the public, the co-operation of the excellent artiste and friend, invigorated and freshened my mental and physical faculties. All the members seemed to be metamorphosed; their indifference that I used to feel so keenly on ordinary occasions, had given way to the liveliest zeal, and even the lesser talents did their utmost to produce an agreeable *ensemble*. Yes, this epoch of the German theatre in St. Petersburg was beautiful, and I shall never forget it.

Krüger netted on his benefit-night, when he played "Kaiser Friedrich," after deducting all expenses, 4,000 roubles, and the happy artiste besides

received a handsome present from the Court. The large Alexandra Theatre was crowded in every part, and even Krüger called the performance faultless. The part of "Kaiser Friedrich II." was regarded as Krüger's triumph.

In his second benefit, "Die Räuber," in which Krüger gave Karl Moor, he had a like receipt and an equally favourable reception.

After the performance, Krüger drove home with us for a cup of tea. He was very excited. Already, in the concluding scene of "The Robbers," when Karl stabs Amalie, Krüger trembled so violently that he did not let me glide down in his arms, but dropped me to the ground.

In the carriage we noticed with surprise that he pressed the casket with the drawings of his benefit nervously to his body, like a beloved child. He spoke little, but several times he held out the casket to us that we should feel how heavy it was. Also, during tea he did not part with the casket . . . and suddenly he began to cry bitterly . . . sobbing: "I shall die soon. Oh, my poor wife! My unhappy children! . . ."

In vain did we try to calm him. The great exertions in the relaxing heat, the unusual artistic triumphs and brilliant pecuniary results, had overstrained his nerves. My brother Louis took him

home, and sent our German family-doctor to see him.

Next morning our door-bell was rung violently. Krüger rushed in and solemnly handed us letters from his wife bound up in a handkerchief. . . .

"Take—take! It will calm me to know that these costly papers are in your hands! . . ."

"Was no doctor with you?" my mother asked.

"Oh, yes; he has just left me—gave me some powder—requested me not to act for a few days . . . but I cannot obey his advice. I have to play 'Eckensteher Nante' in the Winter Palace to-morrow night, and require to commit the part to memory to-day."

"For the love of God, report yourself unwell," I said. "How can you play this low comic part in your present state of mind? It is certain to upset your overstrained nerves entirely."

"I cannot refuse; the Empress desires to hear the Berlin jargon—wants to laugh; I must make it possible." And away he rushed, pale and in the highest state of excitement. Their Imperial Highnesses were really much diverted at the merry "Eckensteher Nante." Krüger produced a magnificent ring set with brilliants—a present of the Court —and—and only spoke of his approaching death.

After a melancholy week which Krüger spent, cowering on the sofa in a corner, sighing and

staring fixedly into vacancy—he was accompanied back to Berlin by a reliable man.

Krüger never completely recovered from his gloomy melancholy. After several unsuccessful attempts at suicide he was pensioned—and in 1840 he after all threw away his benighted life.

I am of opinion even to this day that Krüger—the amiable, modest artiste—has fallen a victim to renown and the gold rain which so suddenly broke over him with bewildering force. A similar success he—nay, even Ludwig Devrient—had never experienced in any professional tour.

The engagement of Charlotte von Hagn, which followed soon after, came to a more gratifying end, although I looked forward to it not altogether without anxiety. For how easily could the celebrated artiste and the petted favourite of young and old put me out with the St. Petersburg public by excelling me on the stage! Had I not read and heard so much of the triumphs of my beautiful successor on the Berlin Court stage, and said to myself, not without bitterness: It is owing to Hagn that you have been so quickly forgotten in Berlin!

My colleague Krüger had told me so much of Charlotte von Hagn, of her enchanting beauty, of her peculiar dashing manner of playing, of her studied coquetry, of her art to conquer and to maintain her conquest. Charlotte von Hagn had even overcome

Mad. Stich, who had caused me so much annoyance on the stage by her ambition, and kept me out of nearly all leading parts. She lived constantly at war with Stich, fought heroically for every part that suited her, and had succeeded in obtaining for herself already the parts of the Jungfrau von Orleans, Eboli, Thekla, Julia, Emilia Galotti, Donna Diana, and other brilliant characters. This struggle for supremacy was continued full of asperity even on the stage by both parties, so that Count Redern had to take care never to let his two infuriated rivals appear on the stage at the same time. Hagn had revenged me bloodily on Stich—and vengeance is sweet, especially to a vain artiste's heart. Thus I looked forward to the appearance of the famous artiste with a strange mixture of feelings: good-will and thankfulness I felt for the "revenger of my honour"—a timid curiosity for the bold conqueror who might become a most dangerous rival for me, especially as she was said not to be over-scrupulous in the choice of her weapons!

After tremendous preliminary trumpeting in papers and on placards, Fräulein von Hagn arrived in St. Petersburg, in September, 1833. Shortly before her appearance as Donna Diana she paid me a visit and brought me a letter of introduction from my old friend and patron, Privy Chamberlain Pimm, in Berlin.

I was obliged to confess to myself that her reputation of beauty, gracefulness, and amiability had not been exaggerated. A tall and slender—perhaps, a little too slender—figure, clad in a soft white garment of cashmere, advanced towards me with an aristocratic air, but also like a sister-artiste. In her brown hair, that was plainly divided in the middle, she wore a narrow golden fillet like a diadem, which was very suitable for her fine, classical profile and her soft, lovely features. And how pleasingly and harmlessly she knew how to talk, as if we were to eat an apple-tart together within the next few days—and not fight for victory to the death on the dangerous boards "which signify the world."

Charlotte von Hagn, although alleged to be seven years younger than I, was even then, despite her nineteen years, much more politic, world-wise, and crafty than I. She had proved in Munich at her first appearance that she understood well how "to paddle her own canoe," and, in 1832, when a more brilliant engagement was offered her from Berlin, had broken her Munich contract without ceremony.

When the new rival had left us, I said to my mother with agitation: "Oh, I am lost if Hagn should throw me into the shade here, or entirely supersede me in the favour of the public. The St. Petersburgers have seen me nearly 200 times on the stage, and the much-vaunted Berlin bird

is a new phenomenon for them, and everything new has such charms for the superficial spectator, as we all know . . . but I will fight, mother—*à bout*—to the knife. . . ."

All St. Petersburg looked forward to the appearance of the beautiful, celebrated star with hardly less suspense than I; and the tickets for the theatre were completely sold out, although, by Imperial command, the performances took place in the large Alexandra theatre.

When Charlotte von Hagn for the first time appeared on the stage as a brilliant Donna Diana, welcomed by loud applause, my heart beat audibly. Was not that one of my best and most cherished parts?

But I could soon frankly confess to myself that this Donna Diana did not eclipse mine either by outward representation, beauty, aristocratic deportment, gait, or attitude, by her mental conception of the character, or by the expressiveness of her speech and mien. . . . This relieved me considerably, and I began to look forward to the further performances of my rival with much more calmness.

As Goldschmieds Töchterlein and Julia Capulet I thought Hagn excellent, as Mirandolina captivating . . . but she did not kill me in these parts; and as Preciosa I surpassed her, at least in sing-

ing and dancing. I felt that, and St. Petersburg also readily conceded it to me.

But the hot decisive struggles were in store yet. Charlotte von Hagn chose for her benefits the parts of Luise in "Kabale und Liebe," and of Eboli in "Don Carlos;" and I was to appear along with her as Lady Milford and Queen Elisabeth—in two *rôles* which I had never played before. But if I had refused to play them just now, it would have been interpreted as fear of my rival and confession of defeat, and as cabal without love, for without me the two benefit plays could not have been given.

The theatrical enthusiasts were in feverish excitement; there sprang up two parties, the Hagnians and the Bauerians, who fought mortal combats with each other.

In "Kabale und Liebe" Hagn as "Luise Millerin" was received with such rounds of applause that it made the house shake. Robed in a plain dress of white muslin, her hair in curls, pale, languishing Fräulein von Hagn did indeed look charming.

When Lady Milford appeared on the stage, in a dress of white satin with a lace shawl, she was received with three salvoes of applause that brought down the house and made my eyes swim. I was called after the long speech.

In short, in our first encounter, my rival had not won an inch of ground from me. Encouraged, I awaited the second much more dangerous one. That was the great scene in the fourth act, which we had to play together, and to which a critical public looked forward with special interest, for here was found the first opportunity of seeing the two rivals side by side.

But I had made special preparations for this struggle; I had dressed myself in a quite new magnificent costume of blue satin—a very costly armour when paying for it at St. Petersburg prices—and adorned my brow with the golden fillet set with diamonds, the present of the Empress—and I had conquered before I had spoken a word. After the long and graceful scene, Lady Milford and Luise Millerin were called with equal enthusiasm, and when they appeared hand-in-hand their parties made peace too.

The *Northern Bee* wrote in Russian at that period: . . . "Some of the audience took into their heads to compare Fräulein von Hagn with Mdlle. Bauer. What is the good of that? Our dear Karoline Bauer has excellent qualities. Nobody can compare with her in the expression of true feeling, nor in the *noblesse* of her play."

My anxiety was quite gone. The public and critics proved to me that they did not esteem me

less than their famous and bewitchingly beautiful guest. In a very good mood I continued to play with and beside Charlotte von Hagn the somewhat wearisome part of Queen Elisabeth in "Don Carlos;" beside her seductive Eboli, and the virtue-proud Princess beside her sympathetic Elise von Valberg.

Even in the silly little comedy, "Die Papageien," by Kastelli, we played together. For the Emperor had commanded that a small German comedy, in which Charlotte von Hagn and I played equal parts, was to precede the performance by the French troupe of the tragedy, "Le Duc de Guise." It almost appeared as if we were to engage in a sort of Olympian combat before the Imperial eyes. It was not easy to choose and study in two days a suitable piece. I daresay there were plenty of pieces extant, but the one failed to fulfil this, the other that stipulation of the Emperor—that is to say, some were longer than one act, others lacked two equal ladies' parts. Then we decided in favour of Kastelli's "Papageien," an exceedingly harmless piece, which, nevertheless, when played with spirit, produced a very exhilarating effect. The plot of the long-forgotten farce is this: A mother thinks that in her life and wedlock she has found cause to hate the shockingly bad male race. Now, in order that her little daughter may not have the same sad experience, she has resolved not to let her see men at

all. For this purpose mamma keeps her daughter and a playmate from their very infancy safely locked up. The two young ladies spend their time walking in the garden, shooting birds and talking very comically about the unknown world beyond those walls, peopled by women only. But one fine day, during a chase, two officers in their gay-coloured coats climb over the garden wall, see the young ladies, and, of course, at once fall violently in love with them. Horrified at the sight of these unknown beasts of prey, the maidens flee till the bright-coloured officers introduce themselves to them as two parrots. Fortunately the little dames have learned in their natural history lessons that parrots are very innocent beasts, and are known to be sometimes very entertaining chatterers. This raises their courage to approach the pretty, many-coloured parrots, and they soon begin greatly to relish the chatting of the parrots and the most charming little creatures in coats of two-coloured cloth. The rest may easily be guessed.

The little play was meant as a satire on the strange predilection our young and old ladies have for two-coloured cloth.

The Emperor and his spouse sat in a box on the proscenium in the Michael Theatre; they were thus hardly more than two yards away from us.

Charlotte von Hagn had for her partner a very

handsome young parrot, the first "youthful lover," Weiland, but I had to put up with the heavy, stout Barlow. Weiland came tripping forward very gracefully, and moved his arms very charmingly, like wings; but when *my* parrot trotted up to me, his short thick arms stretched out like clubs, in a tragical manner opening his large eyes . . . the Empress burst into a fit of laughter . . . and I heard her whisper to the Emperor: "*Mais—c'est pour en mourir de rire! Barlow est par trop comique. . . .*"

Parrot Weiland took the sponge-cake that was being stuffed into his mouth very daintily; my Barlow almost tore it from my hands and swallowed it as if starving, flapping all the time violently his wings. . . . Roars of laughter that kept on for minutes interrupted our chat; these pauses Hagn and I filled up with the feeding of our parrots, in all seriousness . . . which caused new laughter.

The "Duc de Guise" tasted the reaction that followed this hilarity, for the audience, who had shed such abundant tears of laughter, had now no tears of emotion.

Mdlle. Bourbier, first French lover, said to me, pouting: "*Ce sont vos perroquets qui nous ont gâté notre tragédie.*"

Our costumes in these characters were the talk of the day in St. Petersburg—short frocks of white

muslin, shoes of light-green satin tied with dainty ribbons across the instep, light-green, tightly-fitting amazon-spencers with steel buttons, white cravats and cuffs, small bast-hats with long, waving, green plumes boldly stuck on one ear; the hair divided in the middle, the tresses put up in Grecian knots, hunting-bags slung around our shoulders, and fowling-pieces in our hands—the effect of all this heightened by a charming woody decoration. Enough, despite the small parts and the silly play we had caused great hilarity and *furore*.

In order to show to the people of St. Petersburg that we rivals were also in friendly intercourse when off the stage, we assisted at a representation of the French troupe, seated in the same private box of the Alexandra Theatre.

It was a box on the ground-floor that we occupied, which permitted our admirers to regard and compare us, and our lovers to chat with us during the *entr'actes*. What nodding, smiling, and whispering on our part—regarding, lorgnetting, criticizing in the audience! We knew that even the least movement of our eyelashes was watched; it was a comedy within the comedy, and tired me more than the most fatiguing *rôle*.

Next day we heard this criticizing had almost led to challenges.

When the one side maintained that "Fräulein

von Hagn had more delicate features," the other retorted, vehemently, "But Fräulein Bauer looks more blooming." If anybody had praised the magnificent profile of Hagn, he was answered that the eyes of Bauer were more expressive. Of course, no decision had been arrived at; even Prince Galitzin, universally recognized as a competent connoisseur of female beauty, had declined to play the part of a modern Paris as far as we two rivals were concerned.

In German journals there circulated afterwards a rather romantic anecdote of a meeting of Emperor Nicolas and the beautiful Charlotte.

The gallant Emperor was reported to have said to the artiste: "Mein Fräulein, I should deem it a happiness to be able to fulfil or grant any tender wish you may cherish." Whereupon Fräulein Charlotte had smiled with a pretty blush, saying: "Sire, through a kiss you would make me very happy." But suddenly the Emperor turned very grave, and had answered: "Mademoiselle, I regret not to be able to fulfil this wish of yours. For I should first have to ask the Empress' permission, and you will comprehend that I may not do that."

The conclusion of the anecdote was that the request of the artiste was not fulfilled.

The conclusion is very pretty, but the assertion

is false. The conclusion should more correctly be this: "The request of the artiste was fulfilled splendidly."

The Emperor sent a carriage to the Winter Palace for the kiss-audience, and she drove there dressed in a most seductive toilette, and returned kissed and gladdened by the Imperial gracious favour. Next day she showed me a costly set of jewels, saying: "*Patuschka** has given me this! I wonder if Empress Alexandra really gave her permission for that kiss?"

But the Emperor kept this kiss in friendly remembrance, and repeated it several times after—when he came to Germany, or when the artiste, at his request, came again to Russia. In the same way Charlotte von Hagn had to be of the party when the Emperor Nicolas met his Royal father-in-law, Friedrich Wilhelm III., in 1835, in the military pleasure camp at Kalisch, and surprised the theatre-loving "old gentleman" upon Russian soil with the *élite* of his Berlin Court-actors and opera-dancers. Whilst the other Berlin Court-actors were put up in narrow and stuffy houses, Charlotte von Hagn, and her sister Auguste (Saphir said: "Between A-Hagn and C-Hagn there is B-hagen"†) were lodged in a house by themselves by the Emperor's

* Pet word (dear father) much used by the Russians when speaking of the Emperor.

† Meaning: Behagen, *i.e.*, comfort, pleasure, delight.

command. And *Patuschka* once more showed the beautiful artiste abundantly gracious favour.

I never played again on the same stage with Charlotte von Hagn, and more than forty years came and went before we again saw each other—and then as ugly old women.

When I played in Berlin in 1834 my rival was also starring, and when she returned to St. Petersburg I had left Russia altogether. But even thus apart we did not lose sight of each other. Whilst Fräulein von Hagn was labouring in Berlin and I in Dresden, we tried to rival each other in the solution of new tasks, and our endeavours received by it a most valuable impulse. When Charlotte von Hagn in Berlin had whispered her sweet "Giacomo" as Hedwig in the "Ball zu Ellerbrunn," I would in Dresden pipe the same notes scarcely a week after; and if I earned abundance of applause for my enthusiastic acting as Isaura in Raupach's "Schule des Lebens," my rival would soon after charm the Berlin public in the same part. Both Fräulein von Hagn and I have successfully played such parts as that of the eighteen-year-old Margarethe Western in "Erziehungsresultaten" long after we had cast off our winged dress of blooming youth. If she played the part of the very young Vicomte de Letorières, I followed her example on the spot by playing the still younger Duke Richelieu in "Der

erste Waffengang." If I sprang fearlessly from the table as Blum's "Capriciosa," my rival followed immediately after me. In short, the one followed the other like her shadow in whatever character she might seek refuge. We both appeared shortly before we quitted the stage as Franziska in "Mutter und Sohn," by Charlotte Birch-Pfeiffer, and critics who had seen the play in Berlin and Dresden asserted that it was impossible to determine where Franziska had stroked the cheeks of the bear of a man with more gracefulness and humour, accompanied by the words: "Bear, I am sure we are a charming pair!"

Fräulein von Hagn likewise bade adieu to the stage shortly after I did. We both left the beloved calling before we were placed in the position of trying our skill in older characters.

The critics gave Charlotte von Hagn the following character: Beautiful, graceful, roguish, waggish, amiable, wanton, dashing, very clever, especially in naïve *genre-rôles*,—facial play admirable—mars her parts by too much coquetry and all kinds of pranks—in ideal parts not free from mannerism—her toilette often is too overloaded.

Just as Emil Devrient would not play villains and criminals on the stage, not to be hated by the public even as a stage-character, so Charlotte von Hagn in Berlin refused to play Marianne in the "Verirrun-

gen"—"for I will not show myself to the public in *rôles* in which I am reclaimed!" Very characteristic of the two spoiled representers of men.

A contemporary criticizes my dangerous rival in these words: "She is the female Seidelmann. The same coldness, scorn, calculation; nowhere an overflowing heart, no extravagance of genius. Nevertheless both will always be reckoned great artistes, for art is ever fondest of working in cold, hard marble!"

And A. von Sternberg—after having emphasized how Charlotte von Hagn always succeeded, on the stage as well as in society, in showing her beauty and art in the most favourable light—writes concerning her:—

"As actress, she did not always deserve unqualified praise. In some dramatic representations she failed completely. For example, her Gretchen was most repulsive. Innocence and naïveté were not in her line, she turned them into an almost comical grimace. On the other hand, she expressed remarkably well aristocratic *froideur*, the pride of beauty, malicious and spiritual *médisance*, studied and victory-certain coquetry, scorn, raillery, light, threatening, and malicious laughter—a Donna Diana or Princess Eboli found in her a worthy representative. Wherever she had to depict the world

of reality she was in her place, but poetical fiction, the inwardness of the world of sentiment, found no favourable ground in her for reproduction. In life as in art she was a beautiful cold serpent."

I believe Alexander von Sternberg was not altogether wrong in his criticism.

Almost half-a-century passed before we old rivals stood opposite each other once more. After many storms, I had become Countess Plater—Charlotte von Hagn, Frau von Oven; but her unhappy matrimonial union was soon dissolved again.

In the autumn of 1875, Frau von Oven surprised me in my solitary Swiss mountain-house by a visit. That was a strange, heart-moving meeting! For each of us would necessarily think—how much has been changed since those gay, brilliant days in St. Petersburg! How many sorrows has each of us gone through since? What has become of the admirers and adorers who then so passionately entered the lists for us? They have vanished as our youth and beauty have done. . . . Ah, yes, time and life, storm and worm, had gnawed at us with cruel devastation!

She who was more than slender at that time, with her celebrated swan's-neck, had become stout and clumsy; she had had a stroke of apoplexy while bathing in the Isar, and with difficulty dragged after her the paralyzed leg. Her false teeth almost

frightened me; her memory also had suffered. She was dressed very elegantly, wore splendid earrings and bracelets with brilliants. Homeless, without calling, restless, unloved—without a dear creature on earth to whom she might devote herself in love and providing care, by whom she might be loved and patiently nursed in her old age—she wandered through the world in search of enjoyment—from Germany to Italy, from Italy to Switzerland, from watering-place to watering-place, from one society to another . . . never satisfied, and burning and longing for the joys and triumphs of her early years on the stage, now long bygone. . . .

And I—I seem to have made no less alarming an impression upon my old rival, for she related in Zürich: "The Countess has become a skeleton; she has not been off her melancholy 'berg' for the last ten years; her whole heart is in her household. The Count tyrannizes over her terribly. I cannot understand how she can endure such a life. . . ."

And notwithstanding, we feigned happiness, contentment, gayness, and sunshine. . . . We had not yet unlearned playing comedy, and did not condescend to give each other the chance for pity and commiseration. . . .

When will my comedy-acting, which, as years

increase, also increases in difficulty, when will it cease? I fear only with my life!

* * * * * *

Although I hardly learned a word of Russian during my three-years' stay in Russia, I was fond of visiting the Russian performances in the "stony theatre," which lies in the heart of the true Russian quarter, where lives the *borodatsch*, the bearded Russian. What vigour, what fire, what life dwelt in these unsophisticated mimes, and what child-like joy shone from the eyes of the audience!

I have never seen a more graceful and captivating Yelva than the charming Russian representative of this difficult, silent part in her naïve naturalness. I had, I might say, carefully studied this Yelva before I myself ventured to play the part.

The Russian artiste-couple, Karatygin, carried me completely away by their brilliant resources and the fire of their grand playing in tragedy. One could scarcely—on the stage or in life—find more beautiful, imposing, and hearty human beings. Our house-friend, Colonel Lewoff, a passionate lover of the theatre, who had been married to the late Feddersen, had introduced us to the two most famous Russian actors. Herr Karatygin, unusually tall, and made after the model of the Apollo Belvedere, appeared also in the drawing-room with the noblest gracefulness, like a demigod. Frau Kara-

tygin had large black velvet eyes, and reminded one very vividly of Friederike Robert in Berlin.

For their benefit performance, the Karatygins had chosen a Russian adaptation of Schiller's "Kabale und Liebe," and invited my mother and me, as well as Colonel Lewoff, to be present. As I played Luise myself, and knew every word of the drama by heart, the Russian language hardly incommoded me. With a feeling of humiliation, I confessed to myself that my Luise beside the Russian was weak —like Luise's lemonade—and that I never had played with so passionately-burning, fascinating a Ferdinand as Herr Karatygin appeared on the stage before me. Both the ideally-beautiful people had voices like sweetly-moving church-bells, and the most enrapturing facial play, which allowed me completely to follow the words of the text. And their ardent acting electrified all the other actors.

With growing interest I followed the surprisingly grand impersonation. Karatygin as Ferdinand was a splendid sight, beautiful and fiery. and passionate. His tall, hero-stature reminded me of young Wilhelm Kunst in his prime, when he played the parts of Jason and Jaromir in Berlin, in 1826— his noble profile, of Talma. And when he whispered tender words of love, our heart joined in his rapture; and when he cried out in the most biting

anger—in the deepest woe—in shrieking despair—shudders of death came over our heart. . . . Such tones the great Fleck must have had at his command when he carried away Berlin with him. When at the conclusion of the second act Ferdinand surrenders his beloved to the servants of the law, and seizes his father by the arm and looks him through and through with his eyes, as if they were daggers, and cries with an icy tone: "I left no untried *human* means—I must have recourse to a *devilish* one. You lead her to the pillory, meanwhile I shall relate to this town a story: how people are promoted to high posts!"—then our heart was quite paralyzed.

And then, in the poison-scene—when Ferdinand sinks down at Luise's corpse, uttering the words: "Luise! Luise! I come! Farewell! Let me die at this altar!"—there was not an eye left dry in the vast house; and the poor uncultured muschiks in their long grey and brown gowns, with their long, straight hanging hair, standing closely packed in the pit, embraced each other sobbing.

What joy Iffland would have felt had he seen these dear "Pappenheimers," as he used to call the easily-inflammable, grateful audience of the Berlin gallery! I have never seen a more enthusiastic public than these St. Petersburg "Pappenheimers," who, with beaming eyes, hung on the actors upon

the stage, and upon whose wild faces pain and joy were so faithfully depicted.

Frau Karatygin was the sweetest, loveliest Luise that I ever saw die upon a stage. I also had an opportunity of admiring in other parts the enrapturing passionateness of her fervid acting.

Frau Karatygin has survived her husband by many years, and but lately sent me hearty greetings from St. Petersburg.

I also would remember, in my St. Petersburg reminiscences, another charming—profoundly unhappy — French sister-artiste. I admired her beauty, grace, and her clever play in Scribe's "Mariage d'Inclination," and made her personal acquaintance soon after at Countess Fersen's, and she called forth my warmest compassion. Like poor Julie Gerstel, she was the victim of a consuming passion. She loved to madness the beautiful Italian tenor, Nicolini—the spoiled Adonis of the St. Petersburg ladies, who wanted nothing but mind, soul, heart!

In vain Maillot, who was a general favourite, was warned by faithful friends against the fine-looking and inwardly too empty Italian demon. Her answer invariably was: "I cannot help it. I must love him; and though I know with certainty that I shall perish in this love as did Semele in the fiery kiss of Jupiter—at least, I have lived and loved!"

So it came to pass that Maillot, who only required to play two years longer in order to have established a claim to a pension, had, on a luckless day, left St. Petersburg together with the handsome Nicolini. . . . For years after I heard no more of her. . . .

Then quite unexpectedly, but to my great delight, I met my dear St. Petersburg friend, Countess Fersen, in 1837, when I was starring for the second time at the Vienna "Burgtheater," in the merry "Kaiserstadt" on the Danube. She was just on her return journey from Italy, had seen me on the previous evening in the "Burgtheater" as Albini's "Gefährliche Tante," and next morning she hastened to look me up in the "Erzherzog Karl." Of course, we had loads of news for each other, and no end of inquiries about old and new St Petersburg, and my experiences in Dresden. Among other things the Countess related:—

"Just fancy, in Nice I met our poor, sweet Maillot. But how? In the deepest misery! Nicolini had lost his voice totally long ago, and with it his bread. Maillot was now obliged to earn money —money—money! And what she, whose beauty had soon faded in that wretched life without rest and peace, painfully earned as a member of small French wandering troupes, Nicolini often squandered in a single night of debauch, and when he came

home and could extort no more money from her he beat her. But still, notwithstanding all this—with broken pinions and mortally wounded heart—she followed the evil demon of her life, to whom an inexplicable power fettered her, down, even further, like a faithful little dog . . . until Nicolini one morning, after a night of drinking and gambling, did not return home. . . . His body was found at the door of a notorious gambling-hell. . . . He had had a stroke of apoplexy whilst intoxicated. . . . That broke her heart, and finished what little still remained of her strength. . . . She died in the hospital of Nice. I felt it a melancholy satisfaction in being able in some degree to lighten her last hours on this earth. . . . Pauvre Maillot!"

Such is the fortune of artistes—sorrow, struggle, and the end!

Another St. Petersburg colleague furnished a proof of this.

Klärchen Sieber, a foster-daughter of the famous baritone Sieber, was a celebrated singer at the opera in St. Petersburg, with a salary of 10,000 roubles. . . . After I left St. Petersburg I heard nothing of her for ten years. . . .

During my engagement in Dresden, one day a poorly-dressed man called on me, and said: "I am a cornet-player, but out of employment, and the husband of your former sister-artiste, Klärchen

Sieber, in St. Petersburg. She is dangerously ill, and would feel obliged to you if you could come to see her. In our bitter distress, she would like to offer her last jewels to you to purchase. . . ."

I found a dying woman in the poorest of dwellings, who had already lost the power of speech, and around her hungry, weeping children. . . . And what a sad tale of misery could be read in her dying look!

The dim, dull eyes of the consumptive patient glanced from a small set of jewels with blue stones which lay upon her counterpane—beside it a paper upon which a trembling hand had written the price —away to the pale weeping children. . . .

I took the ornaments and put down twice the demanded sum. Then her eyes flashed up once more. . . . When I returned with some refreshments the next morning, the unhappy artiste was gone. . . .

Also, her foster-father had a wretched end; he sang in public-houses at last.

CHAPTER III.

IN HOLY RUSSIA (Continued).

PICTURES OF SOCIAL LIFE—THE GLIDING HILLS—SUMMER IN THE DATSCHES—CARDS—BARON LUDWIG STIEGLITZ—SUICIDE OF HIS WIFE—COUNTESS FERSEN—MISERY OF THE SERFS—GENERAL KURAKIN—NATALIE KURAKIN—THE THEATRE AT JELAGYN—PRINCESS GALITZIN—THE POET PUSCHKIN AND HIS SPOUSE—PRINCE GALITZIN AND HIS FATE—BARON AND BARONESS KIREEF—MADAME FEDDERSEN—KAROLINE'S ODD ADMIRERS—A PARTING KISS—DR. VON KÖNIGK-POLLERT—PRINCE GAGARIN RESIGNS HIS POST AND IS SUCCEEDED BY HERR VON GEDEONOFF—MIXED FEELINGS ON LEAVING ST. PETERSBURG—LEAVES THE RUSSIAN CAPITAL—FAREWELL PERFORMANCES AT RIGA AND MITAU *en route* TO GERMANY—REMINISCENCES OF RIGA—FAREWELL BENEFIT—A PAINFUL REMEMBRANCE—LUISE ECKERT—HER BRILLIANT CAVALIER—HER HISTORY AND DEATH—GLADSOME PICTURES FROM MITAU—COUNT MEDEM—IMMENSE SUCCESS—REIMER—APPOLLONIUS FREIHERR VON MALTITZ—BARON ASCHER ON KAROLINE—THE RIGA *Zeitung* GIVES AN ORIGINAL PASSPORT—FAREWELL TO RUSSIA.

AND now as a farewell to the splendid city of the Czars there may follow some gladsome pictures from its social life.

I have never seen hospitality practised on a grander scale, or met with more benevolent men than I did in St. Petersburg. We had scarcely paid some visits in the large German colony when we could have made sure of our dinner at any time. Everywhere we were invited in the heartiest manner to come as often as possible—of course unannounced—to dinner. "We dine at four o'clock, and you will always find two covers ready for you—*à la fortune du pot!*" And the hostess was never embarrassed if at the eleventh hour another dozen of guests made their appearance. Some rich merchant-families had their fixed dinner-days on which at their table all were welcome to whom the master or the mistress of the house had once said, "On such and such a day we receive our friends!"

Even summer offered rich social comforts in St. Petersburg. Families with whom we were on terms of friendship, who possessed a "datsche" in the country or on one of the islands in the Neva, invited us once and for all, as in winter. But having no carriage of our own we could not often indulge in this recreation, since many of the country houses, among them the charming property of Baron Stieglitz, were one or two leagues distant from town. Moreover, a common vehicle would cost twenty roubles for half a day, on Sundays perhaps even thirty to forty. There was for the

residents thus left but one resource to have a little fresh air, the summer-garden. But it was dreadfully monotonous, dead and sunk in melancholy at that time. The birds did not venture to sing *aloud*—and it was just during these days of summer that a longing for Germany and its lovely sweet gardens, its shady public summer resorts with their splendid well-conducted orchestras, and the homely talk of happy human beings, seized me most violently, when we, after a short promenade, left behind us the regular quiet alleys in melancholy mood.

What the dance-loving world in St. Petersburg can do is incredible! But as a consequence the prime of the most blooming girl, of the most beautiful young wife, does not last more than a few seasons.

I will only describe what I tried to "do" in a single week, after which experiment, however, I had to withdraw a little from the scene, as I did not wish to find that I had thrown away in a short time my health, nay my artistic career, which required so much mental and physical freshness.

One bright afternoon in winter, an elegant sleigh drove up at our door. The spouse of rich merchant Pleske, a very celebrated lady, at once saluted my mother with these words —

"Permit me, Frau Rittmeisterin, to carry off

your dear daughter; she is to make the acquaintance of our gliding hills, a glorious pastime. . . ."

"But to-morrow," I interrupted, somewhat humbly, "the first rehearsal of 'König Enzio' is to take place; the day after to-morrow the benefit-performance. What now, if I were to turn hoarse and could not play; poor Pollert would have a poor house. . . ."

"You turn ill!" Mad. Pleske said, laughing; "you blooming and vigorous being! We will wrap you very carefully in furs; afterwards we shall dine *en petit comité* with my sister-in-law, Mad. Ritter. It is eleven o'clock now; at five o'clock you will be back again with your mamma."

"My daughter will also have to look over her new part," my mother said with concern.

"That she may do in the evening," replied Mad. Pleske. "Please do not spoil our pleasure."

So I quickly slipped into my winter costume, and soon whizzed along the street in the fur-lined sleigh with the silver bells. . . . Then we came to the gliding hills outside the town, the most charming—nay, intoxicating—national sport of the people of St. Petersburg.

Two high icebergs, smooth as mirrors, provided with steps, stand opposite each other on a wide plain. A tiny sleigh receives us on the top of the

one berg, and, guided by a reliable steerer, it flies down the shining ice-course swift as an arrow. We then leave the sleigh, ascend the many steps leading to the second berg in order to whizz once more from its height like a windblast into the deep . . . and so we go on without stopping, like a *chaine anglaise.* But if the steersman of the sleigh is not skilful and cool, he, as well as his lady, may break arms and legs—nay, maybe their necks. The boldness, the danger, rather heighten the peculiarly exciting charm of the pleasure.

It is the greatest ambition of a St. Petersburg gentleman to be looked upon as a clever gliding hill steerer. The knightly and handsome Emperor Nicolas possessed that reputation with perfect right (or had the very first claim to such a reputation), and the people of St. Petersburg have often watched with admiration when the Czar so elegantly and safely guided the little sleigh in which sat Empress Alexandra.

At one o'clock our cheeks were no longer looking crimson, but had a bluish hue, caused by the pressure of the icy air, and lips now stiff and stark could only with difficulty speak and smile. At the house of the hospitable Ritters we soon recovered from our sporting hardship, and five o'clock was there before we had time to think. I wanted to

return to mother, who was awaiting me, and to my *rôle* which I had to commit to memory, when the amiable host cried —

"You won't get away yet. A pianist has been engaged, dancers of both sexes invited; I have improvised a ball to give my little wife a pleasant surprise."

"But, surely, you don't expect me to dance in these heavy clothes?"

"Provision has been made for that also," Herr Ritter said, triumphantly. "I happened to have time enough before dinner to call on your mother, and inform her of the new programme, and your ball-dress is waiting for you anxiously. I helped myself to pack it in the bandbox."

"But, König Enzio?"

"Never mind Enzio! You repeat carefully what the prompter says, and you will succeed all right," I heard on all sides. Thus I had to metamorphose myself, and danced merrily till 12 o'clock.

Although very tired, I still studied my part diligently for some time; during the rehearsal I felt the approaching hoarseness, but said nothing, not to make the *beneficiaire* Pollert uneasy. Then I drank a throat-and-chest decoction and kept my bed, and the benefit passed off successfully.

Next day I was taken away to assist at a *soirée musicale* with dance; the third day, repetition of

Enzio; the fourth day, in the morning—rehearsal of a quadrille for a *bal costumé*—I appeared as Flora; my partner, "Hofrath" Wulfert, editor of the German journal, one of the ugliest, but also most amiable of men with whom I came in contact in St. Petersburg, represented Winter. On the fifth evening, "Käthchen von Heilbronn;" on the sixth, the costume ball; on the seventh, rehearsal of the "Braut vom Kynast"—in the evening, benefit performance of "Tyran domestique" of the French troupe; on the eighth, performance of the "Braut vom Kynast" a highly tragical, trying part; I calmly see my suitors fall from the wall enclosure till the really beloved is about to venture the ride. . . . Enough; I was totally exhausted, and yielded to no more pressing invitations for other amusements.

The summer life of the St. Petersburgers in their charming "datsches," which are mostly built entirely of wood in the manner of log-houses, is in the highest degree free and easy and gay. During my summer holidays, mother and I were, for weeks, guests in the "datsches" of Countess Fersen and the families of Baron Stieglitz, Felleisen, Pleske, and Ritter. During the day we made excursions by land or water, fished, had music, promenaded and bathed; and in the evening till far on into the mild nights, which were clear and light as day, we

danced in the open, whilst the older ladies and gentlemen abandoned themselves, not without passion, to the inevitable card-tables.

The greatest luxury was carried on in playing cards in St. Petersburg at that time. The playing went on night after night, often upon six to twelve tables; and not only were fresh cards furnished every evening, but they were changed at every table after two or three rounds. Thus in a hospitable and rich house the playing cards alone swallowed up thousands of roubles. The people comforted themselves at this extravagance, smilingly saying: "The stamp-money paid for the cards flows into the coffers of the great foundlings' house, a creation of the Empress-mother Maria, and is expended for the poor children."

I have mentioned several times the name of Baron Ludwig Stieglitz. He was the German Rothschild of St. Petersburg, but in reality more; for he was not only rich in money, he was still richer in heart, and a noble benefactor in the best sense of the word. I have spent days never-to-be-forgotten in his truly German house, and often merrily danced and sung with his amiable sons and daughters.

In his charming datsche at Kamenoiostrow, in the summer of 1833, I likewise made the acquaintance of the poet Heinrich Stieglitz, the hospitable

baron's nephew, and the poet's unhappy wife, the often-mentioned Charlotte Stieglitz.

Heinrich Stieglitz was thirty at that time, a very nice-looking young man with a black beard and curly head, and dark eyes that looked remarkably absent. He looked like an easy, nay, phlegmatic man of the world, although he always and everywhere tried to look the poet, and to appear as if thinking tremendously profound thoughts and poetry. I often suspected that in such picturesque situations—with crossed arms, his eyes fixed upon a certain point of the floor—he abandoned himself to a gentle mental slumber. He was utterly unsympathetic to me.

Charlotte was of pleasing appearance; she had brown curls, and dark eyes that shone with life and spirit, a charming voice, but she was just rather too anxious always to set off her "poet" in the proper light. There was something unsound in these endeavours, as if the poor little woman had to force herself to believe in her phlegmatic poet herself.

And a year later when I was starring in Germany, the sad news travelled through the world that Charlotte Stieglitz had stabbed herself with a dagger, on the evening of the 29th December, 1834, whilst her husband was at a concert, in order to rouse her poet from his lethargy by the grief her

death would cause him, and to inspire him to the highest tragical flight in poetry.

But sceptical people asserted that Charlotte had committed suicide despairing of her poet, and from an unhappy love for Theodor Mundt, who afterwards celebrated his friend as a lofty, noble priestess in the transcendent book, "Charlotte Stieglitz, ein Denkmal" (In memory of Charlotte Stieglitz).

Enough; Charlotte's sacrificial death did no good to the "poet." On the contrary, he went on dreaming and slumbering, now only the more undisturbedly, since Charlotte no longer urged him on to write poetry, and he lived in Venice very comfortably on the money he got from his St. Petersburg gold-uncle.

I met Heinrich Stieglitz once more in Dresden. He vegetated there as one weary of the world. I got no small fright when once he almost thrust his right hand into my face, saying with a sepulchral voice: "See you the pearly eye in this ring? I wear it in remembrance of the eye of my Charlotte—of my heavenly angel. . . . Oh, I am an unhappy man! . . ."

In the summer of 1849 Heinrich Stieglitz died of cholera in Venice.

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In St. Petersburg I had opportunities of looking deeply into genuine Russian life and Russian hearts.

At the house of the Countess Fersen I made the acquaintance of Natalie Kurakin, the widow of a General, a perfect lady, and in spite of forty years, still an imposing and elegant beauty. Only sometimes I was struck by a peculiarly harsh, nay, severe trait in her face that was always smiling so sweetly, for which I soon was to find the ugliest explanation.

With the Countess Fersen I had once been invited to attend a brilliant ball given by the General's widow. Frau von Kurakin did the honours in a brilliant toilette and with the sweetest of her smiles. Her daughter, a pale little hot-house plant of 16 years, had to display all her little accomplishments: play *études* by Charles Meyer, sing Italian, execute a fantastic shawl dance. Countess Fersen whispered to me that all was a crafty speculation on the part of mother Natalie, having for its object her daughter's marriage with the immensely wealthy, dreadfully dull young Prince with whom she was just then waltzing past. And I soon noticed myself how anxiously the General's widow tried to bring her little daughter ever afresh into contact with the block of a Prince.

I happened to enter the room of the chambermaid in order to make good something that had gone wrong with my toilette, when I heard a soft voice singing next door so sweetly

and plaintively a Russian "volkslied" (national song) —

Salawei moi salawei
Nightingale, oh nightingale,
Sweet little songstress,
Tell me where the whole long night
You spent singing wailing songs?

Hard chiding words interrupted the singing, and loud slaps were followed by whining and sobbing. With dismay I had recognized the angry voice of the widow. . . .

"What is that?" I asked the chambermaid, greatly shocked, when Frau von Kurakin had slammed the door.

"Oh, those are just our serfs!" she said, indifferently. "Unfortunately only four, the last of four hundred souls that remain to us. The General's widow only forbids them to sing that the guests may not hear it, and beats them that they may do their embroidery more diligently. The money for the sewing is almost our only revenue now. Oh, at the time we had our four hundred souls —"

But I had already opened the door, and stood in a low musty room from which an icy current of air met me. Around a table sat four scantily-clad women, with haggard faces and hollow eyes, working in embroidery ingenious festoons around muslin curtains, then a new fashion, two smoking tallow

candles furnishing the dim light by which they worked. Three of the women were old, and sat there stooping down to their work as if they were half blind. The fourth was a young maiden with sweet innocent features, but so pale and wearied, and her eye looked so sad and thoughtful—as if gazing into the far, far distance. She hummed softly, softly to herself —

"Salawei moi salawei . . ."

All looked in astonishment at me, for I was adorned for the ball.

"Do you speak German?" I asked in a kind tone.

"Ich—ein wenig!" said the young maiden, softly; and then related to me her sad little story as I questioned her further —

"When our good master, the General, was still alive, he had me instructed, together with his daughter, and he promised me that I should one day be free and happy, and marry my Ivan. But then the good master died, and our mistress sold Ivan along with a hundred other serfs, and he had to go a thousand miles away from here . . . and I shall never see him again, and never again hear his dear voice sing the song of the nightingale. Oh, the General's widow is a wicked, hard mistress. God will punish her!"

"Yes," I repeated, involuntarily, "God will punish her!"

Deeply affected by this human misery, I pressed all the money I had with me into the hands of the unfortunate women. They wanted to kiss my dress. I hastened away. But not back to the brilliant, gay ball-room—not to the amiable, sweetly smiling, beautiful General's widow. . . . I fled this house of misery and sin, never to enter it again.

And nevertheless Natalie Kurakin, the General's widow, was said once to have been good and mild and loving—as long as the sun of fortune smiled upon her!

Countess Fersen told me the story of her early friend—

"Natalie was the most beautiful and most amiable girl; she became the most beautiful, most amiable lady at the Court of the Emperor Alexander! Her husband idolized her, and unfortunately allowed her complete dominion over himself. Only too readily he indulged her love for pleasure and luxury, which went beyond his means. He sold one estate, one hundred souls after the other, to procure for her the means for her luxurious life. Only one thing sometimes clouded the happiness of this matrimony: from an old bachelor's habit he preferred to go to his aristocratic club, there to play, rather than to accompany his wife to balls and Court-soirées. This would cause sometimes ugly scenes when the fair lady in her ball-toilette had to

wait for the General. Once, when he handed her a little pack of bank-notes he had won, as a sort of peace-offering, Natalie had seized them, and, in her anger, thrown them into the fire in the chimney, in order to cure the General thoroughly of club and gaming and late hours!

"Nevertheless, some months after, when she was already adorned in full splendour for a Court-ball, the General kept her waiting again. . . . In increasing excitement she walked through the saloon. . . . At last he came, greatly excited, with a red face and flashing eyes. . . . She took it for the excitement caused by wine, and told him so in vehement words.

"'No, dear darling, I had the most important business to attend to, concerning yourself and our Alexandra. Look at these rouble-notes—you will not throw them into the fire.'

"'I will though!' she exclaimed, in a flame. 'I hate gambling and the earnings of gamblers. . . .' And as she spoke she snatched the notes from his hands and threw them into the fire. . . .

"He shrieked in despair and rushed forward to snatch them from the fire. . . . Too late! There was seen a bright blaze—and . . .

"'Natalie!' he said in a hollow voice. 'You have just now consigned to the flames our whole fortune—300,000 roubles! I wish that you may

not have bitterly to rue your passionateness if I should not return alive from the Caucasus. To-day I received the order from the Emperor's own mouth that I should have to start for the army in the Caucasus to-morrow. In order to secure your and our child's future, at all events, I had to-day sold our last estates — except one — to the Crown, and . . . everything now is ashes! ashes!'

"His presentiment was fulfilled. He was killed in one of the first engagements in the Caucasus, and Natalie became the most heartless and unloving widow. After she had sold her last estate and the last hundred souls, and spent the proceeds in her old luxurious style in order to keep up before the world the splendour of her house as long as possible, and to find a rich match for herself and her daughter —and when all her plans came to nought, and she found herself eventually reduced to her modest widow-annuity—then her heart grew ever bitterer and harder . . . she became the most cruel task-mistress of her four serfs, and tormented them fearfully, by the most trying embroidery-work, carried on day and night, in order to earn a few roubles. . . ."

"The General's widow is a wicked, hard mistress. God will punish her!" I could not forget the wailing, accusing words of poor Kathinka, who sang so sadly the song of the nightingale.

And God did punish her—dreadfully! She really succeeded in marrying her Alexandra to the immensely wealthy, dreadfully dull block of a Prince. Their union turned out a most unhappy one. Princess Alexandra sought to forget her unloving husband in other "amours"; the Prince abandoned himself to drinking and gambling. And one day he had gambled away his whole colossal fortune when in a state of intoxication, and in that state shot himself dead. . . .

Alexandra returned to her mother. Death soon released the poor four serfs' souls from their sufferings and their cruel task-mistress. In a suburb of St. Petersburg—after having hardened and embittered themselves more and more—avoided and forgotten by all their former friends and acquaintances — General Kurakin's widow and her daughter have long since died and ceased to be thought of.

I often repeat the sad song of the nightingale in my Swiss solitude, and think of poor Kathinka and her Ivan. . . .

Will they have met again in another world? I should like to know.

* * * * * *

In summer we German actors played—turn about with the French—sometimes in the pretty little theatre at Jelagyn, where the richest and most

fashionable families of St. Petersburg have their charming summer residences.

On the occasion of these visits to Jelagyn, an elegant datsche had often attracted my attention in passing; it was situated in a large, beautiful park, with delicious groups of flowers upon the well-kept bowling-green underneath the windows. But these windows were always shut; the iron gate in the railing with the gilt crowns was firmly closed. And never a human being was to be seen upon the gravelled paths that were always tidily raked, or in the verandah. Not even a gardener was to be seen. The whole possession seemed quite Sweetbriar's Castle, sunk in deep slumber. Was the family from home? On my inquiring I only learned that the datsche belonged to a Princess Galitzin, and that she was an invalid.

Soon, however, I received or obtained the most touching explanation. On a splendid evening in June I had played, with Julie Gerstel, Barlow, and Weiland, the Baroness Waldhüll in the piece, "Das letzte Mittel," at the Jelagyn Theatre. My best friend in St. Petersburg, the amiable Mad. Felleisen, had written to me that after the performance she would fetch me with her carriage, and drive me back to town. Thus I sat gaily conversing by the side of my friend, to whom I had given the jocular name of "Gurli" — after

one of my favourite parts in the "Indianer in England."

"Gurli" told me that she had also to fetch her husband, who was at the house of Princess Galitzin, whose datsche always looked so dead and desolate.

By this time our carriage had stopped in front of the slumbering villa. . . . But what life prevailed in the house and garden now! All the windows were lit up brilliantly, and through the dark verdure of the park were seen blazing red flames of torches which came to meet us. . . .

"The Princess has her Thursday night soirée," "Gurli" said to me, in haste. "The torches approach us; watch, then, perhaps you may see the interesting — unhappy woman near by. Exactly, there they are. My Karl walks beside the Princess. The whole company seems to be seeing him to the carriage."

It was so. And whilst Herr Felleisen took his leave of the Princess, and the latter entered into a friendly conversation with "Gurli" and me, I had time to examine the unhappy lady and her company a little more closely.

The Princess, her marble-pale, finely-cut face illuminated by the glow of torches, made a deep impression upon me. She was possessed of a tall, well-made, royal figure, with large, dark-blue eyes and fair curls, and was scarcely older than I. She

looked as if she had wept much, and in her weeping had quite forgotten how to smile.

Among the guests I recognized the poet Puschkin and his beautiful spouse — neither dreaming that a bullet, received in a duel, would so soon cut short his important life, and that her beauty and imprudence would be the cause of this fatal bullet. Besides, I recognized Prince Cantakuzen, and the famous piano-virtuoso, Charles Meyer, the teacher of the Princess. . . .

Our carriage rolled away—and like a spectral vision the whole nocturnal torch-procession lay behind us. . . . I could not help thinking of the spirit-procession in "Leonore" whilst my friends related to me the story of the unhappy Princess:—

"She was the happiest woman in all St. Petersburg, and had hardly been married a year to the young and handsome Prince Alexander Galitzin, when the Emperor Nicolas ascended the throne, and crushed the military revolt then breaking out with an iron, bloody hand.

"Was Prince Galitzin among the conspirators? Was he guilty? I have never been able to see clearly in the matter. Enough; on a glorious morning in June, when roses and jasmine were perfuming the air, and the sun sent down smiling its golden rays, the myrmidons of the Czar appeared in the beautiful villa at Jelagyn and snatched the Prince from the

arms of his tender spouse, and carried him to Siberia.

"In vain the influential princely family made every effort to save him! In vain the Princess threw herself at the feet of the Czar Nicolas, imploring pardon! It is said that the Czar had asked a price for this pardon which the faithful spouse dared not grant.

"In her wild pain she made the vow not to see again the joyful light of the sun which she had seen for the last time in the loving eyes of her husband on that unhappy morning in June when he was snatched from her arms—except in his eyes.

"She has not seen again his beloved, loving eyes, nor the joyful light of the sun.

"The Prince died in two years' time in Siberia. The Princess turns the day into night and the night into day, and demands the same of her servants and the guests who come to stay with her.

"All the endeavours of her family and of the physicians to restore the beautiful rich lady to life and sunlight, were in vain! In vain they tried to induce her to undertake a journey to foreign parts, hoping that a new life around her might distract and divert her. To all remonstrances she answered, 'No, in the same rooms in which I was so happy with Alexander, I will live out my vow in memory of him. Is it not my last joy on earth in this way to live on the reminiscences of my heart?'

"And when the people wanted to 'heal' and restore her to the light of the sun, that is to say, to make her unfaithful to her vow—then the Princess went into a paroxysm of anger . . . until she was allowed her own way. . . .

"Thus she has now been living for six years—only during the nights—without the light of the sun. . . . How long may she continue yet to live in this way?"

Yes, how long yet? In vain I put that question to myself even to-day. Often I passed the slumber-dead villa, thinking compassionately of the unhappy Princess. I have never seen her again, and do not know to-day even, when or how her sunless life went out.

* * * * * *

I became acquainted with another strange, unhealthy grief in Holy Russia.

When my first benefit night was announced in St. Petersburg, there called on us an elderly Russian couple, dressed in deep mourning, introducing themselves to mother and me as Baron and Baroness Kireef, and engaged a whole first-class private box, paying for it four times the usual price. At the same time the pair kept staring at me in a strange way, whilst tears were trickling down their withered cheeks.

At last the lady said: "You look at us in consternation, and inquiringly. Pardon, dear lady,

this extraordinary scene and our importunity. For the last four years we have not been in a theatre—since we were so suddenly bereaved of our Olga, an only child. Then we happened lately to see your picture, and were surprised at your resemblance to our beloved departed; and now we have come to refresh our hearts by sight of you. . . . Would you and madame, your mother, this day week, grant us the joyful pleasure to be present at a small ball which we give yearly on the anniversary of the death, and in memory of, our dear Olga, who was so gay a dancer? She dropped down dead just when dancing so charmingly the 'solo des dames' in a *française*. . . ." Sobs prevented the unhappy mother from saying more.

The Baron, not less moved, repeated the strange invitation; and, quite unstrung, I promised to come to the ball.

On my benefit night I saw the pair sitting all alone in their large box. They were dressed in deep mourning, and in tears.

To my great surprise, some days afterwards, I received, packed in an elegant band-box, a complete charming ball-costume—a white dress, with bouquets of corn-flowers and a set of pearl ornaments —with a French billet from the Baroness Kireef, and a touching request to wear this costume on the

evening of the ball, to please her and her husband, adding that they had last seen their Olga dance in a similar dress.

I never made my preparations for a ball, or drove to a ball, or danced, in a sadder mood.

Baron and Baroness Kireef received mother and me in deep mourning, and in tears, but with touching gratitude. We were conducted into a saloon that was beautifully illuminated, and decorated with splendid flowers. An elegant company—consisting mostly of Olga's former friends and partners—was already waiting for us. A small picked orchestra struck up a merry polonaise . . . but not an eye appeared animated by the pleasure of dancing, not a gay, jocular word was heard. . . . Was it not the anniversary of Olga Kireef's death, and her unhappy parents, seated on raised settees, looked weeping at the same dances, and with breaking hearts listened to the same dance-tunes that they did four years before. And I felt how their weeping eyes were fixed upon me, who was thought to be so like the dead Olga.

Then the orchestra played the charming *française* in C Flat by Prince Alexei Orlow, and a melancholy whispering vibrated through the hall. . . . The weeping of the poor parents changed into convulsive sobbing. . . . This was Olga's death-dance. . . .

I could not take my eyes off the unhappy parents.

With a heavy, anxious heart I began the portentous "solo des dames. . . ."

Suddenly I heard a heart-rending scream . . . and felt the trembling arms of the Baroness around my neck. . . . She drew me away, whilst the music broke off with a shrill discord. . . . I followed the unhappy mother as if in a dream, and soon stood in Olga's sleeping apartment, which had remained in the state in which it was at the time of her death. On the sofa lay her ball-costume, which had been the pattern for mine; upon the toilette-table lay the ornament of pearls. . . . And the poor mother hung sobbing on my neck, and called me by the tenderest pet-names—"Olga, my sweet Olga . . ."—till she sank down exhausted on Olga's bed, and I, almost in horror, left the house of a fanatical, blasphemous grief. Nor could I ever make up my mind again to be present at a mourning ball in this house. I also heard that the ball on the anniversary of Olga's death was attended more and more sparingly since curiosity no longer furnished new dancers and partners.

From these three Russian life-sketches, I have learned that the celebrated fashionable Russian ladies, spoiled by wealth and homage, have seldom the moral strength to bear in humility and resignation any hard blows of fate.

Holy Russia is the land of extremes—of the sun-

niest optimism and the blackest pessimism. Only thus could Russia produce her three greatest poets: Puschkin, Lermontow, Turgenjew!

* * * * * *

And could I depart from Russia—from Holy Russia — without remembering my warmest admirers? They might have reached a very great height if I had been willing. But after the sad experiences I had but recently had in England, when I had to despise myself as being the toy of an august, wearied gentleman, I had little difficulty in declining this new "fortune."

One of my most attentive admirers was Colonel Lewoff, and perhaps I might have become a Russian colonel's wife had not the Colonel's deceased wife, the late Mad. Feddersen, my famous and celebrated predecessor on the German stage in St. Petersburg, always stepped between us at the wrong time.

When the good Colonel was in a fair way to lay his most ardent homage at my feet, the picture of his late lamented one suddenly emerged before him . . . and he melted away in tears and in enthusiastic adoration of the departed.

Lewoff gave me a grand dinner, but the picture of the departed hung in the dining-room . . . and it was just as if the dinner was all in her honour. All the conversation turned about *her;* only *her*

beauty, amiability, and art were extolled, and I listened patiently.

She must have been a wonderfully beautiful woman. Her picture reminded me of my most dangerous Karlsruhe rival, the charming blond Amalie Neumann, now Mad. Haitzinger in Vienna.

As artiste, Feddersen produced her effects through her brilliant natural means, her lively temperament, and a rare artistic instinct which always hit the right thing without any profound study of the character.

Her lively temperament also manifested itself in private life, and sometimes even rather drastically against the good colonel.

When the lady was very vehemently gesticulating to her husband one day, her little boy suddenly came up, took his mother's hand, led her to a corner, and said: "Here, mamma, tand till—till mamma good again!" The child had had some personal experiences in that method of bringing up children.

I was told in St. Petersburg that Mad. Feddersen had died in consequence of having partaken of "sauerkraut" only two days after her last confinement, being unable to resist the craving for it.

But the colonel maintained that the "sauerkraut" had done her no harm, as she was possessed of a good constitution, but a fright, caused by the

servant dropping a large dish in her bedroom, behind the large mahogany screen which divides most of the sleeping apartments in St. Petersburg, had done it.

Among my old admirers, there was a proud, stout general, with a splendid three-pointed plumed hat. He was aide-de-camp to Prince Alexander of Würtemberg, and in his addresses shyer than many a cornet. I imagine I see the good, stout general, with his crimson face, still standing before me doing me homage; no sign of a waist, his embonpoint almost bursting the buttons of his tunic; in his left hand the proud plumed hat, at which his right was so constantly plucking and pulling that the white feathers were flying about, whilst his shy lips stammered tender words of gallantry.

When the visit was over, the maid was called in every time to remove the feathers with a brush. In doing so, she would pass some merry remark: "To-day, Lord Plucker has plucked well;" or, "To-day Lord Plucker has been very moderate." So I, too, came soon to call this bashful admirer our plucker! He (now a State Councillor) lately wrote to me from Presburg.

After the colonel and general, a youthful, very fine-looking lieutenant of Engineers—Alexander von Königk. He was a friend of my brother Louis, revered my mother like a fond son, and frequented

our house as if he belonged to the family. He was an enthusiast in art and poetry, but especially he loved the theatre, and even at that time he frequently said that he would quit the colours of Mars altogether, and entirely devote himself to Thalia to be able to play with me—his youthful ideal of an artiste. He paid his homage to me in a most transcendent way, with poems and flowers; and from love for me he even undertook a venturesome courier's ride to Riga when I was playing there during the Russian Lent.

My last performance before leaving was my benefit. "Marie Petenbeck" was over, and I had been recalled before the curtain again and again, and covered with wreaths and flowers. . . . But "Marie Petenbeck" was to have an amusing sequel yet.

The stage-manager, Moller, according to the custom then prevailing, stepped forward to announce the play for the next evening—Kotzebue's "Kreuzfahrer." But he was interrupted by a gay, bright voice from the pit —

"Nothing of the kind. We want to have Karoline Bauer once more. . . ."

"Yes—that is what we want. Karoline Bauer must play again to-morrow," was heard from all directions now.

"But the young lady wants to leave—to return to St. Petersburg."

"Must remain here!—remain here!" cried the clear commander's voice; and the enthusiasm-stricken house repeated with delight —

"Yes, yes, stay here!"

"I crave your indulgence for a moment. Of course, the young lady will require to be consulted. . . ."

And good Moller, together with the "directrice," Frau von Tschernjäwsky, rushed into my dressing-room.

"I shall play with pleasure once more!" I said, laughing. "But who is this leading clamourer?"

"A tall, very handsome officer from St. Petersburg in a splendid engineer's uniform!" the manager cried, hastily; and ran back to the stage to announce —

"The managers have succeeded in inducing Fräulein Bauer to appear one more night. . . ." ("Bravo! bravo!") "In what part does a highly-honoured public wish to see her?"

"Suschen in the 'Bräutigam aus Mexico!'" the clear voice commanded.

"Yes, Suschen—Suschen . . ." the chorus echoed.

And Suschen and I were announced.

Frau von Tschernjäwsky teased me enough about the handsome admirer from St. Petersburg who had followed me with Imperial courier-horses. Gay

and curious I arrived in the hotel, when I was met triumphantly by my beautiful, youthful engineer-lieutenant . . . the good Alexander von Königk.

Both of us laughed heartily at this meeting, and his dictatorial proceedings to compel me to play once more on the Riga stage, and especially to give him my company for another day. He had arrived shortly before the beginning of the play, and was as happy as a child to be able to devote to me his whole day and return in our company to St. Petersburg.

When I bade farewell to St. Petersburg, and to this friend, he asked bashfully for a parting kiss. I kissed him from the depth of my mourning heart. For in all likelihood this was a parting for life. . . . Did not I go to Germany, he to the Caucasus? But when, accidentally, I looked in the mirror, an irresistible extravagant laughter seized me, which little suited this parting scene. But it was comical in the highest degree to see with what different eyes we two stared at the blackish shadow that had remained on my upper lip after the kiss. When I saw the glowing red of bashful embarrassment, which flooded the full, fresh cheeks and the ordinarily bright brow of my melancholy war-god with a burning purple, a light dawned upon me. My young lieutenant had greatly assisted his youthful sparse fair moustache by the plentiful applica-

tion of black cosmetic in order to bear the parting pain with manly resignation, and emotion had done the rest. But at last the good fellow was obliged to join in my immoderate laughter. Thus we parted in the spring of 1834 . . . never to see each other again.

What a delightful surprise I had when, soon after the appearance of my first "Stage-Reminiscences," I received a thick letter from St. Petersburg—from the "Director" of the German Court Theatre at St. Petersburg, Dr. Alexander von Königk-Tollert—a good, dear, charming letter, full of youthful freshness and faithful friendship, as if his moustache had but yesterday coloured my lips! And yet seven-and-thirty years, so portentous for both of us, lay between!

Returned from the Caucasus, Königk-Tollert married an amiable young lady, and took to the stage, where he made a happy *début* as youthful "lover." In his leisure he devoted himself to literary work; he possessed considerable accomplishments, having at the desire of his parents studied in Dorpat first theology and afterwards philology.

For twenty years, from 1842 to 1862, Dr. von Königk-Tollert, as representing actor, was an excellent support of the German Court Theatre in St. Petersburg; then he retired with a full pension, but

remained still faithful to the same theatre by becoming its art-loving chief stage-manager and director. All the members of the stage love and honour their genial and just chief, which they proved to him in the heartiest manner on the occasion of his late jubilee. The Emperor honoured the able manager of his German Court Theatre by creating him a knight of a shining order. And the ever young heart of my old friend put forth its rarest and most wonderful blossom this spring: with heart-felt sympathy I learned that a young, amiable sister-artiste followed her widowed director to the altar. Good luck, faithful old friend!

It touched me greatly when I heard that the highly-talented Hedwig Niemann-Raabe had told my friends in Zürich that Karoline Bauer's memory was kindly cherished in the German Theatre of St. Petersburg even to this day—thanks to Director Königk-Tollert. He never tired of repeating during the rehearsals: "Karoline Bauer's conception of the character was such-and-such; she played this scene so-and-so—introduced this *nuance* here, that one there." . . .

To my faithful St. Petersburg friend I am indebted for the following cheerful episode during my engagement in Riga, of which I was entirely ignorant. Königk wrote to me in 1874: "How drastically you depicted in your splendid article,

'Es giebt nur a Kaiserstadt,' the fiasco as King Enzio at the 'Burg Theater' in Vienna of our good old departed St. Petersburg colleague, Pollert.

"Well, it is true, poor Pollert was no beauty, even in his youth, but an excellent, conscientious artiste, and a good, warm-hearted man. And this good, warm heart which has returned to dust long ago, has burned for Karoline Bauer hotly and quietly, and therefore with pains the bitterer to bear, for forty and six years—hopelessly! And his was a proud heart; therefore you never heard of this burning fire and these pains. But not surmised them either? The heart of a young girl is, as a rule, like a highly-sensitive plant on this point. As you will remember, Pollert was in Riga during your first stay in 1828; he represented the youthful lover, and together with you played the parts of 'Romeo,' 'Don Carlos,' and other tender characters. When the fair butterfly continued her course to St. Petersburg, poor Pollert was all a blazing flame within. His last pleasure was to be able to escort you in triumph as far as Neuermühlen, with I don't know how many vehicles full of admirers. He returned to Riga a very sad man, wandering about like 'Poor Peter' in Heine's ballad. Involuntarily he wended his steps towards the 'Stadt London,' where you had been living. Quietly he walks up the stair and casts sad looks at the door

behind which you no longer breathe. Then the housemaid appears, unlocks the door, enters, and begins to clear up the room. . . . Ah, a fortunate idea! 'The room is still completely so as the ladies had left it?' The astonished girl nods assent. Pollert puts a silver rouble into her hand, pushes her out of the room, bolts the door from within, and exultantly and weeping he buries his burning face and his overflowing heart in the first bed-pillow he comes to . . . till the girl knocks impatiently at the door. He presses the last sweet-bitter kiss of pain upon the pillow. . . . A small feather that had found its way out of the pillow, a long fair hair from the toilet-table, he safely deposits in his pocket book, after many kisses. One more melancholy, last parting look through the beloved room, which the hand of a hireling is beginning to desecrate, a deep sigh, and . . . 'Yes, yes, the widow Bauer was a very dear and excellent lady!' the housemaid said, sympathisingly. 'We, too, all of us, are very sorry that she is gone now. She said that on her whole tour she had not had such a nice sleeping apartment as this one.' . . . As if in a dream, unlucky Pollert stares at the melancholy soothsayer, and echoes faintly: 'The widow—sleeping apartment—this one here. . . . And the young lady? Where did the young lady sleep?' 'Well, in the adjoining room. But you cannot go

in. The ladies had scarcely left when there arrived a chicory-traveller, who had been on the road the whole night. I had to prepare the room for him at once, and he is snoring by this time so loud that you may hear him in the lobby.'

"'What a shock this caused to my tenderest and most ardent feelings!' poor Pollert finished his melancholy confession to me, years afterwards. 'I had wasted my tears and kisses; they had gone to the wrong—though otherwise a very respectable —address, and within—in paradise—there snored a very common chicory-traveller. . . . That was a bitter sedative—but it was a wholesome one!'"

Poor, good Pollert! Really, I never had the least idea that his honest heart was burning so hotly for me. "For with such a face" . . . No, he was no beauty, and he had to find this out to his bitter cost when he played King Enzio, the ideal of beauty, in Vienna, the beauty-loving city. Fiasco was inevitable—King Enzio Pollert made a grand fiasco!

But friend Pollert himself may continue the recital of his tragical Enzio story in Vienna. He always began with a deep sigh: "The Vienna 'intendant' (manager general) sent for me on the morning after this most painful evening of my life. I did not feel quite at ease when I entered the reception-room. Count Fürstenberg stood in the

middle of the room, as straight as a taper, and acknowledged my bow not even by the least nod of the head. Moreover, he stared at me as if I possessed the petrifying property of the Gorgon-head.

"'Your Excellency has commanded . . .' I stammered, after a painful pause.

"No answer. His Excellency only stared at me more stone-like still.

"I began to feel uncomfortable in the highest degree. I asked myself if His Excellency was, perhaps, a somnambulist? Then I took my heart into my two hands and began anew —

"'Your Excellency was pleased to command . . .'

"Then the stony lips opened, and in the tone of a somnambulist, glided from them (in the Viennese dialect) —

"'How is it possible, with such a face—with such a face . . .'

"'What is your pleasure, your Excellency?' I stammered, now entirely put out.

"His Excellency seized me by the arm, and, pulling me to a high mirror, cried as if beside himself (in the same charming dialect) —

"'What! you want to play King Enzio with such a face, at our Burg Theatre, with such a cobbler's face? Did you never look into a mirror? . . . Good gracious! With such a face, which a decent

fellow would not pick up if he found it lying in the street . . . to want to play King Enzio with such a face! . . .'

"But, as if he had suddenly began to understand what was going on in my wretched heart, the 'intendant' continued, in a somewhat more good-humoured tone —

"'Well—well—I did not mean to hurt you; but be sensible, ask for your fee and return home; but take my advice and never play again King Enzio . . . with such a face—with such a cobbler's face. . . .'"

And yet! If the good, honest Pollert had confessed to me his true love at that time, 1828, and if, at that time, I had regarded an honest heart more than a handsome face, how much bitter sorrow, how much grief and humiliation, how much sin and shame I should have been spared in my life!

* * * * * *

And then followed the last farewell to St. Petersburg—to Holy Russia. For, despite the never-wavering favour of the public, and the heartiest receptions, accorded to us in the most amiable family circles, we had long made up our minds to quit. My mother could not stand the climate and began to show signs of failing health. I, too, felt the effects of the enervating heat in summer, and of the trying cold in winter. And

Prince Gagarin resigned his post as manager-general to the regret of everybody, and Herr von Gedeonoff succeeded him.

Herr von Gedeonoff began his office by introducing great economy in the management. He offered me a new contract for three years, but with a salary of 3,000 roubles less.

"For," said he, Mademoiselle, you have not become younger in the meantime. . . ."

"But, your Excellency, an older, greater artiste!" I retorted, piqued; and refused to sign the contract.

How Herr von Gedeonoff conceived his lofty task, and how he tried to discharge it, the following example may show —

During the representation of "Don Carlos" in the presence of the Court, and during the grand and glorious scene between King Philip and the Marquis Posa, but before the words, "Sire, give us freedom of conscience!" Herr von Gedeonoff skipped up to the stage-manager, Barlow, and ordered him to call the king and Posa off the stage immediately because their nonsensical talk bored the Court.

Honest Barlow stood there like a pillar of salt, not knowing how he could manage to make the two unwelcome Schiller "talkers" disappear from the stage without too great *éclat.*

Then my good German Schiller-heart got the better of me, and I said —

"Well, Herr Barlow, why do you not step forward as stage-manager, make your bow to the audience, and say: '*Pascholl*, King Philip! *Pascholl!* Begone! Marquis Posa, with the democratic head and heart full of Utopian dreams, get off the stage! His Russian Majesty is wearied by your nonsensical talk, is bothered with your freedom of conscience.'"

The "intendant" looked at me wickedly, and then stepped nearly out of the wings, bawling out to the nonplussed King Philip and Marquis Posa —

"Get off the stage at once or I shall send soldiers to fetch you. . . ."

And they made their exit.

But my winged words had not died away between the wings. On the occasion of my farewell benefit the Imperial box alone remained empty!

Moreover, I was to blame for the prudishness which I showed for the wishes of the powerful theatre-divinities, such as Herr von Gedeonoff, the libertine Prince Wolkonski, and the still greater lords who were accustomed to rule like pashas over the female slaves of all the stages.

Thus I quitted St. Petersburg with very mixed feelings. Full of gratitude for the many true friends on the Neva. Full of thanks, moreover,

for the three fruitful years of apprenticeship. For the main object of my engagement, to play all characters, and in the tragic line to form a comprehensive *repertoire*, had been completely obtained. I intended to start on an extensive professional tour, and eventually to settle where *I* should please most, and where it would please *me* most.

When my last appearance was announced all the places were sold out by nine o'clock in the morning, and hundreds could not be admitted in the evening for want of room, although the performance took place in the large Alexandra Theatre, and the St. Petersburg people had seen me play at least 300 times!

I appeared in the part of Elsbeth in the "Tournier zu Kronstein," and in conclusion I gave Rosa in the operetta, "Zwei Worte, oder die Herberge im Walde." Rosa has to sing a sweet melody at the end; I selected for it words of thanks and farewell —indeed, I managed to get through it, although with quivering voice, half-choked by tears. The whole house cried enthusiastically, "Play once more! once more!" . . . So the performance was repeated in the Michael Theatre the following night. That was about the middle of January, 1834.

Many friends and acquaintances accompanied us as far as the first posting-station; and also some Russian families. I became acquainted with a very

beautiful Russian popular custom—to say a private prayer before the last farewell! During this solemn stillness I only thought with emotion of the good that I had experienced so abundantly in St. Petersburg.

* * * * * *

On my return journey from St. Petersburg to Germany, I gave my last performances in Riga and Mitau. What beautiful unclouded hours I have spent in those two hospitable towns!

In Riga I performed on five different occasions during the period 1828-1834, and played on 72 evenings—the Rigaers showing on each occasion never-wearying interest, whilst they also showed the greatest kindness to me in private life. How merrily I have feasted and danced in the houses of the rich merchants, and in the elegant saloons of the governor Paulucci, where were assembled the members of the aristocracy, the military, art and science.

And how gaily and harmlessly, despite the great enthusiasm for the noble histrionic art, we played comedy at that time. For we were almost on the same homely footing with the dear public as frolicsome *dilettanti* who perform a merry play on the birthday of papa or mamma. The following mad little episode of my stage life in Riga will prove this.

When I returned from my starring tour at St. Petersburg in 1828, I one night read up on the theatrical placards on all the street corners of Riga, in big type :—" For the benefit of the Madhouse of this town Mademoiselle Karoline Bauer will appear once as Agnes in the chief scenes of the comedy, 'Der Mann im Feuer,' and as somnambulist in the operetta by Karl Blum, and afterwards dance the Russian national dance, the Kasatschok, learnt during her sojourn in the Imperial residence."

Now in this there was nothing unusual, for the public were accustomed at that time to see a player of first parts appear in succession to-day as naïve Agnes, to-morrow as a frolicsome page, the day after as Lady Macbeth, then as singing Emmeline in the " Schweizerfamilie," as dancing savage in the ballet " Joco," and as mute Victorin in " Waise und Mörder." And the Rigaers had also already heard me sing and seen me dance in " Preciosa," and applauded me abundantly. But the odd—aye, the mad thing, about the announced Kasatschok was, that this national dance is danced all over Russia by two persons, a couple of rustic lovers, that in St. Petersburg I likewise had always danced it with a loving partner, and that now, at the pressing request of " director " Dölle and the board of the madhouse, I danced this love-dancing duet—solo—because no nimble-footed lover could be got.

I was dressed in a genuine Russian national costume, which an amiable German lady in St. Petersburg had presented to me on the occasion of my benefit—the same in which I presented myself to Prince Leopold in England, as his departed Charlotte had her portrait painted in a similar costume. The dress was of sky-blue silk, all seams were braided with gold, a golden girdle encircled the waist, a golden diadem decked the long fair hair that was hanging down in tresses interlaced with ribbons of blue silk; the little boots of red morocco leather embroidered with gold and trimmed with fur —so I issued forth boldly from the side-scenes, which represented a Russian landscape, after the air of "Schöne Minka, ich muss scheiden, ach, du fühlest nicht das Leiden" . . . and was received with tumultuous expressions of joy and delight. According to custom, my rustic lover, in a similar costume, was to issue forth from the opposite side, and in the tenderest pantomimic play offer to his beloved Kathinka his glowing heart. Kathinka at first is reluctant, and always manages in graceful *pas* and the boldest *pirouettes* to escape from the fiery Ivan, at the same time inflaming him more and more by her tender looks and all kinds of roguish tricks of rustic coquetry. . . . At last he holds his beloved in his arms, and both spin over the boards in happy embrace, and thus they *chassé* back into the side-

scenes, bowing, again and again recalled, to a most honoured audience, as "a happy, loving pair." . . .

To-day, as I, now an old woman, call back to memory that frolicsome, gay, dancing-intermezzo of nearly half a century ago, in the distant Riga, and see my fair youthfulness in the charming costume whirl about before the good Rigaers, fleeing from, beckoning, smiling to, threatening, longingly looking at an admirer in blue and silver who—was not there, and at last *chasséing* out solo nevertheless as a highly delighted bride . . . then I feel as if I had not merely danced *for* the Riga madhouse, but as if I, and along with me the whole crowded audience—which not only patiently submitted to witness such a mad performance, but persisted in calling the poor lonely Kathinka again and again before the curtain—had been fit persons for that dismal house. . . . To-day, as I write this down, I laugh aloud and all by myself, at the mad solo of the poor twenty-year-old Lina, so that the pen in my hand trembles as does the heart in my breast, and heavy tears drop down upon these leaves. . . . O, dear, foolish, happy, far, far-off youth!

I had been taught the dance by the master of the ballet to the Imperial family at the rate of 25 roubles per hour's lesson, by the desire of my mother, who always would have me learn new things.

There was a peculiar reason for my only playing

at the time a few scenes of Ziegler's then very popular comedy, "Der Mann im Feuer," a reason that would to-day hardly be credited. During my first starring engagement I had been made to play the charming naïve Agnes five times before the Rigaers, so much had the part pleased them. Then I played Agnes before the Court in St. Petersburg, and immediately an Imperial ukase for the whole of Russia forbade "Der Mann im Feuer," because in the play a major challenges his general to fight, and this was a bad example for the army! But the Rigaers insisted on seeing their fair-haired Agnes once more. A deputation from the madhouse and "director" Dölle therefore went to the Governor Paulucci, and he at last permitted the chief scenes between the general and Agnes, in which the naughty duel is not mentioned.

My short engagement in Riga in 1833, had the most brilliant and gayest run during the Russian Lent. The maslenitza, the butter week, the short Russian carnival of a week, we still joined in before leaving St. Petersburg; amidst the ringing of all the church bells, over "blinti" and other sweet dishes, upon the "Balagan," the resort of the gayest popular *divertissement*, upon the shining ice-slide, upon the reindeer-sleighs of the Fins, in a hundred comical show-booths, and in the brilliantly decked and illuminated churches. . . . Fortunately

in the German Theatre we had not, as in all the Russian theatres in St. Petersburg, two performances daily. In compensation for this, during Lent all the theatres are closed. These vacations I was wont to make use of for performances in Riga and Mitau.

On a Sunday in February the butter week ended, for the digestion of which a Russian stomach is required. On Monday, mother, I, and our little dog, Lisinka, dashed along to Riga, over the wide, shimmering snowplain, in a sleigh lined with fur, drawn by four swift Russian horses, hung with bells and driven by a live Russian coachman. The amiable Countess Fersen had placed sleigh, horses, and driver at our disposal. The long-bearded Ivan was the pattern of a Russian driver. Six feet in height, strong as a horse, he wore a long caftan of fine dark-blue cashmere, braided with velvet and fur, open in front, which allowed a bright underdress of cerise-coloured silk to be seen. A shawl of the same material was slung round his waist. A four-cornered fur-cap was put pertly on his long waving locks. His red-brown boots of Russian leather were neatly embroidered with flowers in gold. At the same time Ivan was smelling all over of the musk with which he was obliged to perfume his dress, hair, and beard, according to the Russian custom. "*Fie*, Ivan!" I said, when he first approached us, and buried my nice little nose in my handkerchief.

"Nitschewo matuschka; oh, that does not matter, my mother!" he said, laughing, and shook beard and locks so that new waves of musk almost made me faint. When during our drive I motioned to him that in the bitterly cold air he should button up his caftan, although the splendour of his silk underdress should be hid, I received another musk-wave into my face and the stereotype answer, "Nitschewo matuschka; it does not matter, my mother!" And when good Ivan had bedded himself and his three fares very neatly in the deep snow of a ditch, he calmly shook the snow out of his beard and locks, smiled at us lovingly, and said: "Nitschewo matuschka; oh, that does not signify in the least, my mother!"

I would yet refer somewhat minutely to my farewell benefit in Riga as "Marie Petenbeck." According to the homely custom then prevailing, the tickets for the boxes and stalls for benefit performances were always obtained at the house of the person for whom the benefit was to be held. I reckoned these benefit days among the most amusing of my comedian tours. What a motley gallery of men rolled past my vision then! What studies a painter could have made! What unexpected glances cast into the human heart! Mostly for laughter at their vanity, self-sufficiency, and foppery. But on such benefit days I have also wept

the happiest tears of emotion, when gladdened by the tender homage of bashful old and young hearts whom the comedienne had moved, touched, charmed, or enraptured from the boards. Was not the call for the tickets the only opportunity on which blushing, glowing youth, and bashful indigence, ventured to approach the celebrated Court actress?

There mother and I sat dressed in our best, during the hours of midday in our largest saloon—in a corner a table with the prettily-arranged tickets and the theatrical cashier—awaiting the things to come. And they came; splendidly-dressed-up dear young and old gentlemen, bearing in their elegantly-gloved hands gigantic bouquets; in their more or less numerous, charmingly-arranged locks all the perfume of Parma, Monaco, Treu, and Nuglisch; in their sweetest smiles the beaming consciousness of past, present, and future irresistibility; upon their spluttering lips the last twenty pages of the latest edition of "To be successful with ladies;" or, "You will and must conquer!" well committed to memory! And with their nosegays and their rose-coloured poetry they laid at my feet the remains of their empty hearts, and upon the ticket-table they placed with an effective nonchalance the thirty to fifty silver roubles for a box, or the two to ten silver roubles for a stall; but mother and I were malicious

enough always to look into the opposite corner of the room when we noticed that the tickets were being overpaid. . . . And they came, the fat art patrons with their broad red faces and still broader white vests, and thick gold watchchains and dirty twenty and thirty rouble notes, to boast of their influence, saying: "Keep your mind very easy, young lady; the house will be quite sold out to-night. I have seen to that!" And they came, the old maids with their sharp noses, with their painted cheeks like leather hangings, and their honey-sweet, endearing terms, searching in all the corners of their satchels for the two silver roubles for a ticket for the dress-circle . . . and casting about inquiring looks to see if everything was going on morally at the house of the comedienne, and if not on sofas and chairs there lay scattered sundry stockings with holes, petticoats and rouge-pots, as one reads in the charming novels of the circulating libraries. . . . But there also came the dear, well-meaning men and women who had received the strange artiste into their houses, and soon also into their hearts, and who had found out that the daughter of the highly-esteemed widow of Captain Bauer began where the comedienne ceased, *i.e.*, outside the door of her dressing-room in the theatre, and that gay young Lina in ordinary private life might also be loved a little. They came to express on this official occasion to mother and

daughter their goodwill with simple and honest heartiness. . . . And they came, the good poor old matrons who, by dint of hard labour, had earned the few paper roubles at the spinning-wheel or by knitting, to see the fair-haired prodigy who had drawn forth their tears as Käthchen von Heilbronn. . . . And there also came the dear, shy, enthusiastic lads in their outgrown confirmation coats, in whose breasts there had manifested itself so foolish, longing, dreamy a thing on hearing Käthchen's words, "Happy alone is that soul that loves!" or at Gretchen's "He loves me—loves me not . . . he *loves* me!" or over Suschen's potato-peeling—"now rejoicing with exultant heart, then afflicted to death" . . . and who had sacrificed to this nameless something at the second-hand book-stall their Livy, Cicero, and all kinds of other ugly fellows, to which sacrifice they owed many of their bad blunders in their Latin and Greek exercises.

In Riga on my benefit day a poor old shrivelled-up mother, in a bygone little mantlet of black silk, brought me a pair of fine white stockings—in the pierced-work of which my name and the word "Gabriele" were knitted—as a thank-offering for having caused her to weep such heart-refreshing tears on seeing my blind Gabriele—"just as in the dear church, young lady, on the holy day of prayer

and repentance. You have done it, oh! so beautifully and touchingly, as no pastor can do."

How she came in, panting, curtseying, the little old seamstress with the double hunchback, in her breast the most insignificant remnant of breath and the great glowing art enthusiasm; upon her lips, that were striving for air and words, the shy request—to let her and her dear old mother have two tickets at a reduced price, since it was her most ardent wish to see the young lady once more as Marie Petenbeck, and their indigence did not allow of their paying the raised benefit price.

And I gave the dear old wifie with the Gabriele stockings, and the poor sewing maid with the double misfortune, two gratis tickets for my friendship corner in the stalls . . . and my good mother added a few roubles, saying: "Here, it is bitter cold. Drink a glass of punch to the health of my daughter to-night after the performance. . . ." The good mother! And how often I quarrelled with her on account of this good heart which would ruin us by generosity!

How embarrassed was he, the very, very young cadet who paid for a reserved seat in the stalls in nothing but bran new little kopeck pieces which he took a never-ending time to count down upon the table. I learned by chance afterwards that the

young theatrical enthusiast had raised a loan from his sister's savings-box.

And then before me stood a long, slender, very handsome boy in his green Sunday coat, from the long outgrown sleeves of which hang out two long, lean, crab-red embarrassed hands, his fresh face all flooded with burning purple, even up to his obstreperous fair curls; in the one hand he carried a little crushed school bonnet of black velvet, in the other a mysterious paper bag, and in his large, moist-shimmering blue eyes a fast-beating, tenderly revering human heart of sixteen summers.

How the poor boy stammered! The little speech he intended to make, that sounded so brilliant and flowery at home, was now completely knocked out of his head. In his embarrassment his hand squeezed and crushed the leather snout of his bonnet. I had to come to his aid to learn that the young gentleman desired to have a scholar's ticket for a standing place in the pit (I wonder if a sacrificed Homer did it?), and that he would take the liberty of presenting me with a half-blown rose-bud, that he had to his delight discovered in his only flower-pot this morning. . . . So saying he brought out of the paper-bag, padded with wadding, the young rose. How his hand trembled when he handed me the flower! And I,

kindly grateful, shook this long hand, red with cold, and slipped into it a ticket for a reserved seat in the stalls, not having the disposal of the tickets for the standing pit, and did not give the hand the least opportunity to get rid of the couple of paper roubles which it held. . . . Ah! the good boy was not quite done yet. Did he, perhaps, wish to turn a great actor on the spot, to be able to-morrow to go with me out into the wide world and through life, as had so often happened to me in my comedienne wanderings before? Or had he concealed in the breast pocket of his green frock a beautifully-written flaming sonnet to K. B.? Out with it young friend! . . . No, it was a small, poor-looking album. I wrote into it from Schiller's lay of the bell:

> Man must go out into hostile life,
> Must work and win.

Two big tears stood in his eyes when Lisinka gave him a friendly escort.

Lisinka was not so well-disposed to every ticket-fetcher; growling she had rushed at the legs of many a mighty hero and self-sufficient lion of Riga, till mother took her upon her arms, whispering into her long silken ears: "Lisinka, you will bite the good people who bring us so much welcome money?" Then the sagacious little animal dropped her ears in shame and lay down upon the rug in front of the sofa and growled at people no more. . . . How

long, how long it is ago since I laid the good Lisinka, with many tears and flowers, upon her last couch, and brother Louis with his three pupils, the young Princes Wasiltschikoff, lowered her into her billow-grave in the proud Neva!

On the benefit-night I wore the Gabriele stockings of the good old wifie, as Marie Petenbeck, and on my breast the young rose of my young scholar, whilst the most costly bouquets of the handsomest beaux of Riga stood in water in the "Stadt London." How radiant with joy appeared my green-clad admirer beside the old wifie, the hunchback seamstress, and her mother upon the crimson velvet seats in the friendship-corner of the pit-stalls! No, it was not in vain coquetry that I adorned myself with the rose which had come to blossom in the joyless room of the poor scholar. I knew I made a poor good boy the happiest of mortals for an evening—and to-morrow on my departure left with him a pleasing dream which perhaps would cause a dozen of dreadful blunders in his next exercises, but I am sure had done no further harm to his young soul. . . . And when on the first opportunity I gave a knowing look at the little old wifie by his "green" side, showing at the same time the white stocking a little . . . then I had made *two* people happy. The good creature was, even at the merriest passages of Marie Petenbeck,

all the evening drying happy tears. . . . And to-day, while I write this down, my own silvery eye-lashes swim in tears. . . . Is it old age which so readily makes the dew-drops of the heart well up? No, it is the most blissful remembrance!

My most passionate admirer in Riga was the son of a rich banker named Reimer. We shall meet him again in Mitau.

All my Riga admirers received from the young ladies the nick-name of "Bauer-Jungen" (peasant lads). They took their revenge by mockingly styling "Müller-Mädchen" (miller lasses) the ardent admirers of Karl Müller, the exquisitely handsome young player of love parts. With friend Karl Müller, now a veteran of the Mannheim stage, I am in friendly correspondence up to this day.

* * * * * *

And yet I must part from the dear, art-loving, gay Riga with a painful remembrance! On seeing the name of Luise Eckert, my old, much-tried heart is painfully drawn together.

How youthfully lovely and sweet she was, like a flower! An innocent child's face, with blue eyes and brown locks, and enticing coral lips, and the most charming pearly teeth which presented their glittering rows when she laughed. And how fond she was of laughing with childlike gaiety! I often jestingly called her "sweet coo-dove."

She was a native of Berlin, and was possessed of an exquisite, deep warm mezzo-soprano. She had but lately come to Riga with her friend Quin, who sang high soprano parts. Both young songstresses lived with the wife of a medical man, together with an elderly vocalist, Kressner Polmann, who was now a very popular singing mistress in Riga.

The last time I saw my sweet coo-dove was on the occasion of a gay party which the "directrice" von Tschernjäwsky gave on the eve of my departure for Germany. All the colleagues with whom I had come in nearer contact during my different engagements in Riga had been invited to the feast. I shall here only mention the amiable artistes Herr and Frau Clausius.

Luise Eckert was the gayest during that merry entertainment of Riga comedians. She looked charming indeed in her delicate white dress, with fresh May flowers in her brown locks. She sang spirited duets with her friend Quin. At supper she declaimed very prettily a farewell poem addressed to me; and then she whirled with me like a happy child through the saloon to the tones of a pianoforte.

There was present in the company also a rich and aristocratic Russian, who looked very stately indeed in his gold-embroidered uniform of colonel. He paid his addresses to beautiful Luise in a very

marked manner. Still more marked, however, was her passive, nay, even rude behaviour towards him. He would, on each occasion, bow very ceremoniously to her, and withdraw with a peculiarly scornful smile on his face—to be at her side again on the first opportunity.

"Dear child, what are your objections to the brilliant cavalier? It is at least not wise to offend him so openly. He will cause you to be hissed off the boards!" I said to Luise.

"I don't mind! Rather his hatred than his love!" she said in a whisper, much agitated. "Just look into his eyes! That is the glance of a serpent! I shudder at the sight of this fine-looking, brilliant man, as Gretchen in the presence of Mephistopheles."

I had never seen my sweet coo-dove thus before. It was the foreboding of a pure maiden's heart.

Then when in April of 1836 I arrived in Breslau for a short engagement, Madame Clausius at once most cordially welcomed me. I knew already that I should find the honest, excellent artiste-couple at the Breslau Theatre.

"And our sweet coo-dove?" was one of my first questions. "I have learned, to my great joy, that she, too, is in Breslau; and, indeed, a great favourite with the public."

Then good Mad. Clausius' eyes filled with tears,

and she looked at me quite alarmed. Then she said sadly: "It appears that you do not know that we buried Louise here in Breslau seventeen months ago?"

"Great God!" I shrieked. "This young, gay, blooming life? And what illness broke the sweet flower over night?"

"Properly speaking, no illness at all!" was her hesitating reply.

"Very likely an accident, was it? Why do you thus torture my heart? I am sure you know that my questionss are prompted by the warmest sympathy—that I loved Luise."

"Yes, you shall know all. Strictly speaking, we have agreed among each other, and promised our director here not to speak any more of the sad, nay, horrible occurrence, in order the sooner to consign it to oblivion. But, to be sure, you are one of us and of poor Luise's friends. So I will tell you.

"Luise arrived here together with her sister from Berlin, and made her *début* as 'Tancred.' Her second part was Fatime, in 'Oberon.' She won the approval and love of the Breslauers at once. It struck me from the first that she looked very pale, and was no longer so gay as formerly. She complained to me that she was not in very good health, and yet growing stouter all the time. . . . I looked at her, not knowing what to think. Also

the other sister-artistes soon spoke to me of the striking appearance of Luise. But nobody had the heart to drop the least hint to her, more especially as she appeared quite unconcerned herself.

"Then one day our 'director' Haake called me aside much agitated, and said to me, 'Miss Eckert must not appear on the stage again. The public are already beginning to whisper things about her. You are her oldest friend here. Speak seriously to her. Tell her that I offer her leave of absence and an advance of salary. I am very much annoyed that such a thing should happen—and especially with one who is the very picture of innocence.'

"Well, after much reluctance I undertook the unpleasant errand. I found my colleague Luise as unconcerned as ever. When I discharged my message from our 'director' as considerately as I could, she looked at me for a long time in astonishment, with her large, faithful, child-like eyes apparently unable to realise what I said to her; and then she sprang upon me like an angry lioness, her face covered by a purple blush, her tears flowing fast. She seized my two hands and said passionately: 'I have been shamefully slandered to the director! I shall demand satisfaction. But that you, colleague, that you give credence to this silly stage-gossip, that pains me.'

"'Luise!' I now said, energetically, at the same time rising to leave, 'I am still more pained at your wishing to play comedy also with me, your old faithful friend, when all denial is useless. . . . Luise, poor unhappy child, listen to my friendly advice: Accept the leave of absence and advance offered you by our "director," and set out to join your parents in Berlin this very day. . . . I don't ask for the name of your seducer, child; but I conjure you: can you not marry him even now—at the eleventh hour?'

"She looked at me with wondering eyes. . . . Then she burst into violent weeping. 'Am I mad, or are all of you mad? As true as God lives, and I hope for a peaceful dying hour and eternal life, I know of no seducer; I have to acknowledge no wrong step.'

"And I was forced to believe in her innocence. A terrible thought suddenly flashed through me, and I cried, much moved: 'Unhappy girl, then you have become the victim of an awful villany! Remember the story by Kleist: The Marquise de O—, who feels herself a mother without knowing the father of the child, and who is thrust out by her own parents. . . . Think of the last weeks in Riga —of the Russian Colonel who pursued you with his love, and always had on his face such a scornful, malicious smile—who was said to have once taken

up a wager in the circle of his comrades that he would yet catch the prude little dove.'

"'Merciful heavens!' the unhappy girl cried, with a shriek, 'is it possible that the awful man did not leave after all on that carnival-night at the house of Kressner-Polmann? You know how intimate the old singing-mistress and our landlady, the doctor's wife, were with the hateful Russian, and how they always spoke for him. Only on their assuring me that the Colonel was obliged to leave that same evening for Moscow I agreed to come. And we played charades, and danced and drank punch, and were gay like children. Then the Russian entered, nevertheless. I wanted to leave immediately. But he laughed in his mocking way, saying: "No, I will not disturb your amusement. My sleigh stops in front of the door, and in two minutes I shall be on the road to Moscow. But one parting look I meant to cast into these beautiful, cruel eyes. But during the whole long, icy night I shall think of you in my sleigh. May we soon meet in a happy way, sweet angel!" The latter he said with so peculiar an emphasis, and at the same time laughed such a mocking laugh, and his dark eyes held me bound with such magnetic flashes that a trembling fit came over me. Thereupon he whispered with Kressner-Polmann and the doctor's wife, cast upon me a last triumphant look, and left.

As if relieved of a burden, I breathed more freely when I heard the chime of his sleigh gradually die away in the distance. But my cheerfulness was gone. I felt so strangely uneasy, so heavy in the head, and heavy in the limbs. Kressner wanted to cure my melancholy at the loss of the brilliant admirer with punch, and forced upon me glass after glass. But I felt more and more dreamy. At last I must have fallen asleep on the sofa. I still heard the laughing of Kressner, who said: "She really is a little tipsy. Well, she may sleep herself sober here upon the sofa. I shall cover her with my fur cloak." . . . And then I had a dreadful dream: the hateful Russian held me in his arms and kissed me wildly. . . . Yea, if the monster had not left town after all? If . . . no, it would be too diabolic. . . . But I must have the certainty. . . . To-morrow you shall hear all. . . .'

"Next morning—I was just on the point of going to the rehearsal—the landlady of poor Luise rushed into the room and cried: 'Come quickly, quick! She dies; she is dying, and wants to see you once more. She came home yesterday in great excitement. Now I hear groans of anguish behind the door . . . and find the unhappy girl dreadfully disfigured—a dead boy in her arms. She could hardly whisper your name. . . .'

"And so I saw our sweet, gay coo-dove again—

scarcely recognisable. With trembling hands she held out to me the dead child, and said, whining: 'True, true after all! Oh, my poor parents! And, nevertheless, I am as innocent, as this luckless child, of sin. . . .'

"After an hour of great torture, the unhappy girl had breathed out her pure innocent soul in my arms. Beside her bed was found a cup with a white sediment." . . .

My friend was deeply moved, and stopped. We wept silent tears together. "And the vile seducers?" I at last cried out, sobbing.

"When we had assembled in her dwelling to convey the body of poor Luise to its resting place, a post stopped at the door. A gentleman alighted. I recognised him at once. It was the Russian colonel in a civilian's dress. He inquired for Luise Eckert. He was shown the closed coffin. He turned as white as chalk, and trembled like a poor delinquent. After he had drunk a glass of water, he asked how Luise had died. He wanted to see her and the child. That was impossible, for but an hour after her death she who was once so sweet a girl looked hardly like a human being. Immediately the Russian entered his post-coach and drove away.

"That same hour there arrived for Luise a letter from her mother in Berlin, with the anxious request

to send her news without delay. She had dreamt that she lost a large and a small tooth. That signified a large and a small corpse.

"The cup was taken care of by the law-courts. An analysis showed that it contained white powder, such as is used for painting the face, and consisted chiefly of white lead, which the unfortunate girl had drunk in her despair.

"Haake was unwearied in instituting a criminal prosecution against the seducers. In order to obtain, perchance, a starting-point, he requested me to communicate in a few words the shocking death of Luise Eckert to Kressner-Polmann. But the letter was returned from Riga to me, with the official remark, 'Left, present abode unknown.'

"The doctor's wife, in whose house Luise lived along with Kressner, and in whose company she afterwards undertook the voyage to Hamburg, was examined in Riga, without result. So grass will grow over this sad story, as it does over the grave of poor Luise Eckert by the wall of the churchyard." . . .

With what feelings did I stand by that mound placing upon it the most beautiful flowers which were the reward of my art in Breslau! Poor, sweet coo-dove!

* * * * * *

After this sad reminiscence from Riga, some glad-

some pictures from Mitau may follow. Thither I liked much to go on short engagements with the Riga company. In no town have I been more fêted and spoiled than in this cheerful capital of Courland. The gallant, chivalrous nobility gave no end of feasts in my honour. I was detained during my tour through Courland almost by force at the splendid country seats, there to dine or sleep. At each halting-place I found the most beautiful equipages waiting for me, the noble owner himself on the box as driver, horses and carriage decked with flowers. Indeed Courland is the land of the most luxurious hospitality. The rooms for the strangers are always kept heated in winter in case dear guests should arrive!

One run I had in Mitau about the summer of 1833, was especially brilliant. At midsummer, when almost the whole night is as light as day, the rich nobility of Courland congregate here in order to settle money matters and other affairs. And each day becomes a feast, with *déjeûner—dîner*— races — rope-dancers — shows—theatrical performance and ball! And how wildly and yet how elegantly do the Courlanders dance!

Mitau at this season was so crowded that we barely succeeded in securing a humble room on the ground-floor, which could not even boast of a sofa. But mother was up to the occasion. She placed

our ironing-board, which we carried with us upon our professional tours (since we had formerly on several occasions missed it painfully), upon two chairs, draping it with an elegant shawl, and upon this improvised sofa all the nobles of Courland sat and paid their compliments to me: the venerable aged Count Medem, a relation of Elisa von der Recke's, the Governor Count Pahlen, Baron Apollonius von Maltitz, Baron Ascher, Herren von Bock, Grothusen, Rönne, etc.

Count Medem gave a great ball in my honour. I sat between the beautiful ethereal daughter of Count Pahlen and the Juno-like, black-haired Fräulein von Rönne, and immediately the words were heard making the round of the hall: "Ah! the three Graces!"

Count Medem had my portrait painted as a girl pressing a dove to her heart.

Each night after the performance in the theatre, at which the ladies assisted, dressed in their ball-dresses, dancing was engaged in. I was not allowed time to change my toilette. Whatever costume I had worn on the stage, I had to wear at the dance, were it that of old German Pfefferrösel, Käthchen von Heilbronn, Donna Diana, or others.

And nowhere did I have more elegant and more interesting partners than in Courland. The nobles send their sons to German universities,

and for their social improvement to Berlin and Paris.

Count Medem did me the honours in other ways in Mitau. He conducted me into the richly-stocked provincial museum and into the castle of the Duke Biron of Courland, in which Louis XVIII. once lived as an exile, and where the poor "Orphan of the Temple," the unhappy daughter of the still unhappier Marie Antoinette, was wedded to the weak-minded Duc d'Angoulême. He told me about the fantastic Elisa von der Recke and her mystical connection with the adventurer Cagliostro in Mitau.

To the same extent as the theatre was crammed, the circus Bennoit remained empty. "That is solely your fault!" the wife and sister of the celebrated equestrian artiste, who lived in the same house with us, said to me once. "If you, dear Miss, would just patronize our circus once, the Courlanders would come too."

I promised to do so, much amused, and soon on all the street corners shone big placards, with the words printed in large black type:—

"To-day, at four o'clock, Fräulein Bauer will honour the circus by her presence!"

And to be sure that afternoon the circus was crowded to excess. I was enthroned like a queen upon a place festively decked for the occasion.

The following little anecdote created much hilarity. We played Kotzebue's "Bayard, a play in five acts and in iambics." An honest countryman in the pit asks his rustic neighbour—

"I say, is the story true?"

"Of course! Don't you see it in print?"

"Where did it happen, tell me!"

"Dont't you see it on the bill—in *iambig!*"

"Just so! But where is that situated?"

"That I don't know. We will ask our schoolmaster at home!"

My final benefit in January, 1834, "Käthchen von Heilbronn," did not pass off without all kinds of odd incidents.

In the second act, when I lie on my knees before my father, the honest sword-cutler of Heilbronn, and lament: "Good God Almighty; you kill me! Your words stab me to the heart like knives! I will go no more into the cloister now, I will return with you to Heilbronn; I will forget the Count and marry whomsoever you wish, although a grave of a depth of eight ells should be my bridal-bed!" and when Father Theobald was about to rise, and is to raise me too—I hear him whisper in anguish: "For God's sake do not stir—you will bring down my beard; improvise or we are lost."

At the same time I felt how poor Theobald

nervously endeavoured to detach his long silvery beard from my arrow-shaped hairpin. And I improvised with a vengeance, although not very smartly: "Oh, my dear—oh, my good—oh, my dearest father! oh, do not yet rise—allow your Käthchen, after such a long, long time, once more to lie at your feet. . . ." In a whisper: "May I?"

"No, not yet!"

"And why should I enter a cloister? Is it not much more beautiful in Heilbronn?"

And so on, in a sort of agony, for if Father Theobald's beard stuck to my hairpin, Heinrich von Kleist's "great historical chivalrous knights-play" would go to the wall amidst the boisterous laughter of the house—and Käthchen along with it.

At last I heard the releasing word, "now"—and we were saved.

During the fire-scene a side-wing came down and hit wicked Kunigunde so badly that she could not continue her acting. Frau Henne, who to this day lives in Kassel as a pensioner, was obliged to continue the thankless *rôle* without notice.

At the conclusion I was literally covered with poems, bouquets, and wreaths by the enthusiastic Mitauers. Highly delighted, with half a dozen wreaths on each arm, I am just about to reach my dressing-room, when I see a terribly thin youth leaning against a wing, and sobbing in a heart-breaking

manner, whilst my mother in vain seeks to console him.

It was the son of Reimer, the before-mentioned banker in Riga, who had come over to Mitau, together with other Rigaers, to bid me once more farewell. In Riga I had often danced with the good, enamoured boy, and then the thought always came to me: he really looks like a tripping, curtseying, very lean wagtail, with legs as thin as sticks—and now I found him again as a weeping-willow.

"What has happened to you, Herr Reimer? Why do you cry so pitifully?"

He had a peculiarly sharp, piercing voice, and said, sobbing, in his dialect: "Ah, you leave to-morrow, mein Fräulein, and perhaps we part for ever—and I, who am so entirely dependent yet on my father, may I not already ask you always to remain with us—as—as. . . ." He could not finish, his sobbing prevented him.

"Lina, do say some kind words to the polite young man!" my mother whispered to me.

"Yet, what shall I say, I wonder," I thought aloud. But without further thoughts I took the largest wreath, tumbled it on his head over his eyes, pressed a bouquet into each of his hands, and said, laughing, wantonly imitating his accent: "Here you have three keepsakes from me, but now you must not cry any more."

The poor weeping-willow came to Dresden a few years later, and this time secured the mitten from me—after which he married an elderly coquettish colleague of mine from Karlsruhe, with whom he became exceedingly unhappy, and from whom he soon got himself divorced.

My most serious admirer in all Courland after all was the amiable poet, Appollonius Freiherr von Maltitz, who was the author then of the original humoristic-satirical: "Confessions of a Black Horse, with Notes by his Driver." In Mitau everybody called Maltitz my "shadow"; he even followed me on my tour to Königsberg. The good Baron was twelve years older than I, no beauty, but a true nobleman in sentiment, word and deed. Thus he stood one morning before me, to our great surprise, very solemn, and said in a simple unaffected way, "I was at the theatre here yesterday in order once more to enjoy the sight of your gay blooming youth, which has done so much good to me and my lonely heart in Mitau. After that I meant to turn back and bury myself in my quiet estate in Courland. But meanwhile it has become still more clear to me how happy I could be if you would entrust your happiness to me and follow me to Courland—for ever. Indeed, I have no brilliant fortune to offer you. My estate is but small and my cows are lean."

Why was it that at this moment, which might have turned out the happiest of my life, the frolicsome, laughing devil would plague me so that I burst out into a loud laugh, saying: "Lean, like the seven cows in Pharaoh's dream? No, no, Herr Baron, first we are to have yet the seven fat kine and the seven fat years of my art."

I saw only now that the good Baron stood before me offended, and that had not been my wish; and therefore I asked his pardon for my childish behaviour from the bottom of my heart . . . and he did pardon me. But his courtship was finished —for ever. Afterwards the Baron often visited me in Dresden—and then he married another. He was happier in his wedlock than I. After having held the post of Russian Resident in Rio de Janeiro for a considerable time he was transferred to a similar post in Weimar. And there he remained, after he had finally resigned his diplomatic post, living in comfortable, learned, and artistic leisure, at last in Goethe's yellow house on the Frauenplan, writing much in prose and verse, dramas, and poetry. My first published reminiscences of my stage life he followed still with much kind interest. Soon after he died in peace.

How often have I longed for the quiet peacefulness of his house while shedding bitter tears! Ay, why did I repulse in youthful wantonness so many

honest hearts—so many excellent hands? Was that my luckless destiny? In my old age nothing but bleak repentance is left me.

In Mitau the highly-intellectual Baron Ascher devoted to me a complete "Extra-Supplement of the Mitau Journal"—in the form of a letter to a lady—with the following compliments:

. . . . "For Heaven's sake, dearest friend, what else can I write to you just now but that the *Bauer* is here at present to give a whole week's series of performances in Mitau prior to her leaving Russia, and that all Mitau at 12° of frost (Réaumur) goes into the coldest theatre of the world to see, to hear, and to admire her; that on the stage as in the saloons she enraptures everybody; that the only talk here is of her naturalness, grace, truth, and her loveliness; that she appears in naïve, sentimental, comic, and tragic parts, and earns ever-increasing applause. . . . Apropos, people in Riga have often started the question whether she ever could make her mark in tragedy—and added very cautiously that it would be bold, indeed, to pronounce a verdict on this point; but that, in the meantime, she had always gone on progressing, and solved problems which had been deemed too difficult for her, for which reason she undoubtedly would perform some parts—which she had not personated—very creditably, although it was humbly suggested

that the tragic pathos might eventually crush her. On the other hand it was, notwithstanding, believed safe to hold the opinion that she was as great in comedy as any other who might be as great in tragedy. Here we have neither asked questions nor advanced opinions in this matter. It has only been found that the world has changed since Goethe wrote his Wilhelm Meister, and that it is very pleasant to meet in life the same beautiful individual on whom we have just lavished our whole affection on the stage.

"What, indeed, is there that surpasses the present, or the feeling of a warm, noble, beautiful outward form that unfolds itself even to the deepest depth of her soul, and shows no spot, not the shadow of a spot; who in weeping and laughing has a true tear and a sweet smile; from whom you need only to strip off some great and shining points in order to have left a melancholy, sad illusion; who has no moments of thrilling resignation, but also no moments of chilling coldness; where you may fully realize love and gentle melancholy, and so become reconciled again to all the thousand little intrigues and rogueries from which the best womanly heart draws its threads in order to immesh us! Does love know such tender flattery, can grace look so enchanting, wantonness jest with such gracefulness, is pain so full of dignity, does emotion tremble in

such soft sighs, and does wild passion sleep so deeply in this soul, so deeply that only the sigh of a dream disturbs and betrays her slumber? . . . You do not ask that; you know love without passion; you will understand so rare an individuality, that moves between the heights and depths of mankind, and with a noble self-esteem avoids the dangers of both. With self-esteem! I would know more about that. Either this art is nature, or the rarest, most perfect imitation of it. Her gracefulness is no dissimulation. Dissimulation is a transparent mask through which a strange face looks; her grace is but a smile, a dreamy, innocent child-like smile, a beam which stealthily bursts from the eye and bashfulness flees back to it, a breath which hangs on the lips, and dissolves in a rosy fragrance, a sound—ay, the sound of her voice all the time flows like a beautiful big stream through a blooming plain, never rushes between mountains, foaming in cataracts; and in its holy moments only resembles the love-prattle of a brook, which in a moonless night talks with the stars."

The "Rigaische Zeitung," on the occasion of my leaving Holy Russia and returning to dear Germany, gave me the following original "Passport of our highly celebrated Karoline Bauer" on the way:—

"Permission is hereby granted to the first angel of the German stage in St. Petersburg, Mademoiselle

Karoline Bauer, to return to her fatherland. For her identification we add the following description of her person:—Native land: Everywhere at home. Character: Every evening a new one—each excellent. Station (or profession): Gracefulness. Figure: Poetical. Aged: In art, otherwise young. Face: Lily-of-the-valley. Eyes: Make everything appear in a blue light. Hair: Curls (natural ones). Teeth: Three times ten and two. Ordinary signs: All that is good and beautiful. In her company there depart: Art, her constant companion; Thalia, Euphrosyne, and Aglaia, her maids; Grace, her instructress; Taste, her toilet attendant; Mirth, her medical attendant. Special marks: Has upon the left side a right heart, and plays with pleasure in tragedies; she is gentle and yet overpowering; she is at home in all parts, and yet appears in many extra-parts; she is an accomplished player, and yet he wins who plays with her; she has a very sweet temper, and yet is the author of many scenes which cause general sensation; she has a small foot, and yet makes great progress. All are endeavouring not to allow her to leave the place, and yet she always is called out; her fame is firmly established, and yet flies through all Europe. After this description, all authorities are requested to receive her kindly and flatteringly upon her journey. All

earthly troubles and evils are strictly enjoined not to put any impediment in her way. All hearts are commanded to let her freely pass in and out at her request, and with reverence and homage to aid and assist her."

CHAPTER IV.

FATHERLAND ONCE MORE.

RETURN TO GERMANY—MEMEL—KÖNIGSBERG—DANZIG—POSEN—DIRECTOR VOGT—POLISH COMEDIANS—A DUMB RÔLE—BROMBERG—RÖTSCHER—HIS CRITICISM—BRÜNN—VIENNA—AMALIE WOLFF—COUNT MORITZ LANDOR—HIS STUD AND ECCENTRICITIES—HIS MARRIAGE WITH PRINCESS LEONTINE VON METTERNICH—HIS DEATH—HIS DAUGHTER—BAUERNFELD AND HIS COMEDIES—RAIMUND—COUNT CZERNIN—PRINCE GUSTAV VASA—A VIENNESE BEAU—STRAUSS—PESTH—EDUARD BREITING—AGNESE SCHEBEST—BADEN—THE IMPERIAL FAMILY OF AUSTRIA—THE PRINCESS MELANIE—PRINCE METTERNICH—LISZT—HERR VON BEHR.

THUS, after an absence of three years, I was once more back in my dear German fatherland, to show at home what I had learned abroad. I had quite a host of offers for starring engagements, and in the meantime had no intention of accepting another fixed engagement.

In Memel, I played, in March, 1834, with a small travelling troupe, in two morning performances, "Käthchen" and "Strudelköpfchen," and at night,

together with *dilettanti*, French comedy in the amiable house of the Russian Consul. The wife of the consul was an early friend of Mad. Narischkin, the beautiful mistress of Emperor Alexander. She showed me Narischkin's exquisitely beautiful portrait, and told me much of the remarkable woman who broke faith with the Emperor for the sake of his aide-de-camp, and was then forsaken by Alexander.

Arrived in Königsberg, the hospitable house of Court-postmaster Pfizer received us. In the theatre I achieved my first German triumphs . . . and on we sped to Danzig, to successes not inferior to those of Königsberg. A kind letter, which I lately received from the Princess of Hohenzollern, who was then a young girl in Danzig, recalled to me those beautiful days of early spring in the splendid commercial town and its pleasant associations. I made the acquaintance of the amiable and very graceful young Princess at an evening party given by the Commandant of Danzig, and afterwards met her a second time at the house of the French Consul, with whom I played "La femme en colère" in French. Altogether, Danzig society occupied my attention more than the theatre of the place. A really first-rate actor of that theatre was Heckscher, who played youthful lovers. I played with him in "Die feindlichen Brüder" and "Egmont," in which pieces he represented the parts of Don Cæsar and

Brackenburg. We afterwards met again at Dresden, where both of us had accepted engagements. He became Emil Devrient's rival, without being able to surpass him.

In Posen, my engagement with the well-trained troupe of "director" Vogt, who was a first-rate fellow, though always grumbling, passed off splendidly. An interesting little incident occurred there with the handsome youthful "lover" and "bon vivant." In "Das letzte Mittel," he played the part of Gluthen, and I that of the elegant Baroness Waldhüll. At first, to my dismay, he appeared in huge gloves of dark-green leather. When I gave him a gentle hint, the dark-green disappeared, and Gluthen's hands appeared light-brown . . . but without gloves. They were dyed. Director Vogt, in his drastic way, furnished me with the following explanation: "Yes, the fellow has but lately ceased to be a tanner's apprentice! That accounts for his tanner's hands and manners! Goethe is right: the German stage would be worse off still if it were not recruited by the runaway sons of good families, officers in debt, and students."

Good Vogt, ever in financial straits, invited me to Posen many a time afterwards for his deliverance. Once, on 29th May, 1843, I even played there with the Polish troupe—the mute Victorin in

the melodrama "Waise und Mörder." The director's wife, Mad. Vogt, a Pole by birth, an intelligent and energetic lady, said to me, complainingly: "Our Polish aristocracy is the most whimsical in the world. At first we were desired to play Polish plays, and when, after much trouble and difficulty, I had at length succeeded in obtaining the King's permission, and had, with great pecuniary sacrifices, raised a Polish troupe—my high-born countrymen let me play to empty benches, and ran after a wretched obscure French wandering troupe. Just exactly as these precious patriots burn for Poland, and spend their means in Paris."

Suddenly a thought struck me, and I cried, "I will play the part of mute Victorin with your Polish comedians; have "Waise und Mörder" translated and studied—the few words in Polish I have to speak I shall soon remember—we will see whether curiosity does not draw the noble Poles to their national theatre."

And the noble Poles did come—did come in such numbers that not a place remained empty in the house—to see how a fair German played comedy with Polish actors.

I acted dumb Victorin with great exaltation, kindled by the fire of my fellow-actors, and in the consciousness that in my veins, too, there flowed Polish blood—and the enthusiasm rose from scene

to scene. . . . And when, at the conclusion—regaining my speech—I cried in Polish: "Ten oicze zboica kochana!" (This, father, is the slain lover!)—then the house came down in a perfect storm of joyful applause. I was the heroine of the day—and young fiery Count Dombrowski became my shadow!

I accompanied Vogt's troop on a tour to Bromberg, and there I entered into friendly relationship with Heinrich Theodor Rötscher, then a professor at a high school in Bromberg, afterwards a famous "dramaturg" (teacher of the dramatic art), and but a few years older than I. He was of pleasant appearance, with a clever, pretty face, his eyes beaming with wit and intellect, while around his finely-cut mouth there played a winning smile.

Even at the time of his high-school and university career, Rötscher had very enthusiastically loved and written for the stage. I knew that he was an ardent admirer of my Berlin rival, Mad. Stich-Krelinger, hence I was at first rather apprehensive of his sharp criticism. But he knew how to do full justice to our two very different individualities.

Thus Rötscher said to me: "Your Donna Diana one grows fond of in the end—Krelinger's, one regards with astonishment, but remains a stranger!"

This opinion Rötscher has enlarged upon in his "Skizzen und Kritiken." Afterwards he says:—

"Madame Krelinger conceived the part in its

national explicitness. She was the proud Spaniard who held hidden within her a volcano, who has made the rejection of love the pathos of her life. But then, seized by the energy of the greater pride, the cold defiance and proud mind at last bent under the dominion of a passion which set free all the forces of a volcanic fire hitherto kept back. In tone, attitude, and looks, she stood there before us, in the outbursts of her inward destruction, as the thrilling image of a broken pride which only the rays of a Spanish sky could have matured.

"Fräulein Bauer, on the other hand, transfers us by her representation from the determined Spanish to a universal human ground. We have standing before us an amiable, richly-gifted creature who has entangled herself in the strange whim to see in love the loss of her freedom. Then she succumbs to the persistence of a gifted, chivalrous prince, who restores her to a consciousness of her own self and consequent abandonment of her foolish whim. Her inner dissolution is, so to say, a conversion of the lovable woman who, at last, blushing at her self-contradiction, stands before us a woman loving with all her might."

About my Armand Richelieu, Rötscher said the following apposite words:—"Her gracefulness explains to me that the frivolous time at the courts of Louis XIV. and XV. was possible, because the

rotten kernel was made palatable by the pleasant shell!"

It was a perfect treat to talk with Rötscher about art and artistes. He spoke with great volubility and intellectual acuteness; his analysis of a character was infallible. During the performance he did not lose the slightest *nuance* in the play. Next day he talked about it in an interesting and instructive way, such as afterwards I only heard from the mouth of Ludwig Tieck. But it was no easy task to listen long to the two greatest "dramaturgs" of my time with unflagging attention.

Had I lived in the same town with Rötscher, I should have told him frankly—"Most revered Herr Professor! your learning and genius delight me, and I shall feel honoured and most happy also in future to be allowed to sit at your feet and learn from you —but, at the utmost, once a week, for otherwise your learning might kill me. Even now I feel a kind of giddiness if I listen to you for but one hour."

Then he laughed heartily, and proposed to me a regular correspondence about the theatre, my *rôles*, my fellow-actors, and my observations at the various theatres. The doings of artistes, he said, offered such abundant material for such letters, which might eventually even be published.

To-day I very much regret that I made no use of

this opportunity. How valuable would Rötscher's letters have been for my "Stage Reminiscences!"

On the occasion of a dinner party the Professor wanted to convert me to his philosophy of unbelief. I said to his wife, "Frau Professor, would *you* not care if you were not to find your husband and children in another world?"

They laughed—and that philosophy was no more referred to. But when thirty years after I heard of the dreadful sufferings caused by the softening of the brain under which the famous "dramaturg" died in Berlin, in the spring of 1871, during the German rejoicings, after the great victories, almost forgotten already by his contemporaries—then I thought once more of Bromberg and the Professor's philosophy—*sic transit gloria mundi.*

* * * * * *

After a short series of performances in Brünn, mother and I, in the body of our comfortable travelling coach, drawn by post-horses, parrot Coco and little dog Cora upon the back seat, an elegant footman in the livery of a chasseur upon the box beside the postillion, entered for the first time the gay "Kaiserstadt" on the Danube, on a Sunday morning, bright with sunshine, to commence the most important of all my starring engagements, at the proud Burg Theatre, the leading one of all other temples of Thalia.

All the first-class hotels were full. With difficulty we found modest lodgings in the Goldengate. My first question to the hired lackey was: "What is to be performed in the Burg Theatre to-night?"

"Das Fest in Knillwurst, yer Honour!"

Much diverted, I read on the bill: "Das Fest in Kenilworth." My amusement was changed into joy when continuing, I read: "Königin Elisabeth—Mad. Amalie Wolff, Royal Court actress from Berlin, as second *début*."

In the afternoon I went, together with two tried friends, whose acquaintance I had made in Berlin—the jovial old Burg actor, Schwarz, and Friedrich Witthauer, the highly intellectual art-critic of the Wiener Modezeitung—out into the merry Prater. . . .

How pale, weary, and melancholy was Witthauer, formerly so gay, who sat opposite me. I said to him with sorrow—

"And must I remind you that this is the 28th of May . . . and that this day nine years ago, in Berlin, among the abundance of presents, flowers, and poems, nothing gladdened my heart so much as a rose-tree with a hundred flowers and buds, and a rose-coloured leaf with the words: 'A poor scholar has nothing but flowers to strew upon your path.'"

Poor friend! He had never been happy since the time when we counted together the hundred buds

and flowers on that rose-tree which adorned my first birthday table in Berlin.

Friedrich Witthauer reposes in the churchyard of Meran since 1846. He died of—Vienna and Metternich's censorship.

In the droll "Wurstl-Prater" I turned child once more; on visiting the booths with the frolicsome clown, with their prodigy-animals, dancing dwarfs, giantesses, panoramas, hares firing pistols, and dogs and apes in the costumes of Mdme. de Pompadour and her Court. . . . I was delighted with the gayness, the harmlessless and enviable *naïveté* of the people of Vienna; ladies and gentlemen, citizens and soldiers, nursery-maids and students, artisans' wives, and journeymen—all mingling in a motley crowd, and equally enjoying the proffered pleasures!

Eventually we sat down under the fresh-green trees of the Prater at prettily-covered little tables, and drank genuine Vienna coffee with cream, whilst Lanner's enrapturing waltzes were being performed, and at last I could satisfy my long-felt yearning for "Wiener Kipfeln"! Did not an Austrian attaché in St. Petersburg tell me the following "Kipfel" anecdote: The Danube had overflowed its banks and cut off some isolated villages from all communication. Government commissaries in skiffs visited the various huts to distribute victuals—where it was

found necessary. One woman received an abundant supply of bread, flour, and coffee; but when the officials proceeded on their way she cried after them, "Ah, Herr Kommissär—and you haven't brought me a single 'Kipfel?' That is wicked. . . . Pray, good master, do not forget the 'Kipfeln' next time! will you not? That is my only passion . . ." in the dialect of the Viennese.

We discussed the starring engagement of Amalie Wolff. She had appeared already in the character of Frau Feldern in Töpfer's "Hermann und Dorothea," without much success.

"I do not understand that," said I. "Madame Wolff's 'Feldern' always enraptured all Berlin by its life-like freshness and truth. She turned this graceful *rôle* into a perfect *genre*-picture. . . ."

"Certainly, only for the frame of the Burg Theatre it is too faithfully copied from life. Here the public like to have everything painted and dressed-up. So Vienna could not understand how a Berlin Court actress could exhibit so little taste in her toilet as to venture to appear on the boards of the Burg Theatre as Frau Feldern in slippers, a print-dress with large flowers and flaps, an apron and an old-fashioned cap."

"But," cried I, amazed, "Frau Wolff did nothing but choose the costume in faithful adaptation of Goethe's poem."

"It does not matter," Witthauer said, with a melancholy smile. "Our Viennese are much better pleased with their own Feldern, Frau von Weiszenthurn, in her stately dress of brown silk, black satin shoes with crossed broad ties, and lace cap. You see, our stage is strong in the fashion-epoch."

"Fashion-epoch?"

"I am afraid you will soon understand but too well what I mean when once you have assisted at some performances in the Burg Theatre, or have yourself played a few times. The most excellent acting of our ladies fails to take if not performed in a new, brilliant and unexpected toilet before the critical audience. Karoline Müller is the lioness of our classical boards and of fashionable Vienna. I should not be in the least surprised if presently every new *rôle* of Karoline Müller were put on the bills, accompanied by a note such as this: The lady will to-night present herself to an honourable audience in four—five—six brand-new toilets, brought direct from Paris by special courier. . . . And I—the critic—I am expected always to quote and minutely describe and criticize this gorgeous display of dress; if I fail to do so, the good Viennese think my criticisms stale and prosy. So you need not wonder if presently you find the theatrical criticisms signed by the famous Behr, the 'divinest' ladies' dressmaker in Vienna, or by

Madame Rosa, our 'most highly intellectual' Parisian *modiste*."

"Ah! now I understand why Julia Rettich left the Burg Theatre and went to Dresden . . . and why the noble tragedienne was allowed to go. Oh, mother, how will your Lina fare with her poor wardrobe that knows nothing whatsoever of Paris?"

"If you do not rival Karoline Müller in her toilet, you will make a fiasco!" Witthauer said, gloomily.

"And is there no chance of escape—none?" I said, in the words of Egmont, and the wailing tones of an Iphigenia.

"None—but to sacrifice to the moloch Behr red gold—red gold—much gold!" Schwarz chimed in in a similar tone.

An elegant horseman upon a splendid steed was just prancing past us with a graceful dash.

"What a splendid animal, and how worthy of it is the rider!" I exclaimed, enraptured.

"Le cavalier à la mode—the most daring rider in the world—the most popular man in Vienna—Count Moritz Landor!" Witthauer said. "But there he is back again. I shall salute him, and then the ladies may see the famous Count at their leisure."

The grey Arabian horse stopped in a trice beside our table, pawing the ground with its finely-shaped hoofs, and snorting spiritedly. The horseman bowed

a graceful salute to us and talked to Witthauer, who had gone forward to meet him. I viewed the eccentric Count with much interest; his feats of horsemanship had won for him an European reputation. Count Landor was twenty-nine then, scarcely of medium size, but of rare elegance and supple vigour in all his movements. He sat upon his grey horse as if a part of it, gracefully rising in the saddle. His face, which was more interesting than handsome, was deep brown, enframed by a short black beard, and his dark eyes sparkled with love of life and frolicsome gaiety. The whole—horse and rider—presented the picture of youthful exuberance, grace blended with strength. His fiery eyes were coolly examining me, and then he got Witthauer to introduce him to us. He conversed with facility, nay, sprightliness, but, for my taste and habits, in a rather too *cavalièrement* Viennese fashion. We had hardly been talking together for two minutes when he invited me to take a drive with him in the Prater the next day. When I declined that honour somewhat coldly, his burning eyes looked at me in perfect wonderment, as if they would say, "Count Landor offers his splendid carriage, and his still more splendid self, to an—actress, and she declines everything. That *is* new in Vienna."

In the Prater the Count might be seen daily. Indeed, the Viennese could not fancy their Prater

without the gay, frolicsome, wild, and highly ingenious Count Landor, who catered so splendidly for the amusement of the good people of Vienna. Wherever he appeared he was greeted by the multitude with cheers and clapping of hands, and the greatest suspense was painted on all faces if the Count was not going to do something pretty, merry, and neck-breaking!

Count Landor, who belonged to one of the richest and oldest aristocratic families of Hungary, had the most magnificent stud in Vienna. Every day he would appear upon a different but lovely, high-spirited horse, which he himself had tamed and broken in upon the wide Hungarian steppes—himself dressed in the picturesque waving cloak of a horse-herd. Very often he would ride in the Prater the wildest coursers without saddle, reins, or stirrups, and only the initiated knew that he led the horses by a fine, almost invisible silken cord. It was by no means rare that the horseman-Count suddenly cleared a cab in motion, a market-vendor and her high piles of crockery, and then threw a handful of florins to the terrified people, as a solatium for the fright, for he never damaged anything. Also, his wagers were the talk of the day, and filled the columns of the newspapers. Thus he once won a wager that he would ride up the stairs of a house of three storeys, on the narrow balcony above turn his

horse upon its hind legs, the fore legs high up in the air!

From the drill ground at the foot of the bastion at Buda he would often suddenly prance up the steep steps of the castle hill to the castle of his ancestors, and the jubilant soldiers would see their chief and his horse's head looking calmly down from the highest windows of the castle. Wherever it was possible, he did not ride through a gate, but would make his horse clear the wall.

Afterwards, when the railway between Vienna and Pesth was opened, he, for a wager, rode the distance in six hours, and arrived in Pesth two hours before the slow mail train that had started at the same time that he had.

Count Landor also loved to show himself to the good Viennese sometimes in a vehicle, but, if possible, each time in a new structure of his own invention. To-day he would ride in the chariot of a Roman, *à la* Julius Cæsar, to-morrow with his friends upon a high scaffold, the day after he lay nearly on the ground in a hammock between two gigantic wheels, and then he would drive about upon three wheels. But the vehicles were only a sort of background for his horses. To-day he would drive six piebalds from the box; the next day he would harness together grey, black, bay and brown horses; the following day three grey, tandem,—to-day *à la*

russe—to-morrow *à l'anglaise*—the day after to-morrow in the manner of a Magyar.

At that period all Vienna spoke of the hot love of the interesting Count for Princess Leontine von Metternich, a daughter of the all-powerful Imperial Chancellor. But it was hardly credited that the Prince would entrust his lovely daughter to so mad a dare-devil; and yet 1835 witnessed their brilliant matrimonial union. The young couple lived partly in Vienna, partly in Buda, upon the splendid and romantic family-seat of the Landors. When Metternich's star set, the excited multitude one evening performed an awful mock-concert in front of Landor's palace. Suddenly a man emerged from the noisy mob, took up a place upon the stair of the palace, and was soon the loudest in shouting, whistling, and drumming. . . . It was the Count himself! Scarcely had the multitude recognized him, when they stopped short in their noisy demonstration. . . . Presently a universal shout of laughter broke forth on all sides. . . . No wonder, it was the height of drollery that a man would join in a mock-concert that was performed in front of his own house. . . . The storm was over, and with singing and laughing, the people, just now so excited, went away.

And this interesting man was doomed to a sad end! He fell with his horse and sustained a con-

cussion of the brain. Gloomy clouds, nay, often deep darkness, enrapt the once so cheerful mind for many, many years until his death. Poor Leontine Metternich has wept many tears.

Pauline, the daughter of Count Landor, who became the wife of her uncle, Prince Richard Metternich, has inherited much of the eccentricity of her father. The gallant Court of the Empress Eugenie once could—and Vienna can to-day—tell some stories about that.

Well, that evening I sat, in no little expectation, among the audience of the Burg Theatre. The lofty house, which possessed no architectural, but much aristocratic beauty, was beaming in floods of light. The first, second, and third circles were alive with a shimmering mass of the most elegant, striking—aye, venturesome toilets. Fashionable gentlemen went from one private box to another, and courted the ladies. Everywhere there was laughing, coquetting, and the loudest and most unconstrained conversation—and not during the *entr' actes* only. Fans and lorgnons were put in operation; white, beautiful ladies' arms were exhibited in the most advantageous attitudes upon the balustrades that were cushioned with red velvet. One saw that each man, and, more still, each fair dame, desired to be seen, and aimed at placing himself or herself in the most brilliant light. The stage was of secondary

moment. . . . How different were things in Berlin!

The poor "Knillwurst" passed without leaving a trace behind. The fiery Ludwig Löwe, the graceful Fournier, and even Goethe's most gifted pupil, my dear friend Amalie Wolff, were unable to rouse the audience to enthusiasm. Elisabeth's gentle "Leicester, ich befehle," so famous in Berlin, and her imperious, harsh "Burleigh, ich bitte!"—these fine psychological *nuances* were not even noticed in Vienna. No wonder, then, that Amalie Wolff became more and more confused. She told me afterwards: "I have been cruelly punished for not having stuck to my determination to accept no more starring engagements after the death of my husband. And moreover, I blundered in the choice of the parts. Comedy is dominant in Vienna at the present moment. I ought only to have appeared in humorous parts, and should have been certain of the most effectual support in the humorous line."

Amalie Wolff was right. In the cheerful and graceful *genre* of comedy and fashionable plays, the Burg Theatre maintained its reputation, which, under Schreyvogel's able management, had been founded in the third decade; to offer the most pleasing and perfect *ensemble* after the Théâtre Français! In the leading parts there appeared by turns, the elegant, fashionable Korn, the fiery Ludwig Löwe, the witty,

amiable Fichtner. Anschütz was a most striking "hero-father," Wilhelmi an exquisite comical "papa," and Kostenoble a dear, funny comic actor that made one die of laughter! Karoline Müller was a brilliant "lady" of society, the pretty little Peche a charming, naïve "lover," whose strong Bohemian accent even suited her well—and the Viennese, naturally fond of laughing, made a most grateful comedy-audience. To be sure, the Burg Theatre could not compare with the Berlin drama and tragedy. Since Sophie Müller's hot artiste heart had bled to death through art, and Sophie Schröder and Julie Rettich had quitted Vienna in anger, the tragic line was almost forsaken.

Bauernfeld's comedies had possession of the stage. A humorous dispute once arose, whether Bauernfeld had been given to the Viennese to write grateful *rôles* for their favourites at the Burg Theatre . . . or Karoline Müller and Peche, Anschütz, La Roche and Löwe, Kostenoble, Korn and Fichtner had been specially born to play Bauernfeld's pieces just as they required to be played.

I made Bauernfeld's acquaintance in society and was glad to see so pleasant a talent, and knowledge so abundant, still enhanced by the greatest personal modesty.

In autumn I assisted at the performance of a novelty, "Der Traum ein Leben," by Grillparzer.

All Vienna was in a feverish excitement, and the crowded, brilliant house was almost delirious with suspense. And then, when the curtain at last rose, and the deeply poetic composition of "our Grillparzer," so worthily represented by "our Anschütz," and "our Löwe," and "our La Roche," passed before the beaming eyes of the spectators . . . a perfect storm of jubilant acclamation and enthusiasm broke out, alternating with pauses of breathless suspense. Yes, indeed, the public seemed to join in the acting; something like it I had seen only in the Théâtre Français, the intellectual sparks that flashed from the stage reflected kindling glances in the eyes, the animated faces, and in the individual enthusiastic exclamations of the enraptured spectators.

The final scene, producing an especially powerful effect—when the shepherd (Ludwig Löwe) awakes in his humble hut, a pure, devout man, poor and unknown, but so glad and grateful that he has only dreamed all the splendour and wealth . . . and the spectator only now learns that the treason and homicide, by which he had satisfied his longing for power and happiness, was all merely a dream—proves the masterly skill of the poet.

In the theatre "An der Wien," I saw for the first time Raimund and his charming magic tales. A new world arose before me on the stage. I became

once more a laughing and weeping child, as good, and believing, and confiding, as a child that does not yet know the thorns and poisonous flowers of life.

In the "Alpenkönig," Director Karl, Raimund, and the comic actor Scholz, formed the most delightful *ensemble*, and in the "Verschwender" Raimund was a dear, eccentric Valentin.

And this happy poet—this charmingly odd comic actor . . . was even then in private life a gloomy hypochondriac. A fixed idea that he was not understood and appreciated by his dear Viennese troubled his otherwise so lucid mind. Tormented by gloomy thoughts, he often for days concealed himself from the eyes of all the world in his pretty villa at Gutenstein. Some years ago the highly-gifted Therese Krones, a friend of his of many years standing, succeeded in often snatching him from his brooding—but the light-hearted *soubrette* has been dead these four years. The Viennese said that it, too, was gnawing at his heart . . . and two years later—in 1836—in a gloomy moment, under the delusion of having been bitten by a mad dog and of being a hopeless victim of hydrophobia, he cast away his benighted life; and Vienna, the gay Vienna, which had so often laughed with all its heart even to tears at their favourite Raimund and his magic plays, now wept as genuinely from its heart at his funeral.

After we had exchanged the modest "Goldene Anden" for the comfortable "Erzherzog Karl," I had to think seriously of introducing myself to the mighty of the Burg Theatre, and of making the necessary arrangements with them for my performances that were to begin early in August. I first of all called on the "artistic director," Deinhardstein, and found in him an amiable, jovial gentleman, who seemed to be accustomed to take things pretty easily as regarded life, art, and his duties. He was known in Vienna as a passionate angler, and did not care very much to be disturbed by business. He spoke rather freely, nay, indiscreetly, about his chief, the Lord Chamberlain and Manager-General, Count Czernin, who had one fine day turned away in disgrace, without ceremony, the meritorious, but rather brusque director, Schreyvogel, and appointed as his successor the author of "Hans Sachs" and "Garrick in Bristol." He laughingly laid the fault of all the administrative and management sins of the Burg Theatre at the door of the Lord Chamberlain, Count Czernin. I do not know whether Deinhardstein was serious when he expressed to me his regret at the unfair treatment tragedy received at the Burg Theatre, or whether he thought he would thus show himself in the most favourable light to me—who spoke with enthusiasm of the classical time in Berlin.

To see the "intendant," I had to go to Schönbrunn. Greatly disappointed I was with this famous, but now so desolate, dreary, and neglected Imperial summer residence, and Count Czernin almost frightened me at first sight. I had thought of a stately, amiable, and highly-intellectual Count Brühl, who was still fresh in my memory as Berlin "intendant," and found a very old, dried-up little man with a thousand wrinkles in the puny little face, with eyes without lustre, ay, almost dim; and painted and dressed up like a French marquis of the *ancien régime*. His whole bearing and his artistic judgment were in perfect harmony with that.

With as much unconstraint as Deinhardstein had spoken to strangers about his chief, the latter talked about his "director" and the actors.

"Fräulein Peche is the pearl of our stage in naïve and childlike elegiac parts. . . . "The queen of sixteen years" she plays exquisitely, although Anschütz supports her badly by his slow enunciation, so that during his endless speech at the conclusion of the piece the poor little queen is at a loss what to do to produce an effective play of countenance."

"But, your Excellency, is not Anschütz a master in the classical school?"

"That may be," his Excellency said, carelessly. "I care little for classical plays; drama and tragedy weary me. . . . And if we had no comedy I should

send the whole theatrical business to Jericho. . . ." But comedy with his Excellency was identical with the pretty and not at all hard-hearted Peche.

The Count somewhat inquisitively asked if I perhaps contemplated a permanent engagement at the Burg Theatre.

I said unreservedly : "No, your Excellency ! my line is more than adequately represented here, and before I sign another longer contract in North Germany, I intend to continue starring for some-time. But if the people of Vienna accord me a kind reception in my approaching *début* I shall be happy indeed to play at the Burg Theatre from time to time."

Then Count Czernin quite overflowed with old-fashioned compliments from the *galanterie-bonbonnière* of the *ancien régime*. He had feared that I wanted to oust his dear little Peche—who stood on the same intimate footing with the all-powerful "intendant" as she once did with the Grand Duke of Hesse—from the favour of the Viennese.

Viennese society I also came to know and to esteem. Baron Andlaw, First Secretary to the Baden Legation, came to salute us in the name of his chief, General Tettenborn, our countryman, and gave us an invitation to dinner for the following day. "You will also see Prince Gustavus Vasa."

"Oh, I once danced so gaily with his sisters

Cäcilie and Amalie at the juvenile balls which were frequently given by the Margravine in the Castle of Karlsruhe, because the Empress Elisabeth of Russia, who was staying on a visit, was fond of such entertainments. . . . And the Swedish Crown Prince Gustavus I remember very well, too, as he rode so pale, thin, and melancholy, through the streets of Karlsruhe, and we children looked after him and whispered to each other mysteriously and meaningly: 'His father was a king—and because the naughty Swedes have taken away from him his crown, and driven him and the queen and their poor children from their kingdom, therefore Prince Gustavus is so pale, and thin, and melancholy.'"

"Well, melancholy and pale Prince Gustavus Vasa is now no more," Baron Andlaw said, laughing; "man gets accustomed to everything in this world, even to the loss of a king's crown!"

General Tettenborn and his spouse had known my late father, and showed to his widow and daughter in the heartiest way how they esteemed him. Their pleasing house soon became for us a piece of Baden-home during our sojourn in Vienna.

In the round, red-cheeked, genuine Vienna-like Prince Gustavus Vasa, I should indeed not have recognised the poor, pale, melancholy king's son, without land and crown, whom I had known in Karlsruhe.

Countess Ficquelmont in St. Petersburg had given me a letter of introduction to the wife of the French ambassador, Marquise St. Aulaire, and added with a significant smile, "You will become acquainted with legitimists *de pur sang!*"

I was somewhat disappointed! The whole Embassy I thought too unearthly and severe for me; even the handsome young daughters were measured and reserved like puritans. All seemed to feel a secret awe for the bright-eyed, life-loving child of the world, who, worse than all, belonged to the God-forsaken boards. But little by little they shook off their awe and reserve one by one. We talked about St. Petersburg, Paris, Mdlle. Mars . . . and in the end I found so much favour before their august eyes that Madame la Marquise pressed my hand, assuring me that she would come to all my *débuts*. . . . "Ah, vous jouerez *La jeune marraine?* On dit une charmante pièce . . . mais la jeune marraine—est elle bien élevée?"

I could with a good conscience say that the young god-mother was a very well brought up person.

With the famous Orientalist, on the other hand, I immediately felt at home. Here I made the acquaintance of all the celebrities of art and science of the then Vienna. With the most delicate tact, and the most indefatigable amiability, host and

hostess knew how to make all the guests of the much-frequented house acquainted with one another.

Prince Gortschakoff, first *attaché* to the Russian embassy, on the letter of recommendation of Prince Wolkonski, in the absence of his chief, did the honours to me in the most elegant and courteous manner. A true gentleman, with the most refined manners, a round easy face, gentle features, a benevolent smile, large intelligent eyes, a most intellectual, nay, ravishing conversational power, the Prince even then made the impression of a person of importance. But I daresay he himself did not dream that he was destined as diplomatist to play so great and influential a part on the political theatre of the world afterwards.

We had a small interesting dinner in the Prater which Freiherr von Zedlitz, the gay author of the "Todtenkränze" and Imperial Gentleman-in-Waiting, gave us. The other guests were Herren von Dalberg and Varnhagen, Dr. Witthauer and the beautiful Frau Brede, a friend of the late Rahel, and now engaged at the Burg Theatre, the affectionate friend of Herr von Zedlitz. Later a genuine Vienna beau joined our party. Varnhagen somewhat importunately made a fool of himself at that time by posing as the relict husband of Rahel. The people sneered at the modern "Orpheus" who was

for ever and everywhere lamenting over the loss of his Eurydice-Rahel.

The Viennese and Berlinese were soon ablaze with a most brilliant cross-fire of wit: *pro et contra*, Berlin or Wien! Each understood how to place a good quality of his own town in its best light. When my turn arrived to have my shot, I said: "To judge by what I have seen during the short time of Vienna life, Berlin has one advantage over Vienna—that of its æsthetic admirers of us artistes."

Every one had his say. Zedlitz and Auguste Brede looked at each other with a knowing smile. At last the beau, who looked at me quite surprised, said likewise in his charming Viennese—

"Permit me also to say a word—for love is my passion. . . . But it appears to me the talk here is of the romantic, idealistic, platonic love?"

"Yes, Herr Graf," said I, "of the only true, eternal love."

"Now I beg you will excuse me, 'meine Gnäd'ge,'" the beau said, laughing; "the wearisome story of eternal love I, too, have gone through in my life for once, have sighed and yearned most pitifully, sent flowers and sonnets . . . until I turned perfectly pale and thin with love. But after three weeks I saw that this eternal love is great nonsense, and I made up my mind never to

love again in a romantic, idealistic, and eternal style."

I was so convulsed with laughter that the beau became confused, not knowing very well whether he should be offended at my hilarity or join in it. Fortunately he resolved to do the latter. Mother turned the conversation to a less dangerous subject. We spoke about the respective merits of Strauss and Lanner.

I had often heard both of them in the Prater. It was quite a pleasure to see Strauss conduct his dance-music—the nimble little man with the small magic violin in his hand; he hopped, nodded, fiddled, and moved to and fro in gladsome excitement to the time of the intoxicating tones. The performance of the orchestra was exquisite. Oberon's horn could not invite to dance with greater magic force.

"To whom do you give the preference—Strauss or Lanner?" one beau asked me.

"I am equally fond of both artistes; but I would dance to Strauss's music with the best dancer, and to Lanner's with the dearest. The waltzes of Strauss are gayer, those by Lanner more poetical, and have more feeling."

The beau looked at me as if he wanted to say: "You Northern Germans are 'halt,' a queer people with your notions of eternal love, and poetical, feel-

ing music. I am glad 'halt' that I am a merry Viennese!"

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It was high time for me to think of my promised starring performances in Pesth. And so I had to part with the merry "Kaiserstadt" on the Danube for a few weeks. On a brilliant morning in June, we, seated in our carriage, rolled out at one of the town gates, taking the road to the romantic country on the other side of the Leitha. The Hungarian postillions are nimble, and looked very smart in their picturesque costumes. They drive as madly as the Russian ones do. No entreaty or commands were of avail —on they sped like a wild hunt, often two wheels in the ditch. But the drive became really a danger to life when, ten or twelve miles before we reached Pesth, a herd of Hungarian cattle met us on the road. They were big, magnificent animals, snow-white, with straight, diverging horns, each about a yard long. At first, this white, surging, living sea diverted me when the beautiful animals stretched their heads, with the large, moist, shimmering eyes, inquisitively into the carriage windows. But Cora and Coco seemed to find less delight in the strangers—they barked at and abused the bovine troop with all their might, and Coco, by way of change, would whistle his *pièce de résistance*, the hunter's song in the "Freischütz." . . . Then the

cloven-footed gentry stopped, puzzled—and their horns were facing us like palisades.

"Still—quite still—or we are lost!" the postillion cried in his broken German, and put out his hand for a willow-branch, as if he wanted to raise himself to it. I quickly covered Coco's cage with a shawl, my mother quieted Cora . . . and the oxen were generous enough to open a small passage for us.

The two sister-towns of Pesth and Buda greatly took my fancy, especially Buda, which is situated very picturesquely on the hill. The streets produce a pleasant metropolitan impression, and are peopled with the handsomest, proud, fiery men.

But how great was my fright when I set foot in the German Theatre for the first time at a rehearsal! The stage is as broad and deep again as that of the Berlin opera-house, the proscenium like a desert, or a bare drill-ground, and the body of the theatre is of vast dimensions. Moreover, the house is built against all the rules of acoustics, so much so that if the actor did not cry at the pitch of his voice he would have to forego being understood even by those in the pit-stalls. That accounted for the predominance of operas, pantomimes, and local farces in the theatre of Pesth in 1834.

I shall say nothing about my first appearance as Donna Diana. I felt utterly lonely upon the huge

stage, and my own voice sounded to me unearthly in this wide, desolate place. I could not have made a more unlucky choice than this most graceful and elegant of all comedies. All the fragrant poetical *nuances* vanished without leaving a mark in the void and hollowness of the place and of the eyes, ears, and hearts of the Hungarian spectators, although the German part of the audience showed me their hearty goodwill. In despair I looked about me for stronger means, and chose the "Letztes Mittel" of Frau von Weiszenthurn. I gave the part of Baroness Waldhüll, and had to shout out loudly into the pit what I was supposed to say gently to myself: "Er kommt, er kommt, gewiss!" in order to be understood there at least . . . and he, the beloved, who was not to hear it, stood a few yards from me.

I was nearer weeping than laughing. In this mood, I declared to the director that on *this* stage I should have to dispense with poetical lover-parts and delicate ladies of fashion.

"But what is it, young lady?"

"Let us try 'Kartoffeln in der Schale.' There your esteemed audience can, anyhow, see me peel potatoes in a sentimental, naïve style, and hop about like a child, although they do not understand a syllable," I said, with a perfect hang-dog humour.

So it came about that I hopped as potato-peeling

Suschen and acted mute Victorin, and besides appeared in some of Birch-Pfeiffer's plays that were then in the zenith of their popularity. In the "Günstlinge," a comical intermezzo, such as can only happen in Pesth, caused me and the whole house much amusement. Their honours, the students and officers, did not hesitate to bring with them into the play-house their much-beloved dogs. That they left their still more beloved horses at home, I acknowledge gratefully this day as exceedingly considerate. Suddenly, in the second act of the "Günstlinge," I hear a dog bark at a distance . . . and immediately after I see something white flying through the air. . . . It also was a "günstling" (favourite)—a large poodle. He had, during the *entr'acte*, followed his master, who was a student, from the pit to the second circle; such visits took place also during the performance. There the four-legged favourite had got into such pleasant communication with another poodle that he did not notice that his master had left. Not before my appearance on the stage did it occur to him to look for his master. He did not find him in the box now, and found the door locked. Howling, he put his fore-paws upon the balustrade; then his patron in the pit cried out to him, in a clear encouraging voice: "Ici, Caro, ici!" And Caro, without more ado, sprang resolutely from the second circle into

the pit, accompanied by the jubilant shouts of the whole house, and landed exactly on the head of a fat old Magyar, from whose head he carried off her cap and whole treasure of false raven-black curls.

But richer experiences were yet in store for me in Pesth, and for the first time I was to play with a pugilistic lover.

Even during the rehearsal of "Marie Petenbeck" I noticed that my fiery adorer always kept the left side of his face covered with his pocket-handkerchief.

"Are you suffering from toothache, Herr Grohmann?" I asked him, sympathisingly.

"Not exactly," he said, somewhat embarrassed, and lifted the handkerchief a little. His cheek was scratched, and his eye blue and green and swollen.

Not yet suspecting anything, I said: "You might have knocked your eyes out of your head. I am sure it must have happened on this dreadful stage."

Then he smiled at my innocence, and said: "I had a quarrel with some students about Germanism and Magyarism in a wine-room last night . . . and from words we came to blows. But the students have got their blows too."

"Oh, dear! Then you are sure to be hissed off the stage to-night, and I with you."

"By that time all will be in order again. Immediately after the rehearsal, we are going to solemnly celebrate our reconciliation in fiery Tokay!"

"Not too fiery, if you please," I cried, thinking of new dangers ahead.

But everything went better than could be expected. The blue-eyed "lover" was just a little animated. He had a brilliant reception from the students, who were assembled in great numbers in the standing place behind the pit-stalls, and called after every scene. "Do you see," he said to me triumphantly, "that a few blue marks also have their good side, and that people in Pesth know how to live and to let live!"

But not every member of the German stage regarded the life at Pesth in the same rosy-coloured light. I had had the pleasure of finding here in Pesth a certain Frau Dehny, a daughter of my good old Berlin friend, Frau Krickeberg. She was engaged to play character-parts and "ladies." She complained to me, saying: "Even after a stay of years a German will always feel a stranger here. A genial sociableness is not to be found in Pesth, merely a wild pursuit of pleasure."

"But they are a beautiful race," said I. "How imposing and fiery, with what elastic steps their youths walk along, their well-made, graceful forms

still more set off by their picturesque, becoming national costume. Add to this their beautiful features—flashing eyes, over the prettiest of mouths; the laughing teeth; the smartest of mustachios."

"And when this charming little mouth opens, and the delicious mustachios curl, from the palisading of these laughing teeth burst the highly-intellectual words:

"'Horses—women—dogs—pipes . . . and—

> Turn, oh turn, thou Don Rodrigo,
> Turn, oh turn, thou noble Cid!

. . . Pipes—dogs—women—horses' . . ."

Frau Dehny surely had had sad experiences with these handsome, bold mustachios.

As far as I am concerned they showed themselves only in the most amiable light. My series of engagements in Pesth I reckon among the most noisily-applauded of all. I played fourteen times, each time before a densely-crowded house, and yet I was more than happy when I had successfully "shouted" through this Herculean task. Käthchen von Heilbronn was my last *rôle*. I wonder if the audience heard the least thing of the poetic dream-scene under the elder tree?

After the performance the smart officers in their becoming uniforms of white and green honoured me

with a brilliant torchlight serenade, accompanied by many "eljens!"

Count Landor continued his Vienna courting in Pesth, only a little more *à la hongroise.* He gave a brilliant dinner at his palatial residence in Buda in my honour, and almost compelled me to make excursions with him to neighbouring places, both mounted on high steeds or seated in carriages. He was very anxious to become my protector, despite Leontine Metternich, his spouse!

Along with me there starred at Pesth at that time the brilliant tenor Eduard Breiting, a Baden countryman of mine, and a companion of my brother Karl. He had joined the stage but a few years ago, having quitted a neglected academical career. He was of colossal proportions on the stage, and possessed a powerful sonorous tenor voice—was the very man for the enormous stage in Pesth. I admired him as Robert the Devil and Zampa, along with Agnese Schebest. Unfortunately, he was possessed also of a tremendous perennial thirst; *delirium tremens* had barred the Berlin stage against him.

Agnese Schebest was an idealistic, beautiful Romeo, with the sweetest flute-like voice. And how the Magyars raved about *their* Schebest, although none could boast of even the smallest favour from the beautiful prima donna. With an almost icy pride

she moved about outside the stage, and for all the languid yearning of the fiery mustachios she only had this crushing answer: "I am betrothed!"

She was the betrothed of Pauli, who was my excellent colleague in Dresden afterwards; he had taken a lively interest in the poor little chorister, had taught and aided her, and by-and-bye procured for her the brilliant situation as prima donna in Pesth, and one day when he urged her to return to Dresden and to become his wife, she wrote to him, "cool to the heart": "The terms of the Dresden contract do not satisfy me. Agnese Schebest will never appear in second parts beside a Schröder-Devrient after it has cost her such bitter, severe struggles to obtain a first place for herself. Forgive my obstinacy and release me from my troth. I must go my own way. I cannot help it. I want to remain free, conquer, shine, go about starring and make a fortune as quickly as possible to secure my independence."

Agnese Schebest remained faithful to this programme to the end of her theatrical career.

In the year 1840 I met the songstress again in Bremen, where she was starring at the time.

Poor, beautiful Romeo! But six short years intervened since I heard you upon the voice-drowning giant stage of Pesth, singing of love in the sweetest accents . . . and how broken, how worn-to-death

did your voice sound now, despite the admirable, masterly art with which Agnese Schebest knew how to economize the ruins of her voice so as at least to succeed in producing some isolated, dazzling effects. It reminded me sadly of Catalani, whom I had heard in Berlin, as the melancholy shadow of the former *diva Catalani* who charmed the world. Poor Romeo, you caused drops of anguish to appear on my brow and sympathetic tears in my eyes.

Next day I, having arrived the later of the two, paid a visit to Schebest with a very oppressed heart. She recollected our meeting in Pesth with a melancholy smile, but, if possible, she appeared still icier and prouder than at that period. The pain of proud hearts causes petrifaction, at least outwardly. And I could not suppress the feeling that the pain at her lost voice was continually growing in her.

In the course of our conversation she said: "I am going from Bremen to Riga, then to St. Petersburg, Königsberg, Danzig, Breslau, and . . ." She stopped short and a feverish blush coloured the classical features of her marble face.

"And then?" I asked, full of sympathy.

"Then my play is finished!" she said, with an oppressed voice, without moving a muscle. "You, who have heard Agnese Schebest at her best, I need not tell what a life of torture I am leading: to sing with the ruins of a voice, to sing before an audience

who once received my Romeo and my Medea with enthusiastic outbursts of applause, and now sit there wearied, repenting the few pence they have expended to hear a songstress who is spent and *passée.*"

"You make the picture too black!" I said, interrupting her, with much feeling. Moreover, what you may have lost in voice you make up for by your masterly representation, which I find greatly perfected since I heard you in Pesth. Why do you not change for the reciting drama? What a Medea, Sappho, you would be, what an Elisabeth of England and Lady Macbeth!"

"Never! no, never!" she exclaimed, and her old pride burst forth in more violent flames still. "That would be like coming down from my height, and Agnese Schebest will not sacrifice an inch of ground voluntarily. I am now on my last great starring tour. After I have done those towns I shall have saved what I need in order to be able to lead a life free from care, then farewell stage—for ever!"

How bitter the word sounded! But she kept it.

She left the stage before another year had elapsed and married in Würtemberg the celebrated David Strauss. But she was not happy in her union, and

did not make him happy. The marriage was soon dissolved.

* * * * * *

My holidays, *i.e.*, the time that had yet to elapse before I commenced my Vienna engagement, we passed in the charming Baden near Vienna. A pleasant promenade leads through the lovely Helena valley with tidy crofters' houses and elegant villas. On Sundays one might see there the whole of merry and brilliant Vienna, headed by Emperor Franz with the princes and princesses. The hoary monarch looked like a true benevolent patriarch, though still the people related laughingly that he would not allow his "Fasserle" (little casks) to be opened by his ministers. The latter were, as was by no means a rare occurrence, in the greatest financial straits. They even hinted that a State bankruptcy might be the consequence if the Emperor would not come to the rescue with his great private fortune that was stored in casks in the vaults of the castle.

However, the Emperor had but this one answer to all their prayers and entreaties: "Do what you like, but my casks I shall not open!"

Altogether the good Kaiser Franz had his own method of getting out of difficulties. When the Duke of Reichstadt, the luckless King of Rome—who by this time had been resting for two years in

the Imperial tomb in the cloister of the capuchins in Vienna, having finished his earthly sorrows and Royal dreams—when a boy once asked his grandfather: "Why have you sent my dear papa to the ugly rock in the sea where I cannot see him at all?" Kaiser Franz answered, very calmly: "Because your papa did no good, and if you do no good you will be sent to St. Helena likewise!"

But when the boy looked at him with his large, beautiful melancholy eyes, and said, seriously: "Grandpapa, tell me how I can manage not to do good either, that I may go to my father; he loves me much more than all of you . . ." then good Franz was at his wits' end, and he said, honestly: "You may ask your mother; she knows how that is done; she will do no good either!"

Of the brothers of the Emperor, I was most interested in the stately Archduke Karl, who lived on the romantic Weilburg, in Baden. Was he not the victor of Aspern, where my poor father lost his life!

As to their looks, the Archdukes could hardly be called handsome. Not merely were they disfigured by the large hanging underlip of the Hapsburg family, but one could see in almost all of them the awful hereditary evil of epilepsy which had been introduced into the family through the Spanish Princess Ludovica. How handsome were our Prussian princes beside them!

Literally repulsive in its ugliness was the appearance of the heir to the throne. Archduke Ferdinand, King of Bohemia, with his thick, dull, enormous head, and his dim eyes, beside his ideally beautiful spouse, Maria Anna—a touching martyr, with pale, finely-chiselled features. Ferdinand suffered with particular severity from the family-evil, and had lately had several strokes of apoplexy. The Viennese said: "Er ist 'halt' an armer Trottel!" ("He is 'halt' a poor idiot!") Nevertheless, a heartless and unscrupulous house-policy had sacrificed to him the most beautiful and noble princess of Italy!

A year ago a decayed Captain Reindl had fired a pistol at the successor to the throne here in Baden, because the latter had refused to relieve him again and again in his distress. Archduke Ferdinand was but slightly wounded. His pious spouse undertook a pilgrimage to Maria-Zell, and placed the murderous ball as a thank-offering upon the altar of the Queen of Heaven!

Beside the beautiful, proud Archduchess Sophie, the mother of the present Emperor, I was struck by the ugliness and indolence of Archduchess Marie Luise. She looked yellow and haggard, like a mummy—and yet she had once, as Empress of France, enraptured a Napoleon by her youthful freshness! Now she had become Duchess of

Parma and the spouse of her one-eyed equerry, Count Neipperg. Ay! time and passions are cruel devastators!

Prince Metternich, who was likewise summering in Baden, and was still a stately, handsome man, had the bearing of a king, the eyes of a clever minister, and the manners of the most highly-bred man of the world. The Princess, his third wife, but lately Countess Melanie Zichy Ferraris, was young, blooming, dark-eyed, fiery, and graceful—but proud and conceited. This was quite in keeping with the little story which I was told about her. The Marquis St. Aulaire, the ambassador of the citizen-King Louis Philippe, wished to compliment the Princess, saying: "What a splendid diadem adorns your beautiful brow!"

Haughtily the Princess answered: "At least it is not a stolen one, like that of some kings!"

Immediately the Marquis hastened to Prince Metternich, related to him what had happened, and said: "Mon Prince, after such an insult to my King from the spouse of the Austrian State-Chancellor, I shall have to write to Paris and request my recall!" How diplomatically fine was Metternich's answer! Seizing the Marquis by the hand, he said, with gentle dignity: "Mon cher Marquis! J'ai aimé ma femme, je l'ai choisie, mais—je ne l'ai pas élevée!"

And the good Marquis was appeased.

Franz Liszt, too, experienced similar insolence from the proud Princess Melanie, and similar tact on the part of Prince Metternich. The young artiste had been recommended to the Princess. On the occasion of his first visit he was ushered into the saloon, in which he found the Princess in lively conversation with another lady. With an aristocratic nod of the head she returned the bow of the even then world-renowned artiste, and with a graceful movement of the hand invited him to take a seat. But the proud and spoiled man waited in vain for the visitor to be introduced to him, and an opportunity afforded him to participate in the conversation. . . . At last the Princess addressed, with much nonchalance, the question to Liszt: "You gave concerts in Italy. Did you make much money?"

"Princess, I make music, and no money," was the proud answer of the artiste—a stiff bow, and he was gone.

In this case, too, Prince Metternich showed himself a most accomplished man of the world. During Liszt's concert in Vienna he went up to him to the platform, pressed his hand heartily before the whole audience, and asked softly, with a graceful smile: "I hope you will pardon the *lapsus linguæ* my wife committed. Of course you know the nature of women."

Metternich's daughters by his first marriage were slender, fair, more pleasing than beautiful. Count Landor was ever by the side of his adored. As for the rest, the mighty nobles adored—in the most unrestrained manner.

"Who is the beautiful, brilliant Amazon who rides along there with the young elegant cavalier?" I asked.

"Countess P . . ."

"I should say that they must be a very happy young couple. They are inseparable, like two little turtle-doves!" I said, sympathetically.

"Ay, ay, happy indeed; and also a pair of turtle-doves—but not a married pair. . . . He is Prince Tr . . ."

"And Count P . . . what does he say to that?"

"He is just taking the dancer G . . . a drive over there!"

Yes, indeed, the people lived, promenaded, loved, and bathed in a remarkably homely way in the Viennese Baden. One day I looked up my mother in her hot sulphur-bath, and was nearly killed with laughter. In a large, luxuriously-furnished basin promenaded together 20 to 30 of the strong and gentle sex, wrapped in long white bathing-mantles, and up to their chins in hot water. As the luxury of toilet was impossible here, all their art had been applied to their hairdress.

Ladies and gentlemen appeared with their hair dressed in the most beautiful and stylish way, as if they were going to a ball. All the time the gayest and liveliest conversation was carried on between the bathers and the visitors on the galleries.

We had also an interesting rural ball, which Princess Metternich, as "lady patroness" in Baden, arranged for a benevolent purpose. The whole of fashionable and elegant Vienna had come out to Baden to attend it. The dark-haired patroness was beaming in an airy dress of white lace, with fresh pomegranate blossoms, as "queen of the ball;" her step-daughters, in white muslin, were blooming like sweet flowers. Long English curls were the mode most in vogue; and after a few dances by Strauss and Lanner alternately, all the dancers resembled poor Ophelia in the last scene. It was not dancing, it was raging. The number of trains torn off by a foot, and the quantity of flowers lying scattered about, bore witness to that; even a white silk shoe was seen flying through the hall.

But not merely was there to be this dance for the poor, but also a dramatic performance. The actors from the Burg Theatre annually gave such a benevolent performance in Baden, and the favourite of the Viennese, Maximilian Korn, requested my co-operation also. I readily agreed to play—especially as it was a kind of introduction to my cycle of per-

formances at the Burg Theatre. I chose the "fashionable lady" in the elegant comedy from the French: "Zwei Jahre verheirathet!" and the last acts of the "Hagestolzen."

My choice proved a success.

"Kaiser Franzerl" said after the "Hagestolzen" to his daughter, Marie Luise, whose chief governess lived with us in the same house, and who told me the pleasant words immediately on her return: "Look, Luiserl, that was a truly sweet Margarethel."

After the "Zwei Jahre verheirathet" the Emperor's criticism was this: "I did like to see the strange young lady, she plays so *comme il faut!*"—all in purest Viennese dialect.

Anschütz was a dear Hofrath in the "Hagestolzen," homely, natural, and true, quite like our revered masters of the old school; and better partners than Korn and Adolph Herzfeld . . . and a more successful tailor than Herr von Behr, I could not have desired for the drawing-room play.

Yes, I had carefully noted the hints about the present fashion-epoch at the Vienna Burg Theatre, and with a heavy heart laid at the feet of the ever-hungry goddess, Fashion, and her gold-thirsty chief-priest Behr, the money I had earned in Pesth with so much trouble and expense of lungs, even to the last farthing, for three "divine" fashionable ladies' costumes for "Zwei Jahre verheirathet."

Herr von Behr had long acquired for himself in Vienna the reputation of being a magician, in whose dresses ugly people looked beautiful—hunchbacked people "as straight and slender as a fir"—and the beautiful looked like angels . . . and besides this reputation he had, of course, also acquired a very respectable fortune. This prodigy of a tailor had studied law in Jena; he visited his customers in a most elegant carriage, assembled a quartette in his brilliantly appointed house on Sundays, himself playing the first fiddle, "for his recreation," and, being an enthusiastic florist, he was also president of a botanical society. Not without some anxiety did I call on this prodigy.

He looked at me with a searching eye, from head to foot, and smiled complacently. Then when I had communicated to him very modestly my "wishes" with regard to colour and materials he began a conversation on art. At last I took the liberty of requesting Herr von Behr, most politely, that he would have the kindness now to take my measure.

Then he rose with dignity to his full height, looked at me once more with the infallible eye of an *imperator* from head to foot, and said: "Mein Fräulein, I never take a measure—never!"

"But—but how?" I stammered, for I thought I had unwittingly committed a capital crime against the great man.

"Mein Fräulein, I only look at the ladies once—I have looked at you already, and I shall guarantee that the dresses will fit you to a T."

I stood there annihilated!

But Herr von Behr took no revenge for the outrage I had done him in confounding him in my mind with an ordinary tailor; the three toilets fitted "to a T," and I made *furore*.

But when I recall this and other Behr accounts, I feel some conscientious scruples, even at this day, at my levity in having likewise joined to a certain extent in this Viennese Burg Theatre fashion-epoch. On the very account of this epoch and these tailor-bills I could not have accepted a permanent engagement at the Burg Theatre without at the same time looking out for one or more golden toilet-providing friends, as was, and is still, the custom at the Burg Theatre.

CHAPTER V.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.*

STELLA (AMALIE BEUDA).

I WAS not yet ten years old when I was to cast tearful, inquiring and accusing horror-stricken glances into the hidden shallows of the heart, shallows which over night swallow up a whole human happiness, the quiet and peace of the heart.

However much I loved all these charming and enchanting stars of the Carlsruhe Court Theatre, my little enthusiastic heart, enamoured of the theatre, would have given them all up, all, joyfully for one sad maiden: Amalie Beuda, the principal performer of youthful lovers.

I first saw her as Klärchen in "Egmont;" so I see her before me this day after sixty years have

* This and the following chapter form no part of the continuous narrative of the life of Karoline Bauer; but they find an appropriate place here, as having been recalled to her recollection by her return to her native land after so long an absence.

passed away: the slender girlish form in the light-blue old-Flemish garment, trimmed with black velvet, her head finely cut, birdlike, with its glossy black hair, her white complexion almost transparent, and her large dark blue eyes full of expression. I see her, her heart full of love, pacing through the room singing:—

Himmelhoch jauchzend—
Zum Tode betrübt!
Glücklich allein
Ist die Seele, die liebt!

I have heard this song sung by the most famous songstresses of my time, and yet never again as Amalie Beuda sang it: with the childlike, touching, deep tone of unhappy love.

And then, when Klärchen kneels on her knees before her beloved Egmont, looking full of love up to him, listening to his sweet words of love—bursting out triumphantly, with a voice half choked with tears, into the words: "So let me die! the world has no joys after this!"

I never had seen anything so charming, so sweet, yet sad, not even in my dreams of fairyland; add to this her sweet, touching, charming voice. From that evening Amalie Beuda was my idol, which I embraced with my whole, brimful, loving, youthful heart. The most ardent wish of my heart was: "Would that I, too, could be such an artiste, such a

woman!" But for Amalie Beuda I should, perhaps, never have been an actress!

Whenever I saw her name on the play-bill I would torment my mother till she gave me the few pence required to buy a modest juvenile ticket, and at the booking-office I did my utmost to appear small, not to have the mortification and disgrace of being refused a juvenile ticket by the booking-clerk. Should I not then have had to stay at home without seeing my Beuda?

And my glowing enthusiasm, my love for my idol, grew with each new part she played. I saw Amalie Beuda as beaming "Raphael," "Ariadne in Naxos," Körner's Hedwig, in "die Banditenbraut," in the "Kreuzfahrer," in Klingemann's romantic chivalrous drama, "Weib von Trudenstein," and as "Mädchen von Marienburg."

How intensely I listened—when on certain evenings my mother's faro-party assembled at our house—to every word that was spoken by the ladies about the theatre and Amalie Beuda, the admired favourite of all.

Still she was but a poor subject for conversation for chattering women's tongues, as she lived quietly and secluded like a nun.

Amalie Beuda came of a genuine family of artistes Her grandfather had been the celebrated conductor, Georg Beuda of Gotha, composer of the play with

only two actors, "Ariadne in Naxos," in which I saw his granddaughter shine in Karlsruhe. Her father, Karl Ernst Beuda, made his *début* on the Berlin stage as "Fritz" in the "Hofmeister." There, in Berlin, Amalie was born in 1793, her father drawing at that time an annual pay of 312 thalers.* Iffland trained Beuda's promising daughters for the stage. On his recommendation they performed in Mannheim and Karlsruhe. Here Amalie was engaged.

Amalie Beuda lived with the family of Glöckner (a well-to-do wine merchant), esteemed and beloved like a daughter. She frequented neither balls, concerts, nor parties—nay, not even did she attend the æsthetic lectures of Professor Aloys Schreiber, the friend of Allemannic Hebel, though these lectures were then the rage of the higher classes, and regarded as a necessary proof of education.

The beautiful actress was adored by the whole of the Karlsruhe gentlemen, but not one could boast of having received the very smallest favour from her, could not even claim her as a near acquaintance. Courteously, but firmly, she refused every mark of attention, love letters, poems, every gift, even the most innocent bouquet. She was said to have in Berlin been loved to madness by a young musician of great talent and art. She received his serious attentions at first in a friendly and hopeful spirit,

* One thaler=three shillings.

but eventually could not make up her mind to be his, because he was ugly, and her young heart was thirsting for beauty. Beauty in every form, beauty in life and in art! The unhappy man took her refusal so much to heart that he shot himself dead under her window. . . . Since that time, it was said, the beautiful cold-hearted Beuda had grown so quiet and pale, had grown so sad, that she scrupulously avoided making the acquaintance of men.

What, my adored, glowing, ardent Klärchen—my fiery "robber-bride" Hedwig—cold-hearted? No, I could not believe that.

All these mysterious stories of gossips, and the deep melancholy which lay like a cloud upon the beautiful marble-pale countenance of my idol, kindled my childlike enthusiasm for the lofty artiste, and for the noble womanly form, even to ecstasy. A dozen times in a day I am sure I used to pass by her window (which was always adorned with the most beautiful flowers), and look up longingly like an enamoured cornet, until she raised her delicate head from her work or book, and a kindly glance from her dark eyes met me. Then I went home blushing and happy. If I met her sweet form in the street or in the castle-park I stood still, as if rooted to the ground, looking up to her breathlessly, till she had recognized my prettiest, most respectful curtsey by a graceful nod of the head, peculiar to her, by a

sweet smile, or perhaps, even by a kind "good day, little dear!"

She was always dressed very simply, but tastefully and very neatly. Her linen, gloves, and shoes appeared particularly neat and elegant. Her gait and deportment were easy and well-bred, and that peculiar bird-like nod of her fine head indescribably graceful.

I took very great pains to walk quite like my Beuda, and in the same way to bend my little head of golden curls, taking no notice of the railleries of my school-fellows and playmates—nay, I was even delighted when they called me "little Beuda."

How I envied my school-fellow, Fanny Glöckner, because she had the privilege to live, eat, walk and talk with my Beuda! This made Fanny Glöckner of such importance to me that I, headlong, entered into the most intimate friendship with her. I made it a point to call for her going to school, in spite of the roundabout way I had to go, and after school hours to see her home—in the expectation of seeing my Beuda at the window. And Fanny had to tell me everything about her Beuda: how she was in the house, what she said at table, what dishes she was fond of, what embroidery she was so busily engaged with at the window, what books she read, and why she always looked so sad! Fanny Glöckner was not a little proud to be so important a little person as to be able to relate so many interesting things of her Beuda—

what she knew and what she did not know. Amalie Beuda was fond of pancakes with apple jam. . . . Oh, was not that my favourite dish, too? Thus I had at least one virtue in common with my paragon! And as to her sadness, Fanny Glöckner, too, had heard some whispers about that poor, plain, Berlin musician, who had shot himself from unhappy love for our beauty. Indeed, he even rejoiced in the romantic name of "Fedor." We wondered if also on our account some day an unhappy lover would kill himself outright by a shot under our window. Ugh, shocking, but nevertheless also charmingly attractive, like a gruesome, bloody, night-robber story.

How delighted I was when Fanny Glöckner invited me one day to spend the afternoon with her in honour of her (Fanny's) birthday. We would play nicely, she said, also cook; but this time real chocolate, which could be drunk too. "Aunt" Beuda had presented her with a very prettily blue-streaked little Meissen tea-set as a birthday gift, and her mother had added to it a whole cake of chocolate.

"Will Aunt Beuda drink with us?" I asked, with beating heart.

"She will also cook with us, Linchen. She has promised me, and she keeps her word."

So then I went one afternoon, wearing my finest white dress with azure bows, a blue silk ribbon

wound round my fair curls, with my most graceful Beuda-steps, to Glöckner's. I carried a magnificent bouquet of roses as a gift—did not my Beuda love above all other flowers, young blooming roses?—and a charming set of dominoes which my uncle Oberamtmann Becker, of Stetterberg near Brunswick, had sent me for my own last birthday.

How will Amalie Beuda treat you? Will she indeed grow a very little fond of you? Will she permit you to love her? Such were my anxious and yet cheering thoughts on my way there.

With a loud-beating heart I entered Glöckner's parlour. I and my presents were hailed with great joy by Fanny and her younger sister. Beuda was not there yet.

Frau Glöckner was a good, simple, honest housewife, who lived entirely for her children and for her large household; plain and simple also in her appearance. Her husband, on the other hand, was a strikingly handsome man, tall and stately, frisk and fair, and still youthful in his appearance and bearing. His large blue eyes had a peculiar electric glare, apparently coming up from the very depth of his heart. Even to this day I should believe, if the fire of these beautiful deep sky-blue eyes were to meet mine for the first time, that he had a great lofty soul—a great noble heart!

And now Amalie Beuda also entered the room.

She was dressed all in white, without a coloured bow, without glittering ornaments. Into her locks she had put a fresh white rose half opened, the cup of which was glowing in soft pink.

Breathless, with large wondering eyes, I stood over against her. All the fine phrases I had learned at the dancing-lesson I had totally forgotten at this moment. I scarcely felt that tears entered my eyes.

"What is the matter with you, Linchen? You are not bashful as a rule, you know," inquired Fanny.

"How wonderfully beautiful she is—like a fairy—like an angel of heaven!" I said, as it were, from the very bottom of my heart.

The Glöckners laughed at my outburst of admiration loudly and merrily, Herr Glöckner saying, jestingly, "There, Miss Amalie; there you have another declaration of love in due form. It is a pity that Linchen is not a young *Mr.* Bauer." And then he again laughed loudly and clearly, mother and daughter joining him merrily.

All this vexed me much, and big tears dropped from my eyes from pain and shame.

Amalie Beuda did not laugh. At Herr Glöckner's rude jest and laughter she blushed all over, and a shadow passed over her eyes. Did she wish to hide this from people who did not understand it? She put her delicate, white hands around my head, bent

deep down to me, drew me to her, and kissed me upon my golden locks and my pure, innocent, child-like brow, saying softly and lovingly —

"Child, we are old friends! I have often seen you here from the window, on my walks, and in the theatre, and well remarked that you love me; and I very well understand such a little, enthusiastic, loving child's heart. When quite a little, innocent girl, I, too, used to stand charmed and radiant at the side-scenes, when I had to play the part of a child in Berlin under Iffland's guidance, and would look longingly into the blue eyes of Luise Fleck and listen to her wonderful, bewitching voice; and then when she, in passing, stroked my glowing cheeks and curly locks, then I was happy indeed."

"Oh, if I might love you!" I exclaimed, my heart overflowing, and I threw myself, loudly sobbing, on her breast.

She drew her arms firmly around me, and kissing the tears off my eyes, whispered into my ear, warmly, touchingly —

"Yes, child, we will love each other—dearly, from the very heart. . . . I, too, have a heart that loves, and requires to be loved."

The others stood by embarrassed, as if they did not know what to say of this scene. Herr Glöckner walked to the window with a sneer, drumming the Dessau march on the panes.

Then Amalie Beuda set a game a-going, playing with us children like a child.

Since that day I was often—latterly daily—with my new friend. It was so nice in her little room, so quiet and so cosy. On the window-sill fragrant roses and violets were blooming, and hyacinths and geraniums. Large-leaved ivy grew up on the walls, entwining a bird's-cage, in which canaries were singing and nesting. Amalie Beuda sat at the window behind her flowers, working ingenious flowers on the canvas; and I sat upon a stool at her feet, doing some light work I had learned from her. I listened to her sweet, sad voice when she told me stories, sang little songs with gentle voice, or instructed me.

It would make me happy indeed when she, reading aloud, repeated an old play, or committed to memory a new one. Happier still when I was allowed to hear her parts, and she, walking up and down the room, recited them, and, carried away by her enthusiasm, played whole scenes—no, lived them as on the stage at night.

And next, I, too, was allowed to learn by heart Schiller's ballads and some soliloquies, and recite them to the great artiste; and she explained to me their purport and form, and advised me as to tone and gestures. When she praised me I was enraptured.

When I confided to her my ardent longing to be an actress too, she looked at me sadly, saying, in a melancholy voice—

"Child, don't for my sake! There is no happiness and blessing upon those shimmering boards; they are deceitful and slippery, and it requires a steady foot and a firm character, and an unselfish heart without vanity, in order not to slip upon their glossy surface and to fall, alas! too often—never to rise again. But I know, at the same time, that no entreaties or warning avail. 'Forbid the silkworm to spin!' says the great discerner of men and hearts, Goethe, in his 'Tasso.' Nobody can escape his fate—and the impulses of the heart! Would that God may be gracious to you, guard and protect you, and make you happier than your poor Amalie."

I heard those words at that time without comprehending them. That is the paradise of a child's innocence. And later, when I comprehended them, it was too late. The paradise lay behind me, and the angel with the flaming sword kept watch at the gate. Nobody yet who once forsook it durst return to it.

Also in her walks, and when she made her modest purchases, I used to accompany the adored artiste, and was not a little proud of it. In the shops it struck me how nice she was in the trying and buying

of such things as shoes and gloves. She would have everything elegantly finished and to fit exactly. When she noticed my wondering surprise, she said, with a sad smile, "That was the only luxury which my late beloved mother indulged in for herself and her daughters in spite of our indigence. And so it has become a habit with me—nay, a necessity. Shall I be permitted to enjoy this luxury to the end of my life?"

My mother felt heartily thankful to the universally-esteemed and beloved actress, whose reputation was without a blemish, that she suffered her little volatile Linchen about her person, for through the intercourse with her I lost what was wanton, boyish, and uncouth in my conduct—a relic of the constant contact with my wild brothers. I became more gentle and maiden-like, more orderly in my dress, more diligent at school and at the harpsichord. Moreover, I spoke with more refinement than was the custom among the Karlsruhe young people. If, nevertheless, growing warm in my talk, I uttered sometimes a few genuine Swabian sh-sounds, or if I had some childish whim, my mother only needed to say, "Lina, if Amalie Beuda saw you—heard you so!"—and I felt ashamed, and mended my ways.

* * * * * *

And then followed the terrible catastrophe which

almost broke my heart—my poor, innocent little heart, which now for the first time was to awaken under the tree of knowledge.

It was in the beginning of the winter 1816-1817. Snow lay upon the streets and trees, and the theatre pleasantly whiled away the long evenings of the people of Karlsruhe. One Saturday afternoon I went, as usual, to the house of Amalie Beuda, as there was no performance that night. I found her unusually excited, with a book in her hand. She at once told me —

"Linchen, I have got a new interesting part to play—Goethe's 'Stella.' I have not read the play for some time, nor seen it acted since I left Berlin. We will read it together just now."

So she read the whole play—as was her custom, aloud, with due attention to elocution—before she began the intellectual study and psychological analysis of her part. She read with ever increasing emotion—ever more pathetic—more glowing. . . .

Her whole heart lay in the words —

"And why shall I not love? I need much, much to fill this heart! Much? Poor Stella! Much? Formerly, as he loved thee still, was yet lying in thy lap, his look filled thy whole soul; and —oh God in heaven! Inscrutable are Thy decrees. When I from his kisses turned my eyes up to Thee, when my heart glowed on his, and with quivering

lips I imbibed his great soul, then looking with tears of ecstasy up to Thee, saying from the bottom of my heart: Let us remain happy, Father! Thou hast made us so happy! It was not Thy will! . . ."

My Beuda cold-hearted? No, on the contrary. Her heart was a burning flame—a feeling of the freshest, purest humanity!

And then the scene between Stella, the lover, and Cäcilie, the lawful wife —

"A thousand years of tears and pains could not outweigh the delight of the first looks, of the trembling, stammering, approaching, withdrawing —even of oblivion—the first fleeting, fiery kiss, and the first calmly-breathing embrace. . . . Oh, men! men! They make us happy and miserable! With what anticipations of happiness they fill our heart! What new unknown feelings and hopes swell our souls when their violent passion communicates itself to every nerve of ours! How often has everything trembled and vibrated about me when he poured out in passionate tears the sorrows of a world on my bosom! I asked him for God's sake to spare himself—me! In vain! To the very marrow of my bones he kindled in me the flames which raged through him. And so the maiden became from the head to the soles of her feet all heart, all feeling."

These were not mere words; they were in Amalie Beuda's mouth drops of her heart-blood!

Stella's monologue was all but drowned in her sobs; she who had learned that her beloved Fernando had a wife and children living, and who will now flee before him, flee before her own luckless, guilty, loving heart. . . .

"I must! I will forth into the wide world! Whither? ah whither? Banished from Thy creation? from the spot where all the treasures of my life, every happy reminiscence, is kept? . . . To be banished! You are dull! Thank God! You're bereft of your mind; your brains are a waste; you cannot conceive the thought. To be banished! You would go mad! Well!—oh, my head turns! I am giddy! Farewell! Farewell? Never to meet again? There is a ghastliness in the thought: Never to meet again! Away! Stella! . . . Oh, would that I were without thoughts! that I gave up my life in a deep sleep, in passionate tears! That is and will be. You are wretched! Ha! Fernando! when you came up to me and my heart leaped towards you, did you not feel my trust in your faith, in your goodness? Did you not feel what sanctuary opened for you when my heart unbosomed itself to you? And you did not shrink back from me? The ground did not swallow you up? You did not flee? You could thus pluck my innocence, my happiness, my life for a pastime, and —pluck them to pieces to scatter them thoughtlessly

by the roadside? . . . My youth! My golden days! . . . It was your look that hurried me to destruction! I hate you! . . . Oh, my beloved! In vain, in vain!"

And it was a mournful, slow faltering of the voice—of the whole annihilated existence—as it dropped faint, weary, almost soundless, over Amalie's lips—

"We are at the goal! Go you, then, to him to whom you belong. Receive his last sigh—his last breath! He is your spouse. . . . Away! Away! Give me peace! The wings of love are maimed—they do not bear me away to him. . . . And I die alone. . . ."

She sat there like one dead, rigid and motionless. No sigh heaved her breast; even the tear on her cheeks stood still.

How long she sat thus, her hands lying wearily in her lap, her wide-opened eyes fixed and vacant, I do not know. I was myself without thought and will, with anguish and pain. I had sank down near the ivy-box, my hands convulsively joined as in prayer, my eyes turned in anguish and terror upon the unhappy girl. I would fain have wept aloud, but I could not utter a sound. At last a shrill sigh arose painfully from her breast, as if something had broken in it, and, as from a strange voice, these words softly reached my ear—

"Fedor, you are revenged! I have thrust away from me your true heart, your rich genius, your great soul into death, because your poor body was not fair enough to satisfy the desire of my eyes for beauty. . . . And now it is my curse to love with a consuming passion a beautiful body—a body without genius, without soul, without heart . . . and the husband of another woman! . . . Thou, Stella, hast revealed to me, with awful reality, on what a dreadful abyss I stand without hope! There is no deliverance for me—none! But Stella has shown me the way that I may not carry down with me into the abyss of guilt, that swallows up everything, this house, that was opened to me full of trust. . . . How says Stella? I must! I will forth into the wide world! Whither! Ah! whither? . . . Away, Stella! . . . For me there is no abiding! . . . I am done! . . . And I die alone!"

Then the spell that held me was gone. Weeping aloud, I sprang up and clung with passionate fervour to the neck of my unhappy friend. For though I could not at that time entirely comprehend the whole of her sorrow—and also her guilt—with my innocent little child's heart, yet I saw and felt that Amalie was unhappy—that she suffered unspeakably.

"Child, you here yet? I had entirely forgotten

you. And you have heard things which are not fit for your youth, for your innocence. Would that you never learned to understand them. Forgive me and forget!"

"No, you shall not die alone—I shall die with you!" I cried passionately.

"And your mother—your brothers? But all this you know was not meant seriously—you know that it is only my part which I thus realized mentally and acted. It is not I that die alone, but Goethe's Stella. Oh, let me once play it on the stage; I will make it the best of all my characters. And now go downstairs to join Fanny, and play together nicely and merrily. . . . But, Linchen, you will tell nobody what you saw and heard here just now—not as long as I live? Agreed. I know that you are my dear sweet child. . . . But now leave me alone with my new part, that you may soon be able to hear me in it. . . . But weep no more. Breathe on your handkerchief and press it upon your eyes that nobody may see that you wept. . . . To-morrow afternoon we will go to the ice, drink hot punch and eat fritters, and, oh! be very merry. . . . And now give me a kiss, and all is right again."

All this she, who was always so gentle and quiet, said with a feverish haste, and then she hung my little cloak around me and almost pushed me out of the room. And when she kissed me her lips were icy-cold.

I did not go downstairs to play with Fanny Glöckner. I ran to the castle-park, where it was lonely, and where I was able to seek relief in tears —my gloomy, anxious woe! And at night I wept myself to sleep!

But children's tears dry fast. The rain-drops soon vanish from the flowers under the kiss of the warm sun of spring. And Amalie Beuda endeavoured to be always cheerful with me. But I was not permitted to hear her in the part of Stella, nor ever to speak with her about it. She said: "That is not fit for children." And she was paler still than she used to be, and a dry cough troubled her.

The Stella-evening arrived. I was drawn into the theatre by a strange, infatuating power. I believe that I should have died had my mother prevented me from going.

Never had Amalie Beuda played thus! She virtually breathed out her very life-blood on the stage in the character of Stella. The whole house vibrated in sobs. . . . "And I die alone!" Was that a delusive height of realization in the most realistic play of an actress? No, that was terrible reality! . . . Her heart was convulsed. She had to be carried off the stage like one dead. For a long time she lay so ill that even I was not permitted to see her.

Frau Glöckner nursed her like a sister. The

eyes of the good lady were always bathed in tears when she spoke of our poor sick angel. There were none but dull, sad faces to be seen in the house. Even the easy master of the house, spoiled with the comfort of life, walked about quietly and thoughtfully. Did his conscience speak the louder?

The report soon gained ground that Amalie Beuda had retired from the stage on account of ill health. She never again walked these boards, upon which she had attained her highest successes as an actress. I never in all my stage experience saw that most perfect Stella played again. When I, in later years, played the character of Stella myself I felt only too well how far my Stella was removed from hers.

Soon after Christmas I clung for the last time weeping to the neck of my adored idol. I thought I should die of woe when the mail-sleigh drove up to the door, and the dear sweet, sad face nodded to me, so pale and mournfully. . . . And then all had vanished in the snow-storm around the nearest corner for ever!

Years after, I learned from Rahel's correspondence that the people of Karlsruhe had no idea why Amalie Beuda, the celebrated favourite of the stage, had left. Rahel, who at that time lived with Varnhagen, who was then resident minister in

Karlsruhe, writes to her "very good friend," Karoline von Woltmann, Prague, on the 7th of January, 1817 :—

"I beg to recommend to you Mdlle. Beuda, who goes to Prague as actress, having left here owing to a cabal. She is our towns-woman of Berlin. Since I have been a fugitive and stranger, I am fond of receiving and recommending every stranger. She deserves it; she is well brought up, good. Be kind to her, advise her in everything—in small matters—it will do her a world of good! She was quite at home here, and a great favourite; she does not look her best at present. Her talent will soon appear in her acting. . . ."

* * * * * *

The beautiful, amiable artiste, Amalie Beuda, at first continued for some time to be a common subject of conversation in Karlsruhe, and those who succeeded her in her parts, Mdlle. Demmer and Mad. Neumann, had hard, up-hill work with the public. But the saying of the French: *Les absents ont tort!* was to come true here too. The sad pale image of the unhappy Amalie Beuda gradually faded more and more before the life-like fiery representation of her beautiful and talented successor.

Only in my heart it continues to live—in its pristine loveliness and love, purity and beaming greatness—

up to this day. And yet even I received from the dear one only two affectionate billets from Prague. After that my letters were returned—"not to be found."

Years after, when I—following my fate, despite the warnings of that unhappy friend of my youth—had already trodden those dangerous boards, I read in a theatrical journal that Mdlle. Beuda could not carry out her engagements in Münich owing to illness. An attempt to follow up this trace remained without result.

Again, years went by in which I heard nothing of Amalie Beuda. However often upon my professional tours, I inquired of wandering brother-artistes or of managers about the artiste—nobody knew about her. She had disappeared. . . . Was she still alive?

Only in the summer of 1826, when I, then a Court-actress at Berlin, saw Karlsruhe again, and called on Frau Glöckner, I learned the tragic end of my poor Stella.

She had no longer found peace on any stage—with the luckless passion in her heart. And then her strength was exhausted. For a few years more she had dragged on her wretched, joyless existence, now with this, now with that, wandering troupe. . . . In Salzburg, she had broken down, sick unto death—without friends, without means. The hospital of

St. Sebastian had received the homeless comedienne. There she had died and there she lay buried.

"She asked my pardon in a parting letter which she wrote on her death-bed," Frau Glöckner concluded her simple narrative, tears in her eyes. "I had nothing to forgive her. She died pure and innocent, like an angel. I am indebted to her for the sacrifice which she brought to me and my children—to the peace and tranquillity of my house. She had it in her power to make me very unhappy, had she not had such a great self-denying heart. So she sacrificed herself and went unto death."

"Fulfilling Stella's parting words!" I cried, deeply touched: "'And I die alone!'"

After that, I also saw the man for whose sake my poor Stella had died so tragically—stout, rosy-cheeked, radiant in the easy enjoyment of life, satisfied with himself and with the world.

He reminded me of the passage in Stella: "Oh, men! men! They make us happy and miserable! With what anticipations of happiness they fill our heart! What new unknown feelings and hopes swell our soul when their violent passion communicates itself to every nerve of ours."

But also of this: "Oh, poor weak, mysterious heart of a woman—with its depths and shallows!"

* * * * * *

How I longed to have it in my power to visit the grave of my poor Stella, and to hear of her last sufferings! This I was only permitted to do in the summer of 1834, on my great professional tour after my engagement in St. Petersburg. I had played in Vienna, in Grätz, and Lintz. That old grave, perhaps long forgotten, drew me to Salzburg.

I had hardly arrived in the quaint old town with its many monasteries when I hastened to the hospital of St. Sebastian. It is situated on the way to the Kapuzinerberg. There was Divine service in the chapel at the time. I knelt down among all those poor, decayed old men and women, and there arose before my eyes the image of my unfortunate Stella in all the splendour of beauty and youth. Mass being over, I mournfully inquired among the old matrons if none could give me information about my friend, Amalie Beuda, who had died and was buried here nine years ago. . . . Dull and indifferent, they shook their withered heads. One of them asked with an idiotic-cunning smile: How such a finely-dressed lady came to look here—in the hospital—for a friend?

At last, an old, little woman was found who remembered. "Oh," she said, "that must surely have been the beautiful comedienne with the long black locks and the large, dark eyes, who proved so quiet and patient in her severe sufferings, and who died so piously and so gladly." Her own bed, the

old dame said, had stood beside that of the stranger, as the others had refused to sleep beside a God-forsaken comedienne. And yet they might have learned from this very comedienne the piety of God, and humility. She (the old woman) had also closed her eyes after death.

I requested the old dame to take me to the grave of my friend. The others remarked: "Who could manage to find it among a hundred of similar graves and crosses?" But my good old woman knew it. "For," she said, "I always, on All-Souls' Day, offer a consecrated taper and wreath to the soul of the poor comedienne, who had none upon earth but me, and say three pater-nosters and ave-Marias. Any poor soul will be the better for them."

In the vestibule of the church the old mother showed to me with pride the sepulchre of the famous Dr. Theophrastus Bombastus Paracelsus, of Hohenheim, and along the wall of the cemetery proud family tombs, in which there stood heaped up, in tawdry tinsel cases, skull upon skull, the names they bore in life written upon their glossy bare brow. . . . A ghastly *memento mori!* These resting places of riches and pomp we left behind us, and entered the death quarters of the poor and miserable. There you saw long rows of narrow low graves with tiny black crosses, like children's graves. To the poor even the last resting place on earth is measured out scantily! The old woman

stood still in front of one of these bare, downfallen little mounds, upon which there is not even room for rose bush or a tree of life, and said: "Here lies the poor comedienne! That wreath I brought for her last All-Souls' Day. Wind and rain and snow have not left much of it. If I am in life next All-Souls' Day, and have three coppers in my pocket, she shall have a new wreath."

I gave the old woman a gold piece that she might bring also from me a little wreath and taper, and desired to be left alone.

Thus I knelt by the mound under which my poor Stella rested from her luckless earthly love and earthly sorrow, which she had borne so nobly and quietly. Upon the little cross with the bare frame, upon which some solitary withered twigs of box were sadly trembling in the sun, I hung a full laurel crown which I had received in Grätz—as Stella—with Stella's last words: "And I die alone!"

My thoughts lingered with the dead, in those long bygone days of my sunny, innocent childhood . . . long! long! My tears did not flow only for Stella's lonely death, they flowed still more abundantly for what I had lived through and lost since those days of childhood. . . . I could have envied Stella her lonesome, guiltless death.

Who will kneel thus by my grave one day?

No one!

CHAPTER VI.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS (Continued).

The Two Constances.

Youth, oh how far, how far away! And yet the heart of the old matron with the silvery hair opens as a flower does in spring when I recall to mind the distant blooming time of youth among my happy playmates . . . in yonder boarding-school on the Neuchâtel lake! But the eye weeps when there arise before it the images of three charming sweet maidens whom my heart loved above all others at that time, and who . . . But let us begin at the beginning.

I was now thirteen, having lived till then with the best of all mothers in the beautiful quiet Karlsruhe. My brother had been preparing for his commercial career in the institute in Neuchâtel for the last twelve months, especially in modern languages. I was to come out as a governess. Thus

it had been resolved in the family council, without my having been consulted very much. That was the best kind of provision that could be made for the poor fatherless officer's daughter. Alas, for my golden dreams of happiness and fame upon the beloved boards!

All gone—gone! During the Easter vacation of 1820 my brother Louis Bauer came from Neuchâtel on a visit to Karlsruhe, and took me away with him to Switzerland in order that the future governess might perfect herself in French conversation.

It was a sad ride which we had in the jolting mail coach through the beautiful lands of Baden in the first budding of glorious spring.

Was not it the first separation from home, from the most loving heart of a mother? Only in Basel I was able to laugh again right heartily and childlike about the comic Lallekönig, that shockingly ugly chubby-cheeked head beneath the old clock of the Rhine bridge. The Lallekönig was connected with the work of the clock; it stretched out its long red tongue every minute, accompanying it by movements of its round, projecting frog-like eyes. And I—forgetting that I was to be a sedate old governess—I imitated the old, droll Lallekönig very successfully, and when the thought of home with its tears threatened to come over me again, my brother Louis only had to say: "Lina, how does the Lalle-

könig do ?" and we joined in laughter, like happy children.

And then I saw for the first time the gleam of the snow-covered Alps shining upon me out of the sunny spring air, beckoning me, and this glorious sight was now soon to be daily before my eyes. And nearer, more radiant, more gigantic, as if storming the heavens, the proud, bold peaks of the Alps were towering in the rosy evening sky behind a wide, glittering surface of water; from the Bernese snow mountains even to Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa, one shimmering row of everlasting glaciers. We had arrived in my new home, at the lake of Neuchâtel.

Brother Louis explained everything to me: "Yonder in the green nook of the lake stands St. Blaise with its grey chapel. . . ." Alas! if anybody had told me on that day that years after I should shed in the shadow of this peaceful little church the bitterest tears of my life! . . . Poor, sweet Virginie!

"Over yonder beckon the towers and the castle of Neuchâtel; the white house with its high-pointed gable-roof is my boarding-school Droz . . . and here, Linchen, is your Haute-Rive. . . . Driver, stop at the grey house; that is the '*Institut Guyot.*'"

We stopped in front of a large gloomy house of massive stone walls and trellised windows with enormous threatening chimneys, blackened by

smoke, surrounded by high walls. It had formerly been a cloister. How dismally loud the gate-bell rang under brother Louis's hand! We entered a wide court-yard, with green turf and a huge old walnut tree whose young leaves filled the balmy air with fragrance. This was the play-ground, and just then on this lovely spring evening, and generally during play hours, the whole school was assembled here.

Madame Guyot, a venerable old lady, dressed in brown silk, smiling at me with kind bright eyes under a large white puffed cap, locked me at once in a most motherly way in her arms, dried the tears that were breaking out again on my cheeks, and said in French: "If you are good, kind, and diligent, my dear little Lina, we shall be very fond of you." But, alas, from henceforth I was to be loved only in French! How very differently, though, sounded the German love of my far-away little mother, which echoed so much, much more heartily in my poor timid little heart!

Two grown-up daughters stood beside their mother—beautiful black-haired Constance and gentle Elise. They kissed me very kindly. In the background there were watching eighteen girlish faces of from ten to sixteen years, curious to meet the new school-fellow. Also my handsome brother Louis received his share of their attention.

He obtained permission from *mère* Guyot to visit me sometimes on Sundays. Then he drove on to Neuchâtel. I was in the boarding-school alone—all alone!

Constance Guyot took me by the hand and introduced me to the other boarders. Among them a lovely girl of my own age at once attracted my attention; she had a rosy angelic face, light brown hair in natural curls, large soft eyes like those of a roe, and a sweet fresh mouth. My Virginie, soon so tenderly to be loved! Whilst some pale English young ladies with dim fish-eyes were haughtily scanning my *toilette*, and passing remarks about my broken French, and a big heavy Bernese who was past sixteen, and was still to learn manners at Madame Guyot's, was pumping me with loquacious curiosity about my mother, my brother Louis, my dresses, my pocket-money, and a hundred other things, Virginie tenderly placed her arm around my waist, saying gently: "Come, Lina, I will show you our play-grounds, the hens and doves, my little garden in which crocus and noble liver-wort are in flower already, and the violets have large buds; you may, I allow you, pluck some of them every day and pin them in an ivy-leaf on your breast, as I have seen Mdlle. Constance do—afterwards I shall help you to unpack your things and arrange them in your chest of drawers; and on Sunday I shall

request Madame to allow you to go with me to my dear mother, who lives below yonder in St. Blaise—and we will be very fond of you, Lina. . . ."

Thus I was installed in a "boarding-school!" Thanks to my light heart, and to my youthful hilarity and liveliness, I had soon accustomed myself to the new, checkered life of the Guyot Institute.

Madame Guyot conducted her institute splendidly, with great kindness and much circumspection. The same maternal provision was made for developing the faculties of the mind and heart and of a healthy body, and for teaching ladylike manners. The two daughters seconded their mother's efforts faithfully. Gentle Elise was our good, beloved little housewife. She taught us feminine work, watched over our presses and *toilette*, and along with her mother managed the large household. Beautiful clever Constance was the soul of the school and of society. Some professors of Neuchâtel gave us lessons too; but she was mistress of the most elegant French conversation, of recitation, deportment, and dancing. You could not imagine anything more graceful, and at the same time grander and more imposing, than Constance Guyot, with her shining black curls, dark beaming eyes, classic features, and soft brownish complexion! She was almost as beautiful as my beloved lost Amalie Beuda.

Daily, in every weather, we took long walks under Constance's guidance, along the lake, or up into the wild mountains, and visited for our information the workshops of the watchmakers, and the poor pale lacemakers. We liked to rest then under the hoary linden trees of the lofty terrace of the castle in Neuchâtel, which was still a Prussian province, and used to look down upon the wide expanse of the shining lake, and with greater pleasure still we noticed that the Prussian uniforms were staring at our beautiful Constance, and even could spare a few friendly searching looks for us young girls. We felt rather more at ease—I might say more grown-up, and more in our own sphere when we met in our walks the "pension Droz," and other institutes for boys; we then kindled up bashfully. Soon each one had her beau—*par distance!* Even our plain Bernese, with her strange button-nose—we used to call her *l'ourse* (she-bear), owing to her awkward manners—confided to me one evening in going to bed that tall Tschudi—a schoolfellow of Louis, and probably afterwards the author of so many guides in Switzerland—was always smiling at her very particularly, and that she loved him awfully. I had, quite unnecessarily, two admirers—two fair twin-brothers. The presence of my brother Louis during this youthful courtship gave a certain amount of security to my little heart.

As he saluted Mdlle. Constance and her little chickens, so we too were on bowing terms with the other young gentlemen, but what made us happier still, we were allowed to dance with them on special festive occasions.

It appeared on one occasion that this nearly led to bloodshed! Two of the oldest pupils of the *pension Droz* found themselves so full of rivalry in their adoration of Virginie that they fought a real duel. Some slight scratches, however, cured them of their fury. What a sensation that caused in our house! And how much Virginie was envied by the rest of us for such fiery admirers!

The daily walks and the refreshing baths in the lake during the summer brought us blooming cheeks, cheerful hearts, but also the healthiest appetite. And despite all her natural kindness, Mdlle. Elise would cook very scanty portions for us. Mdlle. Constance asserted that much eating was vulgar, and that it destroyed complexion, figure and gracefulness! Ah, how we did envy "Droz," where—as we knew through Louis—there was bread *à discrétion*. As for us, we got a small morsel of bread cut up for us, and the potatoes were counted out to us. Thus it was common enough to see little bands of pilferers invade the kitchen to see if a handful of cold potatoes could not be snatched. Later on in autumn, when the walnuts ripened,

there arose a perfect emulation in rising, just for the sake of the delicious nut which might perhaps have fallen during the night.

Brother Louis, however, has honestly helped me over many a barking hunger. Every Wednesday and Saturday I walked with my music to Neuchâtel to take lessons on the harpsichord, from Professor Kilchenstein. Then Louis and I always had a *rendezvous* under the linden-trees of the castle-terrace, and never did the good brother come with empty pockets. A very grateful heart prompted me at that time to write home thus: "Ah, dear mother, how should I fare if Louis did not help me in my distress with lumps of bread, roast goose, and some blacking?" Yes, we had even to brush our own shoes! But I shared the lumps of bread, the goose, and blacking faithfully with my beloved Virginie, who was my bed-neighbour in the dormitory. When the others had fallen asleep at night we would be gnawing at our hard lumps of bread, and be spinning together golden dreams of times to come. Virginie was to marry brother Louis, I was to live with them as old maid to the end of my life, and we were to establish together on the Neuchâtel lake the "Institut Bauer," and give bread *à discrétion* and play comedy at least twelve times a year; whilst at Madame Guyot's we only might play one paltry time and . . .

"*Ne babillez donc pas toujours!*" suddenly cried Miss Encore, on my other side; and Mdlle. Elise admonished, "*Taisez vous! Silence, Mesdames, couchez! couchez!*"

Miss Encore! How vividly I picture her: lank, thin, and angular, that little English girl with the long hands and feet, and the long pale face, and the ash-coloured tresses, and the cool light-blue eyes —as she appeared in our midst for the first time at table. Her mother had brought Ursine to the boarding-school that morning prior to her taking up her residence in the East Indies for some years; her father was an officer there, and, as they parted, both wept so very much that I thought, "The poor little girl will not be able to take her dinner for grief. What a pity! for we have to-day such a delicious piece of roast veal as we have not had for a long time. . . ." But in a trice Ursine had emptied her plate, and *sans façon* stretching it to Madame Guyot she calmly said, as if it were a matter of course, "*Encore!*"—without adding, "*s'il vous plaît, Madame,*" which we had been so successfully taught to say.

Our little wondering eyes told of our surprise at this boldness, and we exchanged certain rebellious looks when Madame put another small morsel of roast meat upon the plate of the new-comer.

But two minutes later the empty plate was up

again, and for the second time we heard the monotonous "*Encore!*"

Such a thing had never been heard of before, as long as the Institut Guyot had existed. Knives and forks dropped from our hands, and in dismay we stared now at the shameless Ursine, now at the long face of Madame, now at the general dismay. . . . And what will Madame do? Will she send the young English lady away from the table into the penal room to copy four-and-twenty *irréguliers?* Will she . . .

Oh, wonder! The Institut Guyot stands on its last legs! Madame, with gloomy mien and trembling carving-fork, places on Ursine's plate a morsel of roast meat for the third time. That plate was now the sole object of our attention—and after two bites, empty again—for the fourth time. How was it that the ceiling did not come down at such an outrage? Ursine raised plate and voice with the greatest *sang froid* to utter most naively "*Encore!*"

Then we did not contain ourselves any longer. Was it envy? Was it hunger? Was it real moral indignation at this outrage of the once-served system in the Institut Guyot, sanctified by time immemorial? As if by command we raised our shrillest voices and voicelets, crying out with one accord: "*Assez, Madame, assez—s'il vous plaît!*"

And Madame was pleased. With crushing dignity

she pushed back Ursine's plate, saying, in an icy tone: "*Assez, mon enfant! Surabondamment!*"

Now you should have seen Ursine's face! The very English face itself, as if the inevitable "Shocking!" was ready to burst from her pale, thin lips. She did not cry or sulk. Her long face in its entire length was sheer astonishment!

Naturally Ursine was ever after called by her mates, *Miss Encore*, and the appellation was soon after adopted by the Institut Droz. Quite as naturally the most grateful task for me was to mimic Miss Encore from the first uplifted plate to the fourth rejected one in all its shades of *encore*. And this succeeded better than my *lallekönig* of Basel. You see the sedate little governess could not conceal the comedienne.

And then the five great gala days of the *pension*. They were shining on our horizon all the year round like beaming stars, now in anticipation, now in remembrance. The anticipation of joy will always be the brightest, the happiest, I think.

The red-letter days were: At Whitsuntide a rustic dance—at midsummer night a sail to Rousseau's Peter-isle on the Biel lake—in the autumn a carriage excursion to Locle to see the famous underground mills—at Hogmanay (New Year's Eve) a splendid masked ball—and at Lent the performance of a French comedy.

Unfortunately these delightful stars were preceded by a much dreaded one, a real "maleficus," the 1st of April. On this day we got no breakfast. In lieu of it, Madame Guyot and her daughters passed, early in the morning when the day had scarcely dawned, from bed to bed, carrying huge pots filled with a terrible decoction, sweetened with honey, as alleged, and each of us—no mercy was shown—had to swallow cup after cup of the nasty potion. After that we were regaled with stewed prunes, *à discrétion*, for the rest of the day. This was the well-known spring medication of the Institute. Thus immemorial usage would have it!

For the rustic dance, the masked-ball, and the amateur performance, invitations were issued to the gentry of Haute-Rive, St. Blaise, and Neuchâtel, among them the *pension Droz*. Droz was to furnish the dancing partners. If not, where were the dancers to come from? Well, in this way the fair twins were ample provision for me. They, right brotherly, took turn about in their devotion to me. If the one, breathlessly, handed me to my place, the other would stand before me, and, making a most perfect bow, engage me to dance. But I never managed to distinguish between them, so great was their likeness and so safe was my little heart from any danger from them. But I never forgot the odd capers performed by another youthful dancer—till suddenly he

began to cry bitterly. The poor boy wore new boots, too tight for him, and suffered most excruciating pains while dancing. I met him years after, at a ball in a princely house in St. Petersburg, where he was tutor. Then we recalled his dancing pains on the Neuchâtel lake with hearty laughter.

Unfortunately the gentlefolk of Haute-Rive consisted almost wholly of old maids with reddish wigs, sharp noses, and still sharper tongues, characters which were associated with the meanest sordidness. The sharpest, most reddish, self-sufficient, and stingy, was a Mdlle. Beuter, who returned the spendid feast of our *pension* annually by a mere meagre *goûter* of the poorest *café au lait*, stale rusks, sour bread-cake, and delicious honey-pears.

How amiable, on the other hand, were the family of Baron de Cofran, who inhabited a cheerful little house on the lake—and how lovely and charming the daughter Constance, a maiden of seventeen summers! She and Constance Guyot were never called otherwise than *les belles Constances—la belle blonde et la belle brune.* There was as much difference in opinion as to which of the two should be awarded the prize of beauty as there was in their respective beauty.

I have already tried to depict *la belle brune.* Constance de Cofran, on the other hand, had rich golden locks, dark-blue eyes, and the most lovely rose-like

face. She was possessed of indescribable grace and sweetness, so that I followed her with sparkling eyes at our little dance as soon as I saw her. She soon noticed my silent adoration. She smiled, drew me into her arms, and kissed me tenderly, thus winning my little passionate heart for herself.

I received permission to visit *la belle blonde* and her parents from time to time in their cheerful little house on the lake. We played and read together. In our boarding-school the only light literature permitted was *Paul et Virginie.* We knew it by heart long ago. Frequently Constance's brother, who was an officer in Neuchâtel, came out to see us, with brother Louis ; then we took long pleasant walks, little sails on the lake, and at night indulged in a little old-fashioned slow waltz at the Baroness's.

Then Constance had just the same dear sad eyes as my beloved Stella had.

But why did *la belle blonde* always look so cold, so proud, nay, haughty—why did her voice ring so loud and sharp when she faced *la belle brune?* And why did the latter, returning her cold, proud sharp looks and eyes, try, if possible, to out-do them in coldness and sharpness? These two lovely, charming, maidenly forms!

The reddish wigs and sharp tongues of the old maids on the lake had given to these questions the smartest and most crushing answers: "The two

Constances are jealous of one another. Each wants to be the most beautiful, the most adored, and to capture the richest and most fashionable husband. . . . Both are poor. And goldfish are of such rare occurrence here. . . . But 'pride will have a fall, and beauty is unlucky.'"

These infamous, hypocritical, bad tongues! And how they had enjoyed the delicious elder-milk with custard at our ball! "If, however," I speculated maliciously, "ugliness is lucky"—according to the theory of beauty adopted by the old fox-wigs,—"then you must be the happiest creatures in the world!" On midsummer-day we had our grand boating excursion upon the Bieler lake to the Peter-isle. The fair Constance was also present. Though we knew very little indeed of Jean Jacques Rousseau, yet the little house which had been a friendly refuge for three months to the author of "Emile," when driven from his native town of Geneva, through religious fanaticism, and the whole island under whose trees he had sung, composed, and botanized, were inspected with awe and reverence.

Peter-isle consists of a single hill, planted with vines and mulberry-trees. Near it is the lesser "Rabbit-isle." The room in which Jean Jacques had lived looked rather wretched; it was inhabited in 1820 by a servant-maid. On the dingy walls

were scribbled and scrawled innumerable inscriptions. Under the window stood a trained mulberry-tree of great age.

Our youthful fancy was still more exercised by a solitary grave which an English lord had been led, through admiration for Jean Jacques Rousseau, to acquire for himself in Peter-isle, by a legacy of £2,000. How proud Miss Encore was of this countryman of hers!

Then we wound gay living wreaths from the same bright flowers which the illustrious dead had once dried between blotting-paper, classified, and described, and having adorned our locks with them, played, danced, and sang.

While we were singing on our way home in the evening, a violent flurry of wind burst over us, one of those winds which are peculiar to the lakes of Biel and Neuchâtel, and which have already wrecked so many human lives. Our boat rocked and tossed about; foaming waves struck it, and our light white dresses were soon drenched. Tears were intermingled with wild cries—"*Nous faisons naufrage!—Je me meurs! Nous sommes perdus!—O ma mère!—Prions Dieu! Dites une prière à la Sainte Vierge! Sancta Virgo, ora pro nobis!* . . ."

On the strict orders of the boatman we had to cower down at the bottom of the boat, and durst not stir. I threw my arms around the fair Con-

stance and wept bitterly: "Oh, my poor mother, what will become of you if I must die now?" And then I quietly recited all my German nursery-prayers which I had once learned from my mother and grandmother—beginning with "Abba, lieber Vater" up to the longest hymn.

But Constance sat there as white as marble, her fixed eyes wide open, her livid lips quivering, her little hands clutched in her lap.

"*Dieu nous protégera! Prions ensemble, ma chère Constance!*" I entreated.

Her beautiful face took an icy, scornful expression, when she said: "I cannot pray, cannot weep. May the lake swallow me up; then at least there will be a speedy end to this wretched, joyless life. . . ."

"Wretched and joyless? You so beautiful and beloved by your parents, your brother, me. . . ."

"And with all this beauty and love, I shall become an ugly ridiculous old maid, like Mdlle. Beuter and the other poor solitary beings here on the lake—because I am poor! Oh, would I were rich! Then I would live out there in the great, brilliant world, surrounded by adoration—happy! Then I would pray and give thanks! What for now? Did you not observe how the Wallachian Prince flirted on Peter-isle with *la belle brune*, and how she coquetted with him? He had no eye for *me*. . . ."

I got quite afraid of this beautiful blaspheming Constance. I withdrew my arm that held her and said: "That is wicked, Constance! The dear God must punish you for it. My mother is much poorer than you; besides, she has to bring up three children, and yet she is always content and pious. But I will pray for you, too, Constance, that the dear God may not suffer us to drown. It would indeed be a sad thing for us to have to die so young!" And I began again saying my Abba most devoutly. Gradually her beautiful, rigid marble features relaxed, and she broke out in tears and sobs. Constance locked me passionately in her arms, and her French prayers mingled with my German ones.

Soon the storm ceased as suddenly as it had come. Wet like drenched kittens we arrived at home, and had at once to creep into our beds and drink an endless amount of elder-infusion.

I cannot recall our trip to Locle in autumn without tears, although we were so merry then. My dear lovely gay Virginie and I! She had often before visited these awful underground mills. It caused her great joy to be now able to lead and surprise me. Hand in hand we entered the wild rugged rocks, and descended—I shuddering—the slippery steps of the narrow stairs, whilst Constance Guyot remained behind with the other boarders in Mdlle. Calame's excellent institute for poor girls. How dark was all around us! Only a

few lanterns were discernible in the deep. What a thundering noise, foaming, hissing, roaring! A fine spray envelopes us. Now for the first time the eye recognises a huge mill-wheel over which the foaming water rushes along. That is the *Bieds*, a wild mountain torrent, which roars through the long narrow Locle-dale, and increased by mountain springs that ripple down on either side, grows into a perfect torrent. How often the Bieds had devastated the picturesque valley, till human skill and human strength procured for her an underground outlet cut through the rock for 800 feet. . . . And here the imprisoned wild water topples with frightful force into the dark, yawning, unfathomable deep. . . . But human genius and the hand of man were not yet satisfied to have overcome and disarmed the destructive torrent. It was yet to serve them, and work, and help to earn money. Thus they ingeniously built in the depth of this gulf four underground mills, one below the other, the space for which had to be cut out in the solid rock, more than 200 steps protected by a low railing leading from mill to mill down into the deep. . . . Down below, the inexhaustible water rushes over two huge mill-wheels. . . .

Trembling at first, then growing bolder, I followed Virginie down. She was a genuine, fresh child of the mountains, and fear and giddiness were

foreign to her nature. Her clear laughter rang through the roar below; she lighted large sheets of paper and sent them flying on the air-current caused by the waterfall, so that the water-spray was sparkling in that red light. . . . "Like rubies!" I said. "Like drops of blood!" said Virginie. "The poor creature that falls down here is crushed by the mill-wheels, and below the hissing water swallows him, carrying him with it into subterranean caverns of rock, and nobody will ever see or hear of him again."

These words made my blood freeze so that I uttered a cry of anguish. I had to sit down on the wet steps and cling to the railing with both arms, else I should have glided down, seized by giddiness, just from fear of falling down. Virginie embraced and kissed me, saying: "Lina, am I not beside you, how could harm befall you?"

"But it might befall you, Virginie! Come, let us go up again!"

"Befall me?" she said, laughing wantonly. "Come now down to the last step. There, upon a ledge, it is charmingly gruesome when the entire mass of water rushes down upon us."

But no persuasion, no entreaty could have enticed me to go farther down. And so kind Virginie and I willingly regained the light of day. With what a relief did I again breathe in the golden sunshine!

Mdlle. Constance and her flock also soon arrived, and we received a sound scolding for having run on before them. The others were hardly allowed to do more than look down over the railing, while mademoiselle held them by their skirts.

"Do you see, Linchen?" said Virginie, tittering. "How well we fared!"

Then we ascended the *Cul des Roches*, 700 feet high, and from its top we looked as through an opening in a rock far away into the sunny distance, far away into France.

In conclusion, of course, a merry dance was arranged in the first open place we came to. Without it no outing gains favour with young boarding-school girls! But how delighted we should have been if at that time a god had foretold us: "Virginie and Lina, ten years hence you will go again together to the mills of Locle!"

But he would not have needed to add: "In your hearts, despair and death!" We should not have believed him. Poor sweet Virginie!

The gods show us poor mortals their greatest love in kindly veiling from us the morrow.

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The masked-ball on New Year's Eve in the Institut Guyot! What splendour, magnificence, and gaiety! The former refectory of the old cloister is decked with garlands of fir-twigs and

bright paper-flowers. Little fir-trees, upon which candles are fixed, are hanging down from the ceiling, lustre-like. Our solitary blind fiddler—our orchestra in summer—is reinforced by a harp and a flute. Grand! All our savings have been drawn upon to meet the expense.

And what grand cheer for us on this gala-evening of the *pension Guyot!* We offered cake and orgeat to the ladies, and punch to the gentlemen. But unfortunately we ourselves were under strict orders not to taste even a sip of this nectar and ambrosia. For what a scandal it would be for the whole institute if the refreshments did not suffice for the invited guests! All that was left over after the feast was to be our compensation! As if the happy *pension Droz* ever left one superfluous morsel! And how the orgeat and cake made our mouths water, and how deliciously the aromatic punch tickled our little noses! The refreshment for us boarders during the pauses consisted of apples, sour in taste and hard as stone.

Add to this the beautiful costumes! The fair Constance as Sultana looked beautiful, as if come from fairy-land, like one of the heroines in the Arabian Nights. She was arrayed in wide pantaloons of white silk, in a blue skirt embroidered in gold, which overlapped the snowy linen front, and in a little purple jacket, without sleeves and open

in front; her magnificent fair tresses were entwined with pearls, her blue, white and red turban glittered with coloured gems, her neat feet were incased in tiny boots of blue satin with gold spangles; altogether I had never seen anything more beautiful and magnificent. And yet, looking at *la belle brune* in her becoming gay-coloured Albanese costume, at the plain white cloth held by silver hair-pins over her black tresses, under which her thoroughly true Roman profile stood out in clear outline, and at her dark eyes which were flashing forth more dazzling rays than usual, a doubt would arise as to whether the prize of beauty ought not rather to be awarded to her. Virginie most charmingly represented Winter, and was clad in a white dress trimmed with swan's down and silver spangles. Miss Encore personated a tiresome Highland lassie, and the Bernese young lady appeared as a most ungraceful and highly talkative gipsy. Of course there was no lack of shepherdesses, gardeners, flower-girls, and rustic maidens. Even the carroty old wigs had decked themselves splendidly, wearing huge gauze-spectacles. They reminded me very vividly of monstrous owls.

Brother Louis and I appeared as Turks; we had studied a strange *pas de trois* together with *la belle blonde* which we boldly called *pas d'harem.* The dance turned out a great success; nay, to my great

delight it had to be repeated in response to a clamorous *encore*. But my wretched costume! My pocket-money had hardly sufficed to borrow the showy parts of it from the dealer in Neuchâtel. And how greatly they were outshone by the magnificent display of my sultana! Moreover, my jacket or vest, if you like, which was open in front, consisted of that abominable glistening and rustling silver cloth which is known by the high-flowing name of *peau de serpent*, or, as Balzac calls it in his novel, *peau de chagrin*, and which had quite captivated me in the costume-dealer's shop. But now heat and dancing told on the tricky, treacherous snake's hide; it shrivelled up towards the back, thus producing such an insignificant pointed little tail. Though I would pull it ever so often to the front again with a rustling sound, yet I scarcely whirled along in a swift schottische fling with my fair Droz twins, who were very prettily dressed as English sailors, and looked the very image of each other, when whizz! the little tail would again reappear behind. The remaining young gentlemen of Monsieur Droz's establishment furnished a brilliant dancing contingent as banditti, Spaniards, black chimney-sweeps, millers, Moors, kings of spades, and other famous disguises.

But who was that gorgeous Maltese knight? The black velvet costume, with the golden chain and the

white silver star on his tall figure, looked so elegant and aristocratic, quite in harmony with his dark hair, small moustache, and sparkling black eyes.

Our Bernese gipsy, who showed a rare talent and still greater zeal for espionage, was soon enabled to spread the great news that this was the *Marquis de Rivière* from Paris, awfully rich, introduced by Lieutenant de Cofran, the brother of the fair Constance, and perhaps a suitor. Just look how he flirts with *la belle blonde*, and how she coquets with him, and how our brown Constance is ready to burst with envy.

But the very next dance the Maltese waltzed with *la belle brune*, and whispered fiery words in her little ears that made her face glow and beam, her eyes darting triumphant looks across to poor fair Constance. She sat there so pale and gloomy, biting her under lip, giving to her partner, the little card-king, the most biting answers, and if her glance could have pierced the brown Constance, it would have done so.

Thus the dangerous play of coquetry, triumph, jealousy, and envy was carried on ever and anon the whole evening between the two Constances; for the *Marquis* distributed his flirtation pretty equally between them. For us small fry he had neither dance nor word. This did not distress us much, as, of course, we had abundance of other dancers that evening.

But which Constance will carry off the victory? This occupied us for a long time afterwards. *Monsieur le Marquis* called at the houses of both Constances, and steadily paid his addresses to both. We heard, moreover, that his intention was to settle altogether near the lake, and accordingly we were already anticipating a speedy and brilliant marriage.

In the meanwhile, however, something very different, viz., our comedy in the Lenten season, had engaged our whole interest, and especially mine. I practised my French with increased zeal in order to prevent any risk of my being excluded from the cast, owing to bad pronunciation.

And I was abundantly rewarded. I was allowed to play the part of a farmer's son in white pantaloons, black velvet jacket with silver buttons, in the little piece "Les Cerises," in one act; and in a piece of three acts, "La Rosière," by Countess Genlis, I was to play the old parson, aged 70, with a snow-white pigtail wig, because none of the other boarders wanted to appear so old.

My dear Virginie was the sweetest, rosiest flower-girl! I see her as vividly in her little white dress with rose-coloured bows, and with a little wreath of roses in her dark locks, as if we had played "La Rosière" but yesterday, even though that yesterday is more than 50 years ago, and my old age trembles and bleeds.

It was on that happy evening at Haute-Rive on the Neuchâtel lake that I first walked the boards, which were to become so truly a matter-of-fact for me only three years later.

But who was the most radiant among our spectators on that Lent evening of 1820? Constance von Cofran, who is soon to marry a rich French Marquis.

Yes, *la belle blonde* had completely ousted *la belle brune.* She was the lovely, proud bride of the Marquis de Rivière, who had often returned to Haute-Rive, and had long wavered in his choice between the two Constances, until he at last gave the preference to the beautiful Baroness. Pale and gloomy like a shadow did our Constance Guyot pass through the old monastic building.

But I was not to have the pleasure of seeing my fair Constance in bridal array. The marriage was fixed for next Easter, and I returned with my mother to Karlsruhe that same autumn in order to finish my education there under private masters, and to receive religious instruction prior to my confirmation. Although I anticipated with great joy the prospect of again living more entirely with my dear mother, my tears, nevertheless, flowed abundantly when bidding farewell to my tenderly-loved Virginie and her mother, to the two Constances, *mère Guyot,* gentle Elise, schoolmates, playgrounds, and so many, many happy hours of youth. . . .

Constance von Cofran wrote me a letter overflowing with happiness, saying: "Soon, *ma Line*, you will address your letters to me *Madame la Marquise de Rivière à Paris.* All Paris shall talk of the splendour and elegance of my *salon.* There I shall invite you, and Paris and my *salon* will give you the last polish of a fashionable education. How sorry I am for *la belle brune*, although her ridiculous vanity, I dare say, did deserve this humiliation."

Afterwards I received no answers to my letters. Only Virginie wrote: "Fancy, Lina, the fashionable Marquis de Rivière and *fiancè* of Constance de Cofran turned out a common swindler, who was formerly cashier to a large banking firm in Paris, but had bolted with the money. He was suddenly arrested in Neuchâtel and will be sent to the galleys. *La belle blonde* is nearly out of her mind and receives nobody. Her brother, the officer, intends asking to be transferred to a regiment in Berlin, whither he will take Constance with him. What a blessing that the marriage had not been consummated! *La belle brune* thanks Heaven for having preserved her from this misfortune and disgrace. She has become much milder and humbler."

After that I heard nothing about the poor, beautiful, fair Constance for a long time.

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When I was engaged in Berlin, in 1824, at the Königstadt Theatre, and afterwards at the Court Theatre, as first lover, I took much pleasure in visiting the house of the amiable wife of Dr. Rintel, a daughter of old Zelter. On the occasion of one of these visits, I casually heard mention made of the name, Captain von Cofran. I inquired. It really was the brother of my Constance, who had taken a wife in Berlin. And Dr. Rintel was Constance's despairing physician, whose aid had been appealed to as a last resource. "I dare not," he told me, "call her malady *madness*. It is rather a disease of the affections and the heart than of the mind. Therefore our most celebrated authorities on lunacy have speedily, and, as it were, with a shrug of the shoulder, ceased their treatment of her with douches, stimulating of the nerves, and magnetic shocks. Constance is neither a maniac nor a monomaniac. She cannot wander in her speech for the simple reason that she has not spoken a word for years. It is just as if her whole inner life were frozen or dead within her. No flash of the eye, no quiver, no smile, no tear betrays a spiritual life. Her body has become an automaton, which rises from and goes to bed mechanically, eats and drinks when those around press her to do so. How much I would give for a single little tear from those beautiful eyes! It would be a dewdrop upon this

rigid, torpified heart, and we might hope. Let there be but one hot stream of tears bursting forth from the depth of her heart, and Constance would be saved."

I was deeply affected. "May I see my unhappy school friend?" I asked, weeping.

"Certainly! Your coming, your appearance will unfortunately produce no effect whatsoever upon her. She will not betray by so much as a wink of her eyes that she recognises you."

"And yet she loved me once so tenderly! But if I address her and remind her of the happy old times, before that wretch appeared, remind her of a hundred happy incidents . . ."

"It will be exactly as if you were addressing this wall here. We have naturally tried all that before, without the least success!"

"And how fond she used to be of playing and singing with me."

"Stop!" the doctor suddenly cried, as if electrified. "Played! Sung! You must tell me all this in more detail. . . . Played! Sung! H'm, h'm! Nobody has thought of that yet. It might be tried. . . ."

And I spoke the whole evening of those happy days on the lake of Neuchâtel. . . . The doctor often interrupted me by queries. Even the smallest trait which was connected with Constance

had an interest for the the physician. When I had finished he sat for a long time in his easy chair wrapt in thought and shading his eyes with his hand. . . . Suddenly he started. "Please sing to me Constance's favourite song!"

I sang whilst my tears were flowing:

"Ich hört' ein Sichelein rauschen. . . ."

"Good—very good!" And the eye of the old doctor was moist. "Thank you. That goes to the heart. Meantime good night! I have something yet that must be done, read about and thought about in my study. To-morrow, after the rehearsal, I will come for you, and then we will go to Constance. But be so good as to reassume as nearly as you can the style of dress used on those festive occasions on the lake of Neuchâtel. Devote special care to your hair, so that you may look as nearly as possible like the little Linchen of three years ago. And then, with God's blessing!"

My heart trembled and bled when I, next day at noon, drove with the doctor in his carriage to the house of Captain von Cofran, in the suburbs. I wore a simple white muslin dress with green sash, such as I used on the stage for my "Schwäbin in Berlin;" a round straw hat, and my hair in plain locks, exactly arranged as it was when living on the Neuchâtel lake.

The little house had such an air of quietude, as it

just peeped forth from amidst the old trees in the garden. The Baron heartily welcomed his little partner of happy days—but the face which was then so cheerful was now full of profound sadness—and led me to his young wife, a gentle, beautiful lady. Verily, who could then have foreboded that we should meet again under such circumstances?

The doctor reminded me of my mission. Trembling, almost breathless, my heart refusing to beat, I followed him to a room situated at the back, which had a padded double-door, like those used in hospitals and asylums for insuring the utmost quiet. "Courage! courage! The happiness of noble men is at stake!" And the doctor gently pushed me through doors softly thrown open into a half-darkened room. The rustling lime trees that nearly touched the windows just allowed a soft dreamy light to enter. On a bed was seated a haggard form wrapped in a white night-dress of many folds, her waxen emaciated hands resting powerlessly in her lap, her blue eyes, once so dazzling in their beauty, fixed motionless, dead-like, upon me. Her once luxuriant golden curls were cut, and only scanty, short locks encircled her alabaster brow and sunk temples. Her blanched cheeks were so wan, while around her colourless mouth there was such a hard, cruel line. Such was *la belle blonde* as I found her. Neither look

nor smile betokened that Constance recognized me.

"Constance—my beloved Constance!" I said, in French, with trembling voice, choked by tears, "do you not know your little Lina again? And yet we were once so happy together on your beautiful lake of Neuchâtel, and have jested and sung, danced, and played comedy together—and how often did you kiss me tenderly and tell me that you loved me—and to-day no more—all is changed!"

There was no movement of the eyes, no quiver of the lip, no trembling of the hand. I was on the point of dropping down. An unspeakable dread of this beautiful, breathing corpse came over me, and threatened to make me take to flight. But an undreamt-of compassion kept me back.

"Constance, must I remind you of our boating excursion to the Isle of St. Pierre, and how the stormy lake had nearly engulfed us, and how I lay weeping in your arms, and we prayed together, and I taught you my German nursery prayers? Pray them over again with me, dear Constance, that I may see you have not forgotten them!"

And I knelt down before her and took her clammy hands into my feverish ones, and prayed with her most fervently.

"Abba! dear Father, have mercy upon me, poor little child—amen!"

Did it not seem at that moment as if her severe lips were moving gently, repeating softly what I said, as if her hands trembled in mine, and as if the rigidness of her eyes, her face, and of all her limbs gently gave way?

But not a word glided over those lips. My weeping was the only sound to be heard in the room.

"And my German songs, dear Constance, how often I had to sing them to you, and how you loved them. I fear you have not heard them for a long time. Shall I sing you your favourite song?"

Was not that a gentle nod of her head?

And I sang—first softly, indistinctly, with a voice choked by sobs, then ever clearer and more fervently—with a mighty outburst of passion:

"Ich hört' ein Sichelein rauschen,
Wohl rauschen durch das Korn,
Ich hört' ein feine Magd Klagen,
Sie hatt' ihren Schatz verlorn. . . ."

Then—yes, then a quiver ran through all her limbs, and subdued groans and sighs were struggling to free themselves from her breast. Her lips sobbed and her fixed eyes began to assume a moist and soft appearance. . . .

When I sang the last stanza:

"Lass rauschen das Sichelein, rauschen,
Und klingen durch das Korn!
Ich weiss ein Maidlein trauern,
Hat ihren Buben verlorn!"

then two large tears flowed glittering down her trembling cheeks. . . .

I did not contain myself any longer. Passionately, sobbing, exulting, I sprang up and threw myself on Constance's breast, embracing her passionately. With what delight I felt her tears dropping down upon my cheeks, ever hotter, more abundantly, till at last her arms enclosed me, and I heard her sweet voice of old once more: "*Ma Line—chère petite amie—ma bien amiée—Dieu est juste! Dieu est clément—miséricordieux!*"

. . . Constance had awoke from her icy trance of woe—she was saved. The spring following she returned to her old parents on the lake of Neuchâtel, to devote herself entirely to caring lovingly for them.

Years after this we, too, dear reader, shall meet again in the far-off yonder, where we shall rejoin each other and our poor dear Virginie.

CHAPTER VII.

A PARISIAN REMINISCENCE.

Marie Dorval and Frédéric Lemaitre.

Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas wrote for Marie Dorval the part of Elena in "Marino Faliero," Marion Delorme and Adele Hervey in "Anthony" —and George Sand called her "friend," and "one of the greatest artistes and best women of her time."

As artiste and woman, Marie Dorval had much in common with George Sand. Both were restless, burning souls, full of strong passions—both strove and worked for the emancipation of women—and both have much loved.

Marie Dorval, *neé* Allen, was thirty-eight when I first saw her. She had grown up as the child of poor comedians under pains and hardships, at a small stage in the provinces, sang in the chorus in Mehul's "Joseph," whilst she stood upon a ladder holding a huge umbrella over the heads of Joseph and Jacob, because the rain was splashing down

upon the stage. All her parts she played in one and the same white dress, which constituted her whole wealth. When she gave the part of Fanchette in the "Wedding of Figaro," she would quickly stitch a stripe of red print on the white full dress-frock, in order to appear as Spanish as possible.

George Sand, in her "Histoire de ma vie," devotes a special chapter to the artiste, woman, and friend; she writes concerning her:—

"She was married young to actor Dorval, became the mother of three children, was charged with the care of her old infirm mother, and had to provide for the necessities of life with incessant assiduity. In this way she also came to Paris to try her fortune; it was a fortune for her even to escape misery. But as she detested every means of livelihood except her talent and work, she spent years in thankless exertions and want. She only succeeded in making a way for herself in the part of the miller's wife in 'The Two Galley-Slaves,' a melodrama much in vogue at that time; in it she proved her brilliant dramatic talent. Henceforth her success was speedy and brilliant. She created the wife of the modern drama, the heroine of the romantic school, and if she owed her fame to the masters of that school, these in their turn owed her the winning of a public who saw modern histrionic art personified in three great artistes—Frédéric Lemaître, Madame Dorval, and Bocage.

"Mdme. Dorval created besides quite a special type in the part of Jeanne Vaubernier (Mdme. Dubarry). One must needs see it to know how she combined in this figure grace and charm with triviality, and thus solved a problem which appeared insurmountable. But it was necessary to see her in 'Marion Delorme,' 'Angelo,' 'Chatterton,' 'Anthony,' and later in the drama 'Marie Jeanne,' to know what passionate jealousy, what deep purity, and what a glow of maternal love united in her with equal force.

"She was more than pretty, she was charming; and yet she was not pretty, but so enchanting that the outward appearance was perfectly superfluous. It was not a face, a physiognomy, but a soul.

"Subject to an agitated life from her very youth, there were developed in her feelings, ardent, inexhaustible, and overpowering. Like those tender, sweet plants, deeply rooted in the rock, which we see under the shocks of the cataract, sprout, blossom, die, and grow up again, so this beautiful soul, which was constantly afflicted by the weight of the bitterest pains, rose again at each sunbeam, and eagerly sought to seize every breath of life, though it should be ever so fleeting, or be ever so much saturated with poison. Utterly incapable of caution, she gave herself up, with all the strength of her fancy, with all the fire of her soul, to joy, prolonged to days,

to illusions lasting hours, which were afterwards followed by a childlike astonishment or a painful regret. But she was magnanimous; she forgot or forgave, and, as she constantly wounded herself afresh by new pains and disappointments, her life was a perpetual loving and suffering.

"Everything became a passion in her: maternal affection, enthusiasm for art, friendship, readiness to sacrifice, indignation, religious longing; and, as she would not and could not moderate or suppress anything in her inner self, her life was of an excessive, appalling nature, and was full of excitements which far surpass the measure of human strength.

"Many have become familiar with the character of this passionate woman to a certain point, for he who saw her wrestling with the forms of art can, to some extent, realize what she was in reality. But on the stage there appeared, to be sure, but one side of her nature, and that part has never been written, can never be written, in which she might have revealed herself completely: with her pure fire, her immeasurable love, her childlike wrath, her splendid boldness, her artless poesy, her ragings, her sobbing, and her clear ringing laughter, which, so to say, formed a resting-point for the deeply-moved soul of her auditory."

Is it not as if one heard the burning, restless, passion-swayed George Sand describe her own self?

Once Marie Dorval said to her friend George Sand: "The fire of passion has consumed me prematurely; I feel old, worn out; I require rest, I seek rest—but no, I am forced to acknowledge that I do not know how to rest."

No, she did not know how to rest! Neither in art, nor in life, nor in love.

I was told in Paris the most curious stories about the restless, ever-thirsting heart of the Dorval. What was most remarkable was, that this aging woman, with her heart much tried in love, still understood how to captivate men, even the author of her Marion Delorme—Victor Hugo. . . . "*Car en vérité, madame, vous n'êtes pas belle*" once a frank, inquisitive person had said to her—and she had answered him with the same frankness: "*Non, monsieur, je ne suis pas belle, mais je suis pire que cela!*" —I am not beautiful, but I am worse than that!

Restless, also, was her age—as is the case only too often with hot-blooded comedians, who, in their gay youth, do not think of the time when beauty, and vigour, and courage are gone!

After Marie Dorval, now no longer young, had achieved surprising successes in Racine's "Phædra" in the Odéon, at the same time that young Rachel, who played the same part in the Théâtre Français, scored brilliant triumphs—cares and the battle for existence entered her life. The early storms of the

year 1848 did not only upset the Royal Throne of France, but also many of the numerous theatres of Paris. It also shook the professional existence of Marie Dorval, who had to play for her daily bread.

In those days she wrote—after the loss of a beloved grandson—to her friend George Sand: "I fought bravely in a hateful calling, which I pursued with the best of my strength, when not held down by illness—and that I do with the object of making those around me happy through earnings of my labour. . . ." Then the death of a daughter's child broke her heart—and last strength. She died on the 20th May, 1849, at the age of 57, and after bitter pains and disappointments.

Her son-in-law, an actor, named René Luguet, wrote to George Sand concerning her death:—

". . . She died of grief and discouragement. The slight and indifference of the world have killed her. When the poor woman went from door to door to seek an engagement for her talent, for her genius, all people looked very much surprised when they heard the name of Dorval. Talent, genius, who cares for them? She wanted a few teeth, wore a black dress, her look was sad. Moreover, political events had brought about great changes in theatrical matters. . . . They showed her a splendid piece—containing a grand *rôle*. She read it, studied it, and was perfect in it. . . . Without

a reason, without an indemnity, without a word of explanation, she was deprived again of this part! That was the last blow, it hit her right in the heart. Now they say that they repent of their action—now, when it is too late! Thus the life of this poor woman streamed forth from three deep wounds which the death of a beloved being, the injustice and ingratitude of the public, and the fear of starvation had inflicted on her. . . . So we reached the 10th April, 1849. I went to Caen on a professional tour, she wanted to follow me thither, but before doing so she made a last attempt to secure for herself a modest place and a wage of 500 francs in the Théâtre Française. She received as an answer that one expected by 'clever calculations' to save 300 francs in the lighting, and that in that case, if the disinclination of the committee could be overcome, they would give her bread! This gave her the *coup de grace*. . . ."

Sick to death, she was brought from Caen, where she had wished to play and earn bread, to Paris, where she died a few days afterwards.

When I read of her sad decease, I remembered with deep emotion those days of splendour when the great artiste stood in her zenith, which I was fortunate enough to witness.

And alongside Marie Dorval—her peer, Frédéric Lemaître! He reminded me sadly of my idol,

Ludwig Devrient. Only Lemaître was in the very prime of his life and art—his voice sounded like a bell—whilst I had left the artiste Ludwig Devrient a dying ruin in Berlin.

Lemaître's Marat was a gruesome performance, in its peculiar combination of blood-thirstiness and sensuous desire in his passion for Charlotte Corday.

In the "Two Galley Slaves," Lemaître played the monster strikingly like Ludwig Devrient, although the two artistes never saw one another play. Both infused shudder and awe by their very appearance when they came on the stage in the background during the playing of the mysteriously quavering, muffled, melodramatic music—their form broken, their wild convict's physiognomy enframed by long dishevelled hair and shaggy beard, their restless, wandering eyes burning dangerously like a wild beast that is in search of its prey at night-time. Anxiously looking about them, they slowly crept forward to the foreground as if on tiger's paws . . . so that I always felt a cold shiver come over me.

In "Marino Falerio," Lemaître, Marie Dorval, and Ligier, who was called Talma's worthiest successor in hero-*rôles*, were a splendid artiste-trio. Awful and thrilling was the effect produced by the scene when Lemaître—tortured on the rack for his fidelity to the Doge of Venice—with difficulty drags his broken and tortured limbs over the stage

to take his last touching farewell of Marino Falerio, and then to mount the scaffold with him. . . . Then my heart stood still, and a convulsive sobbing was heard over the whole house.

In a truly grand style Lemaître embodied the strength of a lofty will over the poor broken body. Physical pain quivered in his features, in all his members, but his eyes shone in an almost unearthly enthusiasm—to die the death for his conviction.

One of his most successful *rôles* was that of Robert Macaire in the horror-piece in vogue at that time. Lemaître was 25 when he played Robert Macaire in Paris for the first time, and played the part as the author had traced out for him the character of this hideous but somewhat tiresome villain. The play and Lemaître made a terrible fiasco on the first evening. But so soon as the second evening the clever artiste had entirely from his own resources created quite a different Robert Macaire—an almost comical representation of a blackleg—and Lemaître and the play from that hour met with the most brilliant success. His Robert Macaire became typical for Paris—as afterwards his Gambler in the sensational play "Thirty Years of a Gambler's Life," his "Paris Ragpicker," his "Buffoon," his "Rean," and his "Ruy Blas." Concerning this *rôle*, the author of "Ruy Blas," Victor Hugo, after the first performance wrote in

the preface to the printed play in his pathetic way: "For Monsieur Frédéric Lemaître the evening of the 8th November was not a performance, but a glorification!"

Lemaître's "Vautrin," by Balzac, became famous owing to his splendid impersonation and parody of King Louis Philippe—wherefore the piece was prohibited after the very first representation.

Frédéric Lemaître, born in Constantinople in 1798, of French comedians, and in his youth rope-dancer and figurant, was an able, original, and naturalistic representer of men, with the most brilliant physical means, the most illustrious hero in the plays of the modern romancists, Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas. The representation of great historical characters, particularly in the classic tragedy, was not within the sphere of his talent. For that reason he could not take root on the *Théâtre Français*. He was most successful on the stage in the representation of low characters, criminals, and wretches.

As to his private character, Lemaître was known in Paris as a *roué* and cynic, who understood to press his "directors" like auriferous lemons, and then squandered the gold with both hands for his costly passions—women, wine, cards! He lived fast indeed! Just as his gold disappeared, so also vanished his brilliant artistic means—alas, too fast!

But it is remarkable that he preserved the favour of the Parisians, even when he had become old, lost his teeth and voice, whenever he re-appeared on the Paris stage—a grand ruin! after all kinds of comedian-trips and manager-changing. Yes, even hoary Lemaître still produced his grand effect by the demoniacal fire of his eyes and his ever-true play of countenance and gestures.

But when cruel old age and a dreadful disease—the incurable cancer of the tongue—threw Lemaître upon his death-bed, then the direst need of life stood for many weeks gnawing at his couch. In order to guard the old master, who once had so vigorously plagued his colleagues and the public by his caprices, from starvation, the first actors and singers and dramatic authors formed themselves into a committee to give a performance for the benefit of Frédéric Lemaître. But shortly before that, death called him away. Lemaitre died on the 26th January, 1876.

The Parisian artistes prepared a brilliant funeral for the dead master. Faure and Duprez and the other first singers and songstresses sang at the mass read over his coffin, and Victor Hugo pronounced these proud words at his grave:

". . . I salute in this grave the greatest actor of our century, perhaps the most remarkable of histrionic artistes of all times. There is, so to say,

a family of mighty and peculiar spirits who relieve each other, and who possess the privilege to reflect the great creations of poets for the multitude and to give them life and motion on the stage. This glorious succession begins with Thespis, receives Roscius in its ranks, and through Talma reaches down to us; Frédéric Lemaître has continued it in our century with brilliant success. He is the last of these great mimes according to time, the first if one considers his fame. No actor has equalled him, because none was able to equal him. The other actors, his predecessors, represented kings, popes, generals, what are called heroes, what are called the gods; but he—thanks to the age in which he was born—was the people. A more fruitful and sublime embodiment is impossible. Because he was the people, he was the drama; he has possessed all the virtues, the whole power and all the gracefulness of the people; he has been indomitable, vigorous, pathetic, passionate, enchanting; like the people, he was the tragedy and he also was the comedy. Hence his great power; for terror and pity are all the more tragic the more they are mingled with the biting human sarcasm Aristophanes supplies. And what touches the multitude most profoundly is terror accompanied by laughter. Frédéric Lemaître possessed the twofold gift, for which reason he was the greatest performer among the dramatic artistes

of his time. He was the actor *sans pareil.* He has enjoyed in his art and in his time the greatest possible triumphs; defamation also was not spared him, which is the other form of triumph. He is dead—a salute to his grave! What is left of him to-day? A genius here below, a soul there above. The genius of the actor is a brightness which dies away; it only leaves a memory behind. The immortality which is due to Molière the poet does not rest upon Molière the comedian. But, it may be said, the memory that will survive Frédéric Lemaître will be a glorious one; he is destined to leave behind him on the summit of art a remembrance unique in its way. I salute and thank Frédéric Lemaître. I greet the peerless artiste; I thank my true and lofty assistant upon my long career of struggle. Farewell, Frédéric Lemaître!"

END OF VOL. III.